

THE ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.



OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL.
Dedication to the Queen.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
W. SAMS, ST. JAMES'S STREET;
AND
SHERWOOD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
1832.

G. WHITING, BEAUFORT-HOUSE, STRAND.

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FANCY BALL DRESS.

FULL EVENING DRESS.





Painted by Wm. Kidd

Engraved by J. Shury

THREE TROVA DOGAS.

—Or lee long nights, wi' erabbl' benks,
 Pore ower the devil's pictur'd benks;

Published for the Proprietors by W. Sams 1 St. James's Street, in
 THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE JULY 1831.

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

J U L Y, 1831.

Embellishments.

PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

THIRD ILLUSTRATION OF BURNS'S POEMS. "The Twa Dogs."

FIVE FINISHED ETCHINGS, PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN NEW AND FASHIONABLE
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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE observe from an advertisement in the present number, that the stock and copper-plates of one of the oldest periodicals for ladies is to be sold for the benefit of the creditors, and we gather from the same source, that the circulation is only 400—one more proof of the determination of educated females to reject works, of which the conductors are consummately weak or profoundly ignorant. It will of course cease to be printed altogether.

Mr. Burgess's case is a hard one, and inasmuch as the ladies are deprived of a beautiful material until he has defeated his enemy, many will sympathize with him, but the statement is not suited to our pages.

We have to acknowledge offers of assistance from several new correspondents "upon our usual terms." These people must explain themselves: those not noticed separately in the present number are altogether inadmissible.

Miss Strickland—she compels us to mention her name at length—is rehearsing in this world what ill-natured people say will be her doom in the next, and truly she has found a noble animal to lead; but this would be no concern of ours, if she did not come in our way. We cannot use one of her papers; we do not believe she is able to write any thing that we could use—in short she must not aspire to contribute to any higher work than the periodical which she gratuitously serves, and which depends on the uneducated alone for its existence.

We are quite willing to give Mr. B——h credit for his *Minstrel Melodies*, but with due deference to his excellent judgment, *The Royal Lady's Magazine* is not the place for a review—besides, he would not thank us for an opinion of his poetry.

We can only refer our correspondent "Indignans" to Mr. George Robins, the auctioneer, for the explanation he requires respecting the "book-stalls of the metropolis being covered with books that have been presented to the Editor of *The Literary Gazette*," But "Indignans" is surely wrong, when he says the "Editor of *The Literary Gazette* tried to get into Parliament as a reformer, for Weymouth." The bare idea of W. Jerdan, Esq., M.P., makes one exclaim in his own forcible language applied to ourselves as critics, "OH DEAR!" Yet we dare say he would have found it marvellously agreeable to enjoy some of the privileges of an M.P.

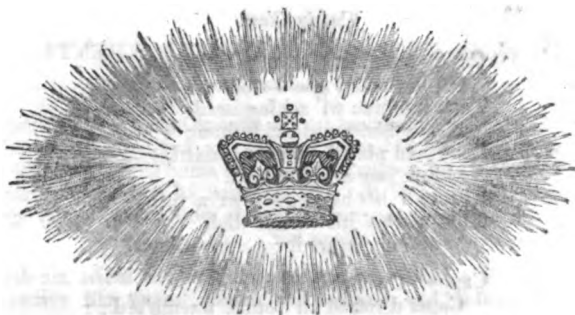
The Literary Gazette is full of brilliant things, in philosophy and science, as well as in literature and art. It recently published with infinite gravity, a cure for the cholera morbus, (discovered probably by its pet quack St. John Long,) in which, after directing the patient to be steeped in "boiled hemp-seed," as hot as he could bear it, it adds, "if he complain of nausea, a spoonful of magnesia, or of olive oil should be administered to him!!" We have no doubt the best lamp-oil, or the purified decoction of a tallow candle would be found an equally powerful specific.

The following was sent for our "Editor's Room," but as we do not allow the Montgomery tribe places on our shelves, it is not suited. It is, however, too good to lose.

EPIGRAM.

Fairly caught, Mr. Mouse, and at length you shall rue,
The feasts you have made on my books, you vile elf;
You've nibbled my "Moore," and my "Byron," quite through,
While "Oxford, a Poem," lay on the same shelf. ;

J. D.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."
Dedication to the Queen.

J U L Y, 1831.

CUDDY CLEW;

A PASTORAL.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Cuddy rasè ae morn in June,
Clear the sky, an' sweet the weather;
Man an' beast was light an' boon,
An' the birds o' ilka feather:
Cuddy don'd his hase an' shoon,
Gae a grane wi langsame croon,
Then a sigh that tawld o'er soon,
His paar heart was aut o' tune,
An' a' gane wrang wi' him thegither.

Cuddy kaimed his yellow hair,
Gant it o'er his shoulders scatter;
Shaved his beard completely bare,
Wash'd his face wi' saep an' water,
Dried it wi' his laiby well,
Fawdit back his braid lapell,
Pray'd a prayer, as I heard tell,
For defence against a spell,
O' the which he'd gat a smatter.

Cuddy Clew.

Cuddy took his kent an' plaid,
 On his colley gae a whew,
 Took the brae wi' aching head,
 Heavy heart and sickly hue;
 Love had play'd him sic a smirl,
 Ae blink frae a pawky girl,
 Through his heart gaed wi' a thirl,
 That gurt a' his veetals dirl,
 Wae's my heart for Cuddy Clew.

Cappy* Cuddy's colley true,
 Caper'd round an' round uncum'erd;
 Trawkin mawkins 'mang the dew,
 Snawkin' after tod or soumart;
 Sometimes paintin like a setter,
 Free o' fear an' free o' fetter,
 At a laverock or whenchetter,
 Or a mouse for lack o' better,
 Cappy was nae gowk nor gloamart.

" My brave tike ye little trow,
 What your master's doom'd to dree;
 Love is a' unkind to you,
 An' the pangs that torture me."
 Cappy gae a look sae slee,
 There was meaning in his e'e,
 Language plain, as plain could be;
 I could read it—so could ye—
 Haslins guess it certainlye.

" Master, mine ye little ken,
 What we thole for female messans;
 Tikes are ten times waur nor men,
 Only they despise confessin's;
 But little said will soonest mend,
 Keenest love will quickest end;
 Still on this ye may depend,
 Whate'er maidens may pretend,
 Nought delights them mair than pressin's."

At that moment, Cappy's tail
 Heaved up like a bendit bow,
 He smelt a smell alangst the gale,
 Or heard a voice ayant the knowe;
 An' wha was this but Robin Rhynde?
 Gala's young an' blithesome hind,
 Wi' his dog of savage mind,
 Of the pepper mustard kind,
 Blithesome sight to Cuddy Clew.

But hardly sae to honest Cappy,
 Wha aroused him to his mettle;
 Weel he ken'd that terrier snappy,
 But a drubbing wad na settle;
 Often had he shook him, flung him,
 Taw'd him, towzled him, and wrung him,
 But had never fairly dung him;
 An' though Robin Rhynde wad rung him,

* CAPPY.—The familiar appellative for the name Captain.

He wad at the thrapple'hing,
 Hoffat lug or ony thing,
 While his een wad five-flaughts fling,
 Cappy wish'd the fo'ks had strung him.

Leaving these twa tikes to grumble,
 Round an' round wi' birsy backs,
 Or in deadly tulzie' tumble,
 Eiry o' the coming thwacks;
 Let us list wi' patient seeming,
 Our twa herds wi' wisdom teeming,
 In their blaming or esteeming,
 Nature's loveliest work the women,
 What sae grand as shepherd's cracks.

ROBIN.

Good-morrow, honest Cuddy Clew,
 What for looks your nose sae blue?
 Say, has your spirit been in pain,
 Or ha'ye been dead an' risen again,
 For something has befa'n uncommon?
 Ah! 'tis woman! woman! woman!

CUDDY.

I'll tell you Robin what I think,
 Your hame surmise I winna blink;
 I think that a' fate's pranks an' peals,
 That a' the gods an' a' the deils,
 Hae not the power sic grief to gie men,
 As hae these curs'd confoundit women.

ROBIN.

Now by—that thing the maist endearing—
 (An' Gude forgive me for 'maist swearing)
 There's nought sae blasphemous to me,
 As such a sweeping calumny;
 Ah, lovely woman! Thou wast sent,
 For man's delight, and temperament;
 Without thy beauty, and thy grace,
 This world had been a dreary place;
 Without thy smile an' angel mein,
 What savages had mankind been!

CUDDY.

Stop Robin, stop, if but for shame,
 An' tak' some reason wi' your rham;e;
 Answer these questions if you can:
 Wha was't lost Paradise to man,
 And all our race to ruin hurl'd?
 Wha lost Mark Anthony the world?
 Wha was't the capital betray'd?
 And ancient Troy, in ashes laid?
 An' wha has led the way to crime
 An' error, since the birth o' time.

ROBIN.

'Tis most ungenerous, Cuddy Clew,
 To rake up chances, far and few;
 An' blame the flower of nature's reign,
 For mankind's faults an' crimes profane.
 You should remember, she's our own,

Cuddy Clew.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 And never to be trampled on.
 Such language would have been unmeet,
 Had she been taken from man's feet;
 But as she's taken from that part,
 The portion nearest to the heart,
 'Tis hers, to be most fondly nourish'd,
 Beloved, an' in his bosom cherish'd.

CUDDY.

Stop, lad, again—consult your brief:
 Man had nae hand in this mischief;
 But just lay snoozing, weel content,
 Else, he had never gi'en consent.
 But soon did she frae faith estrange,
 Impatient then, as now, for change,
 The very first deil that she saw,
 She took the blink, an' brak the law;
 Now wha can show a creature grace,
 That for an apple, d——'d her race?

ROBIN.

Sic blasphemy, I canna hear,
 Gainst all that's lovely, all that's dear.
 Man, when created, there's nae doubt,
 Just wander'd like a stump about,
 Amang his vassal beasts forlorn,
 Gaping an' glowing ilka morn,
 As birds sat cooing on the tree,
 Hymning their love-sick melody.
 But when the heaven-born maid was framed,
 And first by him embraced and named,
 Methinks, I see the ardour rise,
 In gleams of his impassion'd eyes,
 And list the pathos of his tongue,
 When words were few, and love was young.
 The virgin's soft an' sunny eye,
 The downcast look, the blush, the sigh,
 The floating hair, the modest frame,
 The thousand beauties yet to name;
 What glories both in heaven and earth,
 His soul that moment brought to birth.
 Love look'd through maze of nameless blisses,
 Of thousand joys, and thousand kisses.

CUDDY.

Why, Rob, 'tis kend you're woman mad,
 But ere we part, I'll make you glad
 In my opinion to combine,
 And brand the sex with woes condign.
 First, tell me this, and tell me true,
 What is it woman cannot do?
 Whoever tries to sum, or reads
 The onward course of her misdeeds,
 Right downward from the rueful time,
 That beauty register'd with crime,
 Will find, that woman's power alone,
 Can change the church, pervert the throne,
 Bring down the conqueror to his knee,
 And baffle pomp and pedigree.

Nay, she can nature's course defy,
Make cowards fight, and heroes fly ;
Draw back the miser from the mine,
The bigot from his holy shrine,
To plunge in sins, denounced and fear'd,
And lead the prelate by the beard ;
Make armies rally, or disperse,
And so derange the universe,
That man might ween o'er his domain,
Nature had dropp'd the regal rein,
And given up the supreme command,
To woman's weak and erring hand.
Refute these dogmas, if you can,
Or own, that she's the plague of man.

ROBIN.

Such general censure, at the best,
Is a miscellany, confest,
Of downright nonsense. Woman may,
With better proof, pretend to say,
She would have purer, happier been,
If man on earth had ne'er been seen.

CUDDY.

Sooth, Rob, there's naething truly wicked,
But what they learn mankind a trick o't.
They lead a young man like a snool,
To caper, dance, an' play the fool ;
To babble nonsense, and when done,
To shoot, or hang himself, for fun.
Woman can set the world in jar,
Can turn peace into deadly war,
Can turn man's reason upside down,
And make him dance upon his crown ;
Can turn a priest into a woman,
A stalwart quean afraid of no man,
Then turn him out. And as you ken,
His wig into a cloakin hen.
And lastly, in this grand appeal,
Can she not make a shepherd feel
Her sovereign power, an' stern controul,
By turning him into an owl,
A puling prig,—an' worst of a',
His nose into a lobster claw ?
'Tis plain, that by their wicked craft,
They've dung me dailt, an' put you daft,
An' that's enough, as you may see,
To settle points 'tween you and me.

ROBIN.

No ; though your sweeping accusation,
Deserves not, needs not, confutation ;
Let me describe her, stage by stage,
Through youth, through womanhood, and age ;
Virtuous and lovely, I must show her,
For these are nature's doweries to her ;
A being, made for social bliss,
And all exceptions, I dismiss.
Then tell me, as I go along,
Where I am painting woman wrong.

Cuddy Clew,

Before fifteen,—is ought we see,
 So full of innocence and glee;
 The buoyant step, the eye of gladness,
 The heart devoid of sin and sadness,
 The slender form, approaching woman,
 The stem, that shows the bud is comin',
 The spring of life, with blink and shower,
 The April of the female flower;
 That tells in language most express,
 The coming summer's loveliness.
 Then mark the first vibrations kind,
 That ripen in the female mind;
 Fondness, for helpless infancy,
 Pity, for age and poverty;
 Joy o'er a flowret's opening blade,
 And grief when it begins to fade;
 O, I do love with all my heart,
 A thing so sweet, so void of art;
 And nought on earth's so pure I ween,
 As blooming maid below fifteen.

CUDDY.

Weel, weel—gaung on—another feature,
 I own I rather like the creature,
 An' felt, what I thought ne'er to dree,
 A tear-drap prinklin' in my e'e.

ROBIN.

Then Summer comes, in all her beauty,
 Radiant with smiles of love and duty;
 The flowers of heaven are showered around us,
 That dazzle, pleasure, and confound us;
 The mould so framed for love's caress,
 That shrinks from its own loveliness;
 The liquid eye, whose every blink,
 Says more than human heart can think;
 As welling from that fountain bright,
 Where genuine love first springs to light;
 Its language has a thrilling spell,
 Beyond what tongue of man can tell:
 The flowing glossy locks that shine,
 With tints, that almost seem divine;
 The cheeks! The lips! The arch'd eyebrow!
 Slanderer insane! Where are you now?

CUDDY.

Go on—go on, man, stop not there;
 That's mighty grand, I must declare;
 Woman, for all her perverse nature,
 Is, without doubt, a lovely creature;
 I never said that she was not.
 A virgin without stain or blot
 Is such a treasure—one forgets,
 But—the jilts, and the coquettes;
 Ah, Robin, had I not believed,
 That I was loved, and been deceived,
 I would, like you, I must aver,
 Have been a woman worshipper,
 Plague on them! They have marr'd me quite,
 Of temper, reason, and delight.

Go on—go on—'tis most beseeamin ;
Another spell at female women.

ROBIN.

Then must I paint the vale of life,
The loving and the virtuous wife ;
For vining beauty's undefined,
And blooms beyond the bourn of mind ;
A gem all other gems supreme of,
A thing that man should hardly dream of,
And sooth the married life to me
Seems fraught with such felicity,
Such chaste'd love and natural meetness,
Such multiform and holy sweetness ;
That to describe it like a man,
Both as I should and as I can,—
The tender mother's eye so mild,
First turned to father, then to child ;
The heavenly breathings of her tongue,
O'er her beloved and helpless young ;
O, these would leave us so love-lorn,
We'd both be married ere the morn.

CUDDY.

Robin, you needna fash to-day,
My heart's beginning to give way ;
I find for all my stern device,
Nature too strong for prejudice ;
When next we meet, you may opine,
Our sentiments will maist combine ;
Farewell, dear Robin. I must run !
Come, Cappy, is your quarrel done ?

GERMAN PROLUSIONS.

No. I.

It is only of late years that the literature of Germany has been studied in this country. But though many have acquired the language, few have been at the trouble to give translations ; while the difficulties, real as well as imaginary, of learning German, have proved an insuperable obstacle to those who contrive to pick up a smattering of French or Italian in a few months.

The majority of those works which profess to be translations from the German, are in fact nothing more than versions of French translations, badly executed in both languages ; and being thus a translation of a translation, it may easily be supposed they retain nothing of the original except the dry bones.

Popular as the *Sorrows of Werter*, for example, have been in England, there is no translation of it from the German, except one that was done some years ago in the following manner : A German teacher (Dr. Render) turned it into *his* English ; and a bookseller's hack (one of Sir Richard Phillips's journeymen authors) licked it into decent syntax. I appeal to any one who has read that touching work in German (inferior only, if inferior, to the *Nouvelle Heloise* of Rousseau), whether he has ever seen a line of it in English, that preserved the pathos, simplicity, and beauty, of Goëthe? The same may be said (with one or two exceptions, where such men as Coleridge have employed their pens) of the works of Schiller, Wieland, &c.

It is the design of the following series of papers to attempt to supply this defect, and to make the English reader acquainted with some of the many admirable

productions of German genius. No particular system will be adhered to, except, that the aim will be to select such pieces as may delight by their narrative form, or by the elegance and beauty of their conception; and of which no translations have hitherto appeared, or the translations of which are notoriously meagre and unskilful. Our treasures are ample. They can fail in being attractive only by deficiency of judgment in collecting and arranging them, or by inability to preserve their original brilliancy.

G

THE GRATEFUL GHOST.

(By Musus.)

THERE lived formerly, in the town of Bremen, a very rich man, whose name was Melchior. His wealth was so great, that his large dining-hall was actually paved with hard dollars. Still his money went on increasing every year; and he looked forward to a long enjoyment of it. But he died suddenly one day, of apoplexy, in the midst of a sumptuous feast which he had given to celebrate the safe arrival of one of his most richly laden ships.

Melchior's son Francis was the sole heir of his father's immense fortune, and being of age, came into the uncontrolled possession of it. In the full vigour of health, with a handsome person, and an excellent heart, he was esteemed as one of the most amiable young men in his native place; while his vast wealth enabled him to indulge to its utmost, his noble desire of doing good. But, on the other hand, inexperience, and youthful passions, exposed him to all the dangers of seduction, and the more so; because his father, whose whole soul had been wrapped up in the accumulation of money, had bestowed very little care upon the judicious instruction of his son.

Francis was soon surrounded by a circle of flatterers and parasites, who called themselves his best friends, and endeavoured to keep him in one continued turmoil of pleasure. His house became the resort of all the roystering spirits of Bremen, who passed their days in riotous eating and drinking at his expense. No banquets given at the bishop's palace, equalled the splendour and profusion of his; and so long as the town stands, it will never again witness such *oxen feasts* as he used to give yearly: when every citizen received from him a noble piece of roast-beef, and a small pitcher of Spanish wine. Business was left to the management of clerks and agents, with whom he interfered as little as he could

help, the cashier being the only person he cared to see, because it was his province to find the money for his prodigality. The credit of his father had been too deeply fixed to admit of being easily destroyed; Francis, therefore, was enabled to go on for some years in this extravagant and thoughtless career; but when, in order to obtain ready money, he found himself compelled to remove, secretly, the silver flooring of the dining-hall, and replace it with one of stone, he began to think a little seriously of his situation. His numerous creditors, too, became suddenly clamorous, and as he was unable to satisfy their demands, a complete bankruptcy ensued. The paternal mansion, warehouses, gardens, lands, costly furniture, all were sold by the candle; and Francis hardly saved enough out of the wreck of his inheritance, to secure him from utter destitution for half a year.

And now, for the first time, his eyes were opened. He meditated seriously upon his past life, and his present situation: but alas! repentance came too late! His good friends, his revelling companions, all disappeared; while he had wholly neglected to cultivate the friendship of honourable and upright men. He was left consequently quite alone; abandoned to himself: with no one to consult or advise with, in his melancholy condition. It was insupportable to his proud feelings, to remain among those, who had known him on the pinnacle of wealth and greatness, in the character of a worthless spendthrift. He resolved, therefore, to quit his native town, and endeavour to gain, once more, fortune and respectability in some foreign country.

While he was meditating upon this resolve, and before he had definitively settled any plan in his own mind, it happened that his father's account-books

fell into his hands. Heretofore, he had never troubled himself very much with them; it had always been an irksome task, even to look into them; but now they became of importance. He turned over the leaves, and found large arrears of bad debts: his resolution was immediately taken. He determined to set forth and seek the persons who owed these debts; he hoped, by a touching description of his own misfortunes, so far to work upon their feelings, that they would at least pay some portion of them; and then he would again be able to carry on business in a small way. This cheering prospect, animated him; he made immediate preparations; bought a saddle-horse; packed his saddle-bags; ordered a prayer to be put up in the cathedral for a young traveller, beseeching an auspicious issue to his journey; and rode away.

The principal debtors were merchants, who resided at Antwerp; and thither he directed his steps. A journey from Bremen to Antwerp in those days, when the roads were beset with robbers, and every knight considered himself at liberty to plunder, and incarcerate in the dungeons of his castle, any traveller not duly provided with a safety-pass, was a more dangerous undertaking than it would be now to go from Bremen to Kamschatka. Francis, nevertheless, journeyed safely till he reached the middle of Westphalia. Here one sultry day, he rode till sunset through a wild desolate tract of country, without seeing a habitation of any kind. Suddenly, a dreadful thunder-storm came on, accompanied with a deluge of rain, which soon drenched him to the skin. Far and near he cast his eyes around; but he could discover no friendly roof. Night came on; and the dark clouds rolled so thickly over the heavens, that he could not discern an object at the distance of two paces.

The delicate Francis, who from his infancy had been accustomed to every effeminate indulgence, was ill calculated to encounter hardships like these, and he began to ruminate, with many bitter forebodings, upon the manner in which he should probably have to pass the night. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, to his infinite consolation, he perceived a distant light; it served him as a guide in making immediately for

it; and he found that it issued from a miserable hovel.

He knocked at the door, entreating to be admitted. But the man who lived there was a surly fellow, who, without opening the door, answered from within—"There is no room here for travellers—I have hardly room enough for myself, much less for strangers."—Francis renewed his entreaties most imploringly. He represented what a dreadful night it was; said, he only wished for a safe shelter, and assured him he would gladly reward him. But the brute made no further answer; extinguished his light; and laid himself down upon his straw.

Francis, however, did not cease his importunities outside, and as the man could get no sleep, he endeavoured to get rid of his visitor. "Hark'ee, countryman," said he, "if you would have snug quarters, ride on about a quarter of a mile further to the left, through the wood; you will come to the castle of the bold knight Bronkhorst; he is always ready to give shelter to travellers; only sometimes he is fond of indulging in a foolish whim, that of soundly thrashing them, when they take their leave. If this dislike you not, you will find yourself comfortable enough there."

Francis bethought himself a moment, for the said leave-taking was not exactly to his fancy. But what was to be done? He must either pass the night, stormy as it was, in the open air, or run the risk, for once, of that same thrashing. The latter seemed preferable. Besides, it was not certain the knight *would* indulge in his joke. He sprang forward therefore, and soon found himself before the massy gates of the castle. As he knocked, the warder, in a hoarse loud voice, called out, "Who is there?"

"A traveller who has lost his way, and wishes for shelter from the inclemency of the weather," answered Francis.

"If you are willing to comply with the custom of the place, the door shall be opened to you," replied the warder in the same growling tone.

Francis promised, and immediately the enormous gate rolled back. Servants came forth to help him to alight, to take charge of his saddle-bags, to lead his horse into the stable, and to conduct

himself to the knight, who was seated in a brilliantly illuminated chamber.

He was a tall powerful man, who in his younger days, had performed valiant deeds as a warrior; but he had now retired to his castle, to repose from the severe duties of the field. His frank and hearty manner, and his hospitality, might have inspired confidence; but his haughty, warlike air, his harsh voice, and his impetuous gestures, created alarm at first, to those who did not know him intimately.

He advanced towards Francis, shook him by the hand with so cordial a gripe that he could hardly refrain from crying out, and thundered in his ears such a rattling oath, in the way of welcome, as would have made a deaf man hear. Francis was astounded; and betrayed in his appearance the alarm he felt.

"What is the matter with you, youngster?" said the knight, "your whole body trembles like an aspen-leaf."

"I am wet through, and cold," replied Francis. "If I could have some dry clothes and a warm posset—"

"Very well—you shall have them. Is there any thing else you wish? command freely, as if you were in your own house."

Francis considered for a moment. It would all come to the same end, he thought. He could not escape the awkward leave-taking; so, as he was fairly in for it, he resolved to make himself comfortable meanwhile.

When the servants brought him dry clothes, and assisted him in undressing and dressing, he began scolding them without any ceremony, complaining that this was wrong, and the other, and finding fault with every thing. The knight manifested no displeasure at this freedom; on the contrary, he set to, and scolded them himself, for not knowing how to wait properly on a stranger, and ordered them to be quick. The table was next spread, and a splendid banquet brought in. Francis was desired to sit opposite his host, who apprized him, once for all, that it was not his custom to press his guests to eat. Francis took the hint; helped himself quickly to whatever he fancied; and ordered whatever he wanted without the least diffidence. After a while, the knight beckoned to the servants, that they should bring in the wine, and pour it out. "How do you like

that wine?" inquired the knight, when Francis had put his first glass to his lips. "If it be the worst in your cellar," replied Francis, "then it is very good of its kind; but if it be your best, it is very bad."

"Well said," answered the knight, and immediately ordered another flask to be brought.

"This is better than the first," said Francis; "but I have drunk much stronger wine of this quality."

The knight ordered a third flask to be brought, and scarcely had Francis tasted of it, when he exclaimed, "That's capital! we'll stick to this, if you please."

"You are a nice judge of wine," answered the knight.

And now they began, after the good old custom of their country in those days, to tippie away, while the knight entertained Francis with accounts of his own heroical deeds in the Turkish wars; in the recital of which he became so warmed that he sabred down bottles and glasses with the great carving-knife, till Francis often started back in terror, lest his own nose should be sliced off. Towards midnight, however, he interrupted his loquacious host.

"Excuse me, sir knight," said he, "but I have a long journey to perform, and must proceed onwards with the first dawn of the morning; I should be glad, therefore, to have an hour or two of sleep."

The knight gave over his stories immediately, and replied, "Your bed is ready for you: but I cannot allow you to set out so early, and fasting. You must breakfast with me first; and then I will accompany you according to the custom of my castle."

Francis understood these words without any further explanation. However, he once more tried to convince his host that he could manage his departure so quietly, as not to disturb any one; but it was all in vain.

"An old soldier is accustomed to be always ready," said the knight, "and you shall see I shall be awake before you are."

He then bade Francis good night, and they both retired to rest.

Weary from his long journey, and moreover somewhat oppressed with wine, Francis slept soundly on his soft bed until it was broad daylight, and was

first awakened by the voice of the knight, who stood by his side inviting him to breakfast, which was ready. Francis sprung out of bed, dressed himself, and descended (since he found he could not help himself) into the room where the knight was waiting to take breakfast with him. On the table were spread delicious Westphalia hams, smoked tongues, white bread, and *pumpernickel*, (a sort of coarse black bread) fine old Rhenish wines, and others of a more generous quality. Without waiting for much pressing, he fell to, and made an excellent breakfast.

When he had eaten his fill, he had his nag saddled and led out. And now he expected, every moment, the threatened leave-taking. In order to have as much as he could, by way of compensation for his anticipated thrashing, he said to the knight, "Will you allow me to take from what remains of our repast, something to refresh me on my journey?" "With great pleasure," replied the knight, and immediately began himself to help Francis, in cramming his pockets as full as they could hold.

He was now ready to set off, and shaking the knight cordially by the hand, thanked him warmly for the hospitable reception he had experienced, and descended into the court-yard. The knight, wishing him a pleasant journey, accompanied him thither; and the servants were all in waiting, eager to perform what little remaining services he might require. Francis mounted his horse, and rode slowly through the castle gates, wondering greatly that he was allowed to take his leave thus, without submitting to the customary ordeal. The knight stood with his servants at the gate, looked after Francis, and made some observations upon his horse; for he was a great lover of horses, and an excellent judge of them. Still fearful, however, that perhaps they might bring him back, and make him pay his reckoning on his well-belaboured shoulders, he looked frequently behind with trembling. But when he had got a considerable distance, he turned his horse's head (for he could no longer restrain his curiosity), and riding back thus addressed the knight:

"With your permission, sir knight, I would fain ask you a question. The man who directed me here, and who

praised your hospitality, told me in addition, that you were accustomed, when your guests took their departure, to thrash them till they were black and blue; and yet you have allowed me to depart freely. Has then the fellow told me a falsehood? If so, I will go and punish him. Or, if you have made an exception in my favour, may I ask wherefore?"

"You were told no falsehood," answered the knight. "In the same way that I received and entertained you, so do I receive and entertain every stranger who visits me. But there are now and then fools, who with their intended compliments and over politeness sicken me almost to death: affected idiots, who would have you believe, forsooth, they feel neither hunger nor thirst, when they are absolutely tormented with both, and who must be entreated and persuaded, every mouthful they eat, and every drop they drink. Such men make me so enraged at last, that I take my staff and cudgel them out of my house. But a man of your sort is always a welcome guest. You spoke plainly and roundly your mind, as the Bremen folks always do. Call here again without fear, if your road should lie this way, on your return, and so God speed you!"

Francis now pursued his journey to Antwerp, with a cheerful mind, and he reached that city without meeting with any particular adventures by the way. At the inn where he alighted, he inquired of the landlord respecting the merchants who were his father's debtors, asking whether they were yet living, and in what circumstances they were?—"Oh," said mine host, "they are rich men now, and count among the principal persons of the city." This intelligence delighted Francis, who began to congratulate himself upon the certain success of his plans. On the following morning he set forth early, and called upon the debtor against whom he had the largest claim. He stated his case, urged his own misfortunes as pathetically as he could, and finished by entreating that he would at least pay some portion of what was owing, on account.

The man elevated his eyes, pursed his forehead into wrinkles, and with an angry air demanded "how he dared to talk of a debt, after every thing had been duly settled with his father, who was

satisfied with the composition which had been offered, and which was confirmed by the proper authorities. What right therefore had he, Francis, to make a fresh claim?"

Francis endeavoured to remonstrate respectfully, but he could not obtain a hearing. The man overwhelmed him with abuse, and finally showed him to the door. He fared no better with the second and third, who equally assailed him with reproaches, and peremptorily refused to acknowledge that they owed any debt. He returned to his inn dejected and sorrowful, and considered with himself whether he would go to the remainder, or what would be the best thing to do. Meanwhile, the knavish debtors assembled together and debated how they should get rid of their unwelcome creditor. They lodged a complaint against him, utterly without foundation; and corrupting the judges with bribes, poor Francis was arrested. He remained in prison three months; but during the whole of that time underwent no judicial examination. At the expiration of the three months they offered him his liberty, upon condition that he quitted the city in four-and-twenty hours, and engaged in heavy penalties never again to enter it; and as he saw it was impossible to get out of prison by any other means, he consented.

He was now free, indeed; but in order to defray his fees they sold his horse, and so managed what was due to themselves as to make out an account which left a balance of five florins only for Francis. With this pittance was he forced to leave the city on foot and wander where he might. All the hopes with which, three months before, he had entered it, all the bright prospects which had cheered him on his journey, were now at an end. Indifferent whither his path might lead him, he kept along the main road with downcast eyes, and was a little shocked, after several days travelling, to find he was in the direct way for his native town. "Impossible!" he exclaimed to himself. "Can I be seen there again in this miserable garb? I will rather roam through the wide world at all hazards." With these words he turned upon his steps, and directed his course towards Holland, where he resolved to take ship at Amsterdam, either for the East Indies or America.

It was not far from the frontiers of the Netherlands that he arrived late one evening at an inn which was full of strangers. He inquired of the landlord whether he could have a lodging for the night: but mine host, who either perceived from the first glance that there was not much to be gained from his guest, or else took him for a suspicious character, refused him bluntly.

"My rooms are all occupied," said he, "you must therefore trudge on to the next village."

Francis, who was annoyed at this reception (because he saw plainly the landlord considered him a vagabond or some thief perhaps), turned away, muttering some abusive words which the former overheard. He immediately called him back. "Hark'ee," said he, "I can provide you with a good night's lodging. In yonder castle, there, on the hill, there are plenty of rooms, and the keys are in my custody. It is never inhabited, because there is an old tradition that spirits and goblins haunt it: but for my part I don't believe there is a word of truth in the story. Ever since I have lived here, I have never been able to discover any thing of the kind."

Francis, who was foot-sore and thoroughly fatigued, seeing he could not better himself, and moreover thinking it might be a mere rumour, like that of the hospitable knight, Bronkhorst, accepted the offer without further parley. But the host, who was a wag, had done this to be revenged upon the stranger for his abuse of him.

The castle stood upon a height exactly opposite the inn, and about a stone's throw from it. It was used by the owner as a hunting-seat merely. In the daytime he and his friends often caroused there; it was kept in good repair, therefore, and richly furnished with every convenience, but they never ventured to pass a night within the walls.

Mine host now conducted himself very kindly towards Francis. He filled a small basket with provisions, took a flask of wine, and two great wax candles, and gave Francis a lantern to carry. Thus they proceeded in company to the castle. Mine host unlocked the gates; then handed to Francis the basket, the wine, and the lights, and thus addressed him: "You can select whichever room you like best to sleep in: should any thing

happen to disturb you, you have only to call for help from one of the windows; there are always some persons or other up in my house during the whole night."

Francis ascended the steps, entered the castle, walked through a long suite of rooms, and at length chose one the window of which was nearest the inn. He lighted his candles, unpacked his supper, and ate, and drank with a keen relish. He then shut and securely bolted the door, walked to the window, opened one-half of the casement, and looked down upon the inn, where he heard plenty of noise and revelry going on. After ten o'clock, however, every thing became more and more quiet—the lights disappeared one by one—and only a small night-lamp remained, which was burning in the bedchamber of the landlord. Francis now began to feel a little frightened in spite of himself; but fear was overpowered by fatigue; so, without taking off his clothes, he threw himself upon a couch and soon fell asleep.

About midnight, just as the clock struck twelve, he awoke, and fancied he heard, at a distance, the rattling of keys, and a creaking like that of doors turning upon rusty hinges. He listened. To his horror he found he was not deceived. The noise came nearer. In an agony of terror he drew the clothes over his head. Then he heard, most distinctly, some one trying different keys to unlock the door of the room in which he was. At length the right one was found and the lock gave way. But the bolts still held the door fast on the inside. A tremendous crash followed, as if a thunder-bolt had descended—the door flew open—and a tall haggard figure, with a black beard, entered. His dress was quite ancient in its fashion; a small pointed hat was on his head, and a scarlet mantle hung from his shoulders. He paced silently up and down the room several times, then stood before the table, snuffed the candles, took off his mantle, produced a shaving-case which was concealed under it, and drew forth all the necessary apparatus for shaving. He next sharpened a polished razor upon a stone which was suspended from his girdle.

Francis, peeping from under the clothes, saw all this preparation, and the sweat burst from him in agony, for he

could not tell whether his neck or his beard was to be operated upon. He breathed a little more freely, however, when the spectre poured some water out of a silver pot into a silver basin, and with his withered bony hand began to beat up a lather. He then placed a chair, and, by his gestures, signified to Francis that he should leave his hiding-place and come to him. What could poor Francis do? He plucked up courage—sprang out of bed at the first summons, and seated himself in the chair. The spectre fastened a napkin under his chin, took a comb and a pair of scissors—cut off his hair and beard—then soaped him all over, even to his eyebrows, and shaved him so clean that he was as bald as a death's head. Afterwards, he washed him with cold water, dried him nicely, made a bow, packed up his shaving tackle, put on his mantle, and prepared to retire.

Francis was right glad to think that nothing worse had befallen him. The spectre, however, still remained standing at the door, looked towards him, sighed, and with his hand stroked his face and beard several times. Francis believed he comprehended these signs. He started up, and invited the ghost to sit in his place. He was right: he had hit it. The ghost came back in a very friendly manner, replaced his shaving utensils on the table, and seated himself. Francis soon served the ghost as the ghost had served him, only he was not quite so expert at the business as might be wished, and the ghost frequently winced under his unpractised hand. However, he managed to get through; for in about a quarter of an hour there was not a hair left on the head, beard, and eyebrows of the ghost.

Hitherto not a word had been uttered by either, but now the spectre spoke:—

"Thanks, stranger, for the service you have done me! Through thee I am released from a ban which has confined me to this castle for the last three hundred years. Here once lived Count Hartmann, a cruel monster, who delighted in decoying unsuspecting strangers and wanderers into his power, by pretended acts of friendship, and then, after maltreating and otherwise insulting them, drove them away. I was his castle-barber, and sought to obtain his favour by

assisting him in those malicious tricks. More particularly I was wont, in the way you now understand, to disfigure the heads of the unfortunate persons who suffered themselves to be allured hither, and who were afterwards turned out to be the mock and jeer of every fool who saw them. One day there came a pious man in monkish weeds, whom I thus served. It was he who pronounced the anathema which has ever since clung to me. 'Accursed,' said he, 'know that thou shalt wander within these walls until unasked, unbidden, a stranger shall retaliate upon thee what thou hast done to me.'

"From that moment I wasted slowly away, and died a mere shadow. My spirit departed from my withered carcass; but it remained here under the curse that had been breathed upon it. In vain I looked for my release, for I longed to be at rest. My sprite soon drove away all the inhabitants of the castle, and it remained desolate, for rarely would any one venture to pass the night here; and although I served every one who *did* venture, as I have served thee, I could never make them understand me, so as to induce them to serve me the same. Now, however, I shall go to my wished for repose, and shall be seen here no more!

"Were I the guardian of any concealed treasures, they should be yours. But listen to my advice. Remain here till your hair has grown again: then return to your native place, and tarry on the great bridge of the Weser at the time when day and night are equal, for a friend who will instruct you what you must do to retrieve your fortunes. Now adieu!"

With these words the ghost vanished.

Francis stood for a moment and was inclined to think he had been dreaming, but his bald head convinced him of the truth of all that had happened, and of the wonderful story he had heard. As, however, he had nothing more to fear, and was very tired still, he once more bolted his door, laid himself quietly down, and slept soundly till it was almost noon.

In the morning the roguish landlord waited impatiently for the arrival of the bald-headed traveller, that he might have a good laugh at him; but at last he became terribly alarmed, thinking the ghost had perhaps murdered instead of

only shaving him. He called all his people together, therefore, went with them into the castle, and knocked loudly at the fastened door of the room in which Francis was still sleeping. The noise awoke him. He arose, and opened the door. As mine host perceived his smooth glossy head, he started back a few steps, clasped his hands, and exclaimed with well-feigned astonishment, "So, then! It is no fable what has been told of the spectre! Tell me, I pray, exactly how it happened."

"Well, then," answered Francis, "the ghost came and shaved my head in the way you see; and at his departure he gave me this bit of advice—never to trust a rascally innkeeper again. That fellow, said he, knew very well what would happen to you. Command him, however, in my name, to keep you in whatever you want, without any charge, till your hair has grown again. If he dare refuse I will haunt him every night, and play up such devilries in his house that in a very short time not a soul shall come near it. But to this castle I never mean to return."

Mine host, who was horrified at this menace, promised every thing, took Francis back with him, and regaled him daily with the best he could furnish. When the owner of the castle, too, heard of this adventure, and learned that the ghost did not intend disturbing it in future, he was overjoyed, and ordered the landlord to pay every attention to the stranger.

Towards autumn Francis's hair was grown again, and he made preparations to set out upon his journey homewards, for he longed to speak with his friend on the great bridge of the Weser. When he took leave of mine host, the latter presented him with a valuable horse, suitably caparisoned, and a good travelling purse, in the name of the nobleman whose castle he had delivered from the spectre. Thus provided, he had a pleasant journey enough, and arrived safely at Bremen a short time before the equinox. In order to remain secret at first, he took up his abode in an obscure part of the city, and went out only in the evening.

At length the much wished for period arrived. Before the morning dawned, he arose and hastened to the Weser bridge, where as yet there was not a

person in sight. He walked up and down, full of conjectures about who the friend would be that was to tell him how to retrieve his fortunes. By degrees the bridge became covered with people, passing to and fro. Many lame and blind beggars, among the rest, made their appearance to solicit charity from the passengers. Among them was an old disabled soldier with a wooden leg, who was the first that asked alms of Francis. In the fulness of his heart, as he was expecting that day some good luck for himself, he gave him a Bremen *Sinderken*. The veteran, unused to such a sum, thanked him warmly.

As the morning advanced, the crowd of coaches, horsemen, foot-passengers, and stage-waggon, became more and more dense. Francis looked eagerly at every one, in hopes somebody would speak to him. But not a creature troubled himself about him, or at most he received only a cold and distant salutation. It was noon, and the throng began to diminish. The beggars took their bread from their pockets and ate. They gossiped with each other, and made observations upon the singular pedestrian who had been walking on the bridge since daybreak, and whom they christened, in jest, the bridge-beadle.

Francis, however, determined not to leave the bridge for a single moment. He bought, therefore, some fruit, and made it serve for his dinner. But by degrees he grew thoughtful and irritable. He drew his hat upon his brow, and with folded arms paced the bridge slowly from one end to the other. The shrewd old soldier, with the wooden leg, took advantage of this circumstance to beg of him again, and was successful. He hobbled after Francis and spoke to him. The former, without once looking up, or thinking what he was about, threw a six-groat piece into his hat.

In the afternoon the bridge again became a scene of busy life, and the hopes of Francis revived. But still no friend accosted him, in spite of all his efforts to make himself noticed by those who were passing backwards and forwards. Towards evening it was once more still and deserted, and the beggars, one by one, began to disappear. Francis now sunk into despair. He had placed all his hopes upon this day, and no one had spoken to him. Yet what could he think but

that the ghost had meant kindly towards him?

He was half tempted to throw himself over the bridge in his despair, and put an end at once to his anxieties, when the old soldier approached once more and spoke to him. The conduct of Francis attracted his notice; moreover his two liberal donations created a sort of interest in his mind; so he felt more concern for his situation than the other beggars. He remained on the bridge when the rest were gone; watched the young man attentively, and puzzled himself to make out what might be his intentions. At length he addressed him:—

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I disturb your thoughts——"

"What is it you want?" interrupted Francis, peevishly.

"We were the first on the bridge, this morning, and now we are the last. I and my companions came here to beg: but what brings you?"

"Ah! *you* can be of no use to me!" exclaimed Francis.

"I at least wish you well, and should be glad if I could serve you," replied the soldier, "for you have twice to-day given me rich alms, for which may God reward you. But you do not look so cheerful as you did in the morning, and I am sorry for it."

This sympathy touched Francis; he became communicative; and answered, "I expected to meet a friend here, from whom I was to receive important intelligence."

"Your friend is a bad man to keep you waiting so long, and were I in your place——"

"Yes," interrupted Francis, "but I only dreamt it was to be so;" for he did not like to tell the whole story about the ghost.

"Oh, a dream! who would trust to a dream? Dreams are shadows. I have had enough of them, and never believed in one. If I were possessed of all the riches that have been promised me in dreams, I might buy the whole city of Bremen."

"Oh! but *my* dream was so like reality, that it could hardly have been more so had I been awake, and seen and heard all with my eyes and ears."

"Oh!" rejoined wooden-leg, "as to that no one can dream more like re-

ality than myself; and I don't think I ever forgot a dream in my life. I once dreamt—I cannot remember how many years ago—my guardian angel stood at my bed-side, in the shape of a youth, with golden locks, and two silver wings at his shoulders. He spoke to me:—‘Berthold,’ said he, ‘treasure up the words I utter, that not one of them may be forgotten. A great treasure is destined to become yours, which you must dig up, and which shall make you comfortable all the rest of your life. To-morrow evening, when the sun is descending, take a spade on your shoulder, cross the river, keep on the right-hand till you pass the cloister of St. John, then take your way through the court of the cathedral, and you will come to a garden that has this remarkable token, four stone steps leading from the street to its entrance. Stay there till the moon rises, then press with all your strength against the slightly-fastened door, and it will give way: enter boldly, and walk on to the vine. Behind it, on the left, a tall apple-tree rises above the low bushes beneath. Go to the root of this apple-tree, with your face turned towards the moon, and you will perceive, about three yards from you, two rose-bushes. There dig, three spans deep, till you come to a stone plate: beneath it the treasure lies buried in an iron chest. You will find it heavy and unwieldy, but do not despair of getting it up, for it will reward all your labour, if you find the key which is hidden under the chest.”

Francis stared with astonishment. He knew from this minute description that the garden was one which formerly belonged to himself.

“And did you not go there and dig?” asked he, while he strove to appear quite unconcerned.

“Pooh!” exclaimed the old soldier—“Why should I give myself unnecessary trouble? It was nothing but a dream. The night is no man's friend. I have no fancy for having any thing to do with ghosts and treasure-digging.”

“Very true,” replied Francis, and drew out his only remaining piece of silver coin. “There, old man,” he continued, “take this, and drink my health with it. Do not fail to be upon this bridge every day: we shall meet again, I hope.”

The gray-headed cripple, who had not

received such alms for many a month, invoked a thousand blessings upon the head of his benefactor, and limped away to a public-house where he made merry; while Francis, animated with new-born hopes, hurried back to his lodgings.

On the following day he got every thing in readiness that was necessary for his treasure-digging, and conveyed it to the proper place shortly before sunset. With an impatient longing he then waited for the rising of the moon. As soon as she shone with sufficient brightness to distinguish objects, he began his labour cheerily. All at once his spade struck against something hard, and in about a quarter of an hour a large chest became visible. With indescribable joy he continued to labour away till he got it out of the earth—opened it with the key which he found beneath it—and who shall describe his raptures as he perceived bag after bag standing together, not one of which contained less than a thousand gold pieces?

His father, to guard against unforeseen reverses of fortune, had buried a portion of his wealth in this garden, where, in the latter part of his life, he passed much of his time. Probably it was his intention before his death to have apprized Francis of it, but he was called away so suddenly that he carried his secret with him to his grave.

Francis now began to consider how he might best convey this wealth to his lodging without being perceived. It was too much to carry all at once. He hid the greater part of it, therefore, in the hollow of an old tree, that stood upon a common. As much as he could take with him he did, and at the end of three days he had managed to remove the whole of it. He then hired a better house, clothed himself in suitable apparel, and ordered a thanksgiving to be offered up in the cathedral for a traveller returned to his native city after a prosperous arrangement of all his affairs.

He appeared again upon the exchange, and began a traffic, which in a few weeks so enlarged itself that he took spacious premises in the market-place, employed book-keepers and numerous agents, and attended unweariedly to business. His former flatterers and parasites began to gather round him; but he had grown wise by experience—not one of them could get footing in his house.

He remembered with heartfelt gratitude the old soldier, to whom he was solely indebted for his good fortune; and after some months went to the Weser bridge to find him. He too had not forgotten the generous stranger, and often were his eyes keenly directed in search of his benefactor among the passengers. At length he one day saw a richly-dressed man at a distance, who appeared to resemble the stranger; he approached him hesitatingly, but greeted him with a friendly welcome when he found he was not mistaken.

Francis returned the old man's greetings, and said, "Friend, can you walk with me as far as the new town, upon a business that concerns yourself? Your trouble shall not go unrewarded."

"Why not?" answered the soldier. "Though I have a wooden leg, I can get on with it as fast as the lame dwarf who has charge of the city cattle. But wait a moment till that man in the gray coat has passed; every day about this time he gives me a six-groat piece."

"Follow me now," said Francis, "you shall not miss the six-groat piece."

The old man obeyed, and hobbled after Francis, across the little Weser bridge, and over the dyke into Sortillens-street, where the latter stopped opposite

a newly-built house, and knocked at the door. It was opened. Francis conducted the soldier in.

"Friend," said he, "you formerly procured me a delightful evening by means of what you related to me; it is but just I should make the evening of *your* life serene. This house, with all it contains, and the garden in which it stands, are yours. The kitchen and cellar are well stored; a servant is ready to wait upon you; and, moreover, you will find a six-groat piece every day, at noon, under your plate. The man in the gray coat was my servant, through whom I daily sent you that sum, until this place was ready for you."

The old man was so surprised with his good fortune that he could not comprehend it. A flood of grateful tears flowed down his cheeks: but he was unable to find words to thank and bless his benefactor.

Francis now made a better use of his wealth than before. He lived frugally, and carried on his affairs with equal industry and integrity. Thus he obliterated among his fellow-citizens all memory of the dishonour which his former prodigality had drawn upon him, and died, honoured and beloved, at a good old age.

HANS IN LUCK.

(By Grimm.)

HANS had served his master seven years, when he resolved to speak to him. "Sir, my time is out. I should now like to go home again to my mother; so pay me my wages."

"You have served me well and faithfully," replied his master. "Your reward shall correspond."

With these words he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, wrapped it round the lump which he placed upon his shoulder, and set forth for home.

As he was trudging along, putting one leg before the other with tolerable agility, he saw a horseman coming towards him, sitting at his ease upon an excellent steed.

"Ah!" quoth Hans, as the traveller trotted by, "what a comfortable thing riding is! There sits one, as pleasantly

as if he were in a chair, stumbling against no stones, wearing out no shoes, and getting on, he hardly knows how."

"Well Hans," said the horseman, who overheard him, "and why do *you* tramp it then on foot?"

"Ah!" quoth Hans, "I must get this lump home; it is gold to be sure; but I can hardly hold up my head for it, and it galls my shoulders confoundedly!"

"I'll tell you what," replied the traveller, "we'll exchange. I'll give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump."

"With all my heart," said Hans, "but I can tell you one thing; you will find it a hard job to carry it."

The horseman alighted; took the lump of gold, and helped Hans in the saddle. He then gave him the bridle,

and said, "If he does not go fast enough, you must call out to him, *hopp! hopp!*"

Hans was delighted when he found himself on horseback, riding along so pleasantly. At the end of the first mile, he thought he might as well go a little faster; so *hopp! hopp!* quoth Hans, when the beast starting into a pretty round trot, Hans found himself safely landed in a ditch, before he knew where he was.

The horse would have escaped altogether had it not been stopped by a countryman, who was coming along and driving a cow before him. Hans picked himself up, and stood once more upon his legs. He was terribly out of humour, however, and said to the countryman, "Riding is bad sport, when one happens to get hold of such a vile jade as this, who stumbles and pitches one over her head, at the risk of breaking one's neck; I'll never mount her again, I know. Give me at any time a cow, in preference to a horse; one can walk behind a cow comfortably; and moreover, be certain every day of milk, butter, and cheese. What would I give now for such a cow as that!"

"Nay," said the countryman, "if it will be any satisfaction to you, I will exchange my cow for your horse."

Hans gladly consented, and the countryman mounting the horse rode off.

Hans drove his cow before him, congratulating himself all the way upon his lucky bargain. "Let me only have a piece of bread," said he "(and I have never yet known the want of one), and I can now eat butter and cheese with it when I choose; or if I am thirsty, I have only to milk my cow, and have at once a delicious draught. What can the heart of man desire more?" Coming to a public-house, he halted; ate with great relish what he had with him; devoured at one meal both his dinner and supper; and paid for half a glass of beer with the last penny he had. Then he drove his cow on again, towards the village where his mother lived. The heat, however, became oppressive, as the day advanced, and Hans suffered so much from it, that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"This can soon be remedied," quoth Hans, "I will milk my cow, and refresh myself."

He fastened her to an old tree, and began to milk away; but he laboured in vain; not a drop of milk came. While, however, he continued to tug at the cow in the most awkward manner imaginable, she, impatient of such treatment, lifted up one of her hind legs and gave Hans a kick on the head, that laid him sprawling on the ground, without knowing, for some time, where he was. Fortunately, at that moment, a butcher happened to pass by, with a young porker in a wheelbarrow.

"What a thump that was!" cried he, and lifted up poor Hans.

Hans related what had happened. The butcher offered him his flask: and said, "Here, drink a little and recover yourself. But you will never get any milk from that cow, man; she is too old; the most she is fit for now is to draw, or for slaughter."

"The devil she is!" exclaimed Hans, stroking down his hair. "Who would have thought that? It is all very well, however, when one can kill such an animal at home—how fleshy she is! But for my part, I am not fond of cow-beef; it is not juicy enough for me. Now a fine young pig—that is quite another sort of thing—and then, the delicious chitterlings!"

"Hark'ee, Hans," said the butcher, "to oblige you, I have no objection to make an exchange, and give my pig for your cow."

"Heaven bless your kindness!" quoth Hans; delivered the cow to him; unloosened the pig from the barrow; took hold of the string which was tied to his leg, and jogged on, thinking how fortunately every thing had turned out just as he wished; for no sooner did any vexation happen, than it was immediately set to rights. As he was thus meditating upon his good luck, a fellow joined company with him, who was carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They bade good day to each other; after which Hans related how fortunate he had been in having every time made an exchange for the better. His companion remarked that he was carrying his goose to a christening feast. "Lift it," said he, holding it by the wings, "and feel how heavy it is; it has been fattening these eight weeks. They who eat of it when it is roasted, must take care and wipe the grease away from both sides of

their mouths." "Yes," answered Hans, weighing it in his hand, "she has her weight; but my pig is none so bad, I think, for fat."

His companion looked cautiously round, and shook his head. "Mark me," said he at length, "as to your pig, I suspect every thing is not as it should be; depend upon it, all is not right. In the village through which I have just passed, there has been a pig stolen out of the mayor's sty. I fear—very much I fear—you have now got that very pig by the leg; and it would be an awkward business, if it were found in your possession. The least that could happen to you would be to be sent to prison."

Poor Hans was in a sad taking now. "For God's sake," quoth he, "help me out of this mishap. You are better known hereabouts, than I am; take the pig, and let me have your goose."

"I shall run some risk," answered the man, "but I should not like to see you get into trouble."

So saying, he took hold of the string; drove the pig along a by-road, and was soon out of sight; the worthy Hans, meanwhile, with his goose under his arm, and his fright at an end, pursuing the road to his own home.

"If I am not very much mistaken," quoth he to himself, "I am on the right side even in this exchange; for first, I shall have a beautiful roast; then a quantity of fat which will drip from it; lastly, the fine white feathers: these, I can put into my pillow; and I shall sleep without rocking. How delighted my poor mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village he saw a knife-grinder with his wheel, singing at his noisy work:

Hans stood still, and watched him. At length he spoke to him. "Things go on well with you, friend, since you sing so merrily over your grinding."

"Ay," answered the knife-grinder, "there is no trade so bad, but a man may live by it. A good knife-grinder never need put his hand into his pocket without finding some money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it—I exchanged a pig for it," quoth Hans.

"And the pig?" said the knife-grinder.

"I got that for a cow," quoth Hans.

"And the cow?"

"That I had for a horse," quoth Hans.

"And the horse?"

"I gave a lump of gold as big as my head, for the horse," quoth Hans.

"And the lump of gold?"

"Oh—that was my wages for seven years' service," quoth Hans.

"You know how to take care of yourself, I see," said the knife-grinder. "Could you but manage it now, that you should always hear money rattle in your pocket, your fortune would be made."

"How am I to do that?" quoth Hans.

"You must become a knife-grinder, like myself; and for that purpose you want nothing but a whetstone; all the rest will come of itself. Here is one a little the worse for wear, and therefore if you have a mind, you shall give me nothing but your goose for it. What say you?"

"Need you ask me?" quoth Hans.

"It would make me the happiest of men. Only let me feel money in my pocket whenever I put my hand there, and what have I to care for?"

With these words he gave the goose to the knife-grinder, who lifted up a huge heavy stone, that lay beside him, and cautioned Hans to take great care of it.

Hans took charge of the stone, and continued his journey with a joyful heart. His eyes sparkled with rapture as he exclaimed to himself, "Every thing I wish, happens just as if I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth!" Meanwhile, as he had been upon the foot ever since daybreak, he began to grow weary and hungry, lamenting, at the same time, that he had eaten up all his provisions at a single meal, when he was so delighted at having got his cow. At length he became so tired, he could not get on; and the stone punished him with its weight, severely. He began to reflect how convenient it would be just then if he were not obliged to carry it. Crawling like a snail, he reached a well. He resolved to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught from the spring. Lest he should damage the stone, however, in sitting down, he laid it carefully on the brink, by his side. He then turned round to get some of the water;

but his foot slipping, plump went the stone to the bottom of the well. Hans, as he saw it sink, sprung joyfully up, then knelt down again, and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, for this favour, in having thus freed him from the stone; for it was the only thing wanting to complete his happiness.

"There is not such a happy dog as myself under the sun," he exclaimed; and now with a lightsome spirit, released from every burden, he hastened along till he arrived at his mother's house.

THE GIRL OF NORMANDY.

BY INCOGNITA.

Oh! what a lovely creature was Lisette,
The Girl of Normandy! when her eye met
Her own clear sky,—you might have deemed it's blue
Outshone the heaven's most ethereal hue,
'Neath her trim bodice, beat how true a heart!
True to first love—but sorrow had its part,
And ever will—the fond young heart may be
But a divided realm: and destiny
Frowned bitterly on nature's favoured one,
And Lisette's smile, and ready jest, were gone;
And now, to mirth which once knew no allow,
And songs, that nought but slumber taught to cease,
Succeeds a restlessness, which is not joy;
A languid stillness—but which is not peace.
'Twas the old tale—she loved—she gave her all,
Her heart's first fondness, to the orphan Paul.
But fortune frowned on Paul: then marvel not,
That Lisette's parents frowned, and spurned a lot,
Of humble happiness for her, for whom,
They heaped up riches.—"Lisette in the bloom
Of beauty! heiress of our broad lands too!
Pennyless orphan, is she meet for you?"
Thus was Paul greeted when he came to tell,
That he had loved their Lisette long and well.
He loved her with the passionate devotion
Of a young heart that knew no other faith,
And in his spirit's agonized emotion,
Vowed, "Love and Lisette,—or despair and death!"
But Lisette now, no longer met his view,
And death is slow in answering to the call
Of youth and sorrow.—Hope has power too,
And prompted happier musings to young Paul;
Told of wealth won! and Lisette all his own;
Bade the poor orphan rouse him and begone;
Whispered of realms where the red rubies shine,
And prompted day-dreams of Golconda's mine!
Twas long since they had met: at least, 'twas long
For those who only seem to live when meeting.
Strange now to Paul was Lisette's merry song,
Strange to Lisette, her lover's joyful greeting;—
No longer now, was Paul allowed to cheat
The tedious hours upon market-day;
Nor guide, with all a lover's care, the feet
Of Lisette's mule, along the winding way:

A stolen glance at mass, a blush, a start,
Were all the maiden now could call her own ;
But this was something for a woman's heart
To live for, hope for, and to dwell upon.
All unconsciously has Lisette smiled,
Her last on Paul . . . And must such lovers part ?
They must—for Lisette was pure duty's ray,
Nor deemed a doting parent's broken heart,
Would bring a blessing on her bridal day.

A sweet and rural spot was Lisette's home,
Luxuriantly, the rose and eglantine
Around her lattice twined their varied bloom,
And mingled with the purple-clustered vine ;
Green meadows, on their future mistress smiled,
A yellow corn-field waved the crested blade :
But still, the wealthy farmer's only child,
Scorned not the rural toils of village maid,
And upon market-day was seen arrayed
In antique ornaments, that once had been
Her grandmother's—and garb that well displayed
The neatest foot that ever trod the green ;
What with her playful wit, her sparkling eye,
Her loveliness, her wealth, and her broad land,
There was not wealthy farmer, far or nigh,
Who did not languish for young Lisette's hand.

One sultry afternoon, with heavy heart,
And disappointed hope, she journeyed home,
And, as she left the market, tears would start,
In eyes that looked for one who did not come.—
How often, as her father caught her rein,
She thought upon the hapless orphan boy,
Who, upon busy market-day was fain,
To share her toils, and double all her joy. . . .
Arrived at length, she sought a mossy seat,
A spot how fitted for a fond farewell !
For there the purple “ pensée ” seemed to greet
The yellow clusters of the “ immortelle ! ”
Poor Lisette ! ye, who've known the mystic power
Of a first passion, will not scorn the tears,
That fell like dew-drops on the faithful flower,
That through all seasons the same fond smile wears ;
She thought, or we may deem she thought, that flower
An emblem of her love.—What accents meet
Her ear ?—Who comes to her deserted bower ?
Paul pours this simple farewell at her feet :—

“ Oh, Lisette ! I have sought you,
At mass, and market too,
And Lisette, I have brought you,
A lover's last adieu.

“ No longer will I linger,
In well-loved glen and grove,
I place upon thy finger,
This token of my love.

“ And in some distant land,
I'll earn a right to bring,
And place upon thy hand,
Another—holier ring.

The Girl of Normandy.

"I will not ask a promise,
 And I will not claim a vow,
 Those tearful eyes have answered, "Yes,"
 And high in hope I go.

"But oh! should aught estrange, love,
 That precious heart from me,
 And oh! should chance and change, love,
 Have brighter charms for thee,

"Then, fling that token from thee:
 For worlds, I would not claim
 Thy hand,—unless thy heart for me
 Still fondly beat the same."

When Lisette raised her head, she was alone,
 Alone indeed! the heart's sad solitude,
 Was it a dream?—No; on her finger shone,
 Paul's parting token—with his tears bedewed,
 'Twas a "forget-me-not," formed of the stone
 Called Turquoise.—What a halo love can fling,
 Round a mere bauble!—Would she give that ring,
 The orphan's love-pledge! for the proudest gem,
 That glitters in a sultan's diadem?

There were glad hearts, when Paul was seen no more,
 And many suitors thronged his maiden's door,
 A wealthy bourgeois, and a farmer bold,
 And an old miser—who loved Lisette's gold;
 But all in vain!—Two years soon glided by
 (By the fond lovers deemed a century),
 Once to her door, a wand'ring pedler came,
 And whispered in her ear, a well-loved name;
 Told her glad news of her true Paul—and then,
 Joy sparkled in her deep blue eyes again.

And suitors hoped—but Lisette's father died,
 And then a shade fell on the maiden's fate,
 Law's minions came, and ere her tears were dried
 Disputed Lisette's right to the estate.

Proved something, Heaven knows what, which drove her from
 Her fav'rite bowers, and her childhood's home.

When poverty and want assailed her door,
 Those suitors quickly bade all others yield,
 "Bourgeois" and farmer soon were seen no more,
 And stealthy miser banished from the field—
 And Lisette and her mother left the scene

Of former bliss, and joined the wretched crowd,
 Driven by want, from merry glen and green,
 To toil in cities for the great and proud.

Oh, what a change! A close unhealthy room,
 In Paris' suburbs, formed their wretched home.
 But Lisette mourned not; hope smiled on her still,
 Tho' her fair hands must toil at others' will.

"Pillows and bobbin" must replace the flowers,
 Which she was wont to twine for her bright hair;
 She finds employment for the dreary hours

In making lace, to deck some happier fair.
 But never, even in a transient thought,

Did her fond heart admit one truant doubt,
 Whether 'twere happier to share that lot,

That wretched lot, with Paul, or wealth without.

One evening (she had toiled thro' the long day
At her ungrateful task), the sunset, gleaming
Thro' the small casement, mocked with vivid ray
The tears that from her wearied eyes were streaming.
She was alone !—Oh, it was such an hour
As that when Paul had breathed his last farewell !
She wrung her hands, writhing 'neath memory's power,
From her thin finger Paul's love-token fell.
She seized it, wildly murmured, and " Do you,
Pledge of his faith, do you desert me too ?
And is this ominous, does Paul forget ? "
A deep voice near her answered, " No ! Lisette."

It is a proud day, when the young lover comes
To the home of his beautiful maid ;
And when on her pale cheek all freshly blooms
The tint sorrow taught to fade.
When he who was scoffed at and cruelly spurned,
And bitterly bade to depart,
With the strength of his own stalwart arm has earned
The desolate bride of his heart.

When the old mother learned the orphan boy
Was come, with stores of wealth to claim Lisette,
She welcomed him with mingled shame and joy,
And hoped, for Lisette's sake, he would forget
" Old grievances ;" said "'twas a mother's care
To look to the main chance, but that she ne'er
Would cross true love again, that what was done
Could not be undone." Paul remembered naught
But that Lisette would soon be all his own ;
And as the mother's hand he kindly caught,
Urged a request, which did not fail to bring
The maiden's blush, that they should seek the ring,
The little circle, in whose magic round
All earth has left of happiness is found.

Oh those glad lovers ! side by side again
They wander forth,—follow the winding scene
To the gay city. With what wild excess
Of joy, of pride, of dear-bought happiness,
Paul pictured future years of bliss, while she
Mused silent on that moment's ecstasy,
A gentle pressure of Paul's arm revealing
The rapture o'er her chastened spirit stealing.
They found fair Paris one proud blaze of light—
Thy bridal fête, poor Marie Antoinette !
Ill-fated Queen ! And that disastrous night
Was big with omens of thy future fate.

Many sly looks the jeweller would throw
At the young Lisette, as the ring she tried :
The blush that mantled on her brow of snow,
Betrayed the bashful but too happy bride.
The ring is bought—and now they thread the maze
Of that dense crowd, and as they paused to gaze,
On the glad tokens of a nation's pride,
Lisette drew closer to her lover's side,

The Girl of Normandy.

And, leaning on his arm, feared not the throng
 That filled the air with shouts wild, loud, and long.
 Vainly the torrent do they seek to stay,
 Borne by the rush of eager crowds away;
 A sudden shock tears Paul from Lisette's side,
 Again she grasps his arm—"Oh, Paul!" she cried,
 "What means all this? What means yon livid glare?
 Wild shrieks and cries of 'fire!' fill the air:"
 And in that awful hour, the weak, the old
 Were trampled underfoot. The trembling tone
 And tott'ring step of the young Lisette, told
 Her strength was failing. "Paul," she cried, "'tis done!
 Oh save yourself, for nought can rescue me;
 I sink, I sink, God's blessing, Paul, on thee"
 Lisette! for my sake, for thy mother's sake,
 Oh yield not, loved one: see, they come! they come!
 Bear up one moment then, and I will take,
 On these strong shoulders, my best treasure home."
 There was a moment's pause—the crowd was gazing
 On some huge building, in one red glare blazing—
 "Oh, now or never, Lisette!" and he knelt,
 "Quick, quick, the maddened crowd come rushing on,
 Now bless thee, dearest!" cried he, as he felt
 He was obeyed. A soft hand grasped his own,
 And a light form upon his shoulder sprung.
 "Lisette," he cried, "does terror tie thy tongue?
 Speak to me, Lisette! *Atlas with the world*
 Upon his shoulders, not more proud could be,
 Than I, my loved one, for I bear *my world*,
My little world of bliss, in bearing thee."
 Oh surely love alone could send Paul strength,
 To brave the raging fire, the frantic crowd.
 He toils, he grapples—but he gains at length
 The city's outskirts. An ill-omened cloud
 Sailed round the moon, while on a mossy bank
 He placed his charge—he turned to meet her eye
 And met a stranger's!.... Yes, poor Lisette sank
 While blessing Paul. A female demon nigh
 Availed herself of Paul's devoted love!
 What piercing shriek at midnight fills yon grove?
 They say it comes from yonder dark abode,
 Where a poor lunatic drags on the load
 Of his sad sunless life, in making rings,
 He calls them wedding-rings, of his damp straw,
 And at the hour when mellow twilight flings
 Her veil o'er nature's charms, and nature's law
 Ordains repose for all—he seems to bear
 Some precious burden,—toils beneath its weight
 Till the moon rises,—then the midnight air
 Is filled with one wild sound—that sound Lisette!....

THE HEIRESS.

"Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective."—*Massinger.*

It was near midnight when the travelling carriage, which contained Lord Baltimore and his confidential valet, stopped at the door of the principal hotel at ———. The post-horses, which had brought them through the last stage, were covered with foam and dust; and as his master entered the house, Sciner gave an order for fresh cattle to be brought out immediately; this order could not, however, be complied with, owing to an extraordinary influx of travellers from the continent, and the young nobleman found himself necessitated to pause in his hasty journey, to repose the four jaded animals that they were even now removing from his travelling-chaise. The valet bestowed a few guttural German curses on the innocent waiters and ostlers, who crowded round the equipage, to tender their services; and after having despatched some articles of value into the house, he followed his lord to an apartment where the lately decaying embers were now rapidly expanding into flame and cheerfulness.

Lord Baltimore was an only son; he had lost his mother early in life, and had spent the last seven years abroad. He had just been summoned by the earl to fulfil a wish, which, unknown to his son, he had been nursing since his youth; it was that of uniting him to the daughter of an old friend; "there is another reason," urged the letter, "which will, I doubt not, influence a young man of your good sense. Miss Ashtonville is an heiress—our estates are involved, almost beyond all other hope—I revere the memory of your mother too much to dwell on the manner in which they became thus embarrassed—it suffices to inform you that they are so. Ada Ashtonville's father knows this, and yet he is too generous to annul the contract into which we entered in your childhood. Remember, however, my dear boy, that if your acquaintance with the lady engenders other feelings than those which will promise to make the union a happy one, *you are free*;—but I will, I do fervently hope the con-

trary; Miss Ashtonville is too lovely and too amiable not to inspire you with the highest regard."

Lord Baltimore received the intelligence of his father's arrangement with Mr. Ashtonville like one who dreams; but he instantly resolved to obey the earl's first wish, by immediately returning home, and to leave to time and circumstance the fulfilment of the second.

"This is a sad bore, Sciner," said the young nobleman, as his valet entered the apartment.

"It is, my lord," replied the equally-annoyed domestic. "Wheel the sofa to the fire, and throw on a few coals; this room is as chilly as the catacombs."

"Had not your lordship better lie down for an hour?" asked the more considerate valet, "you are really looking fatigued, my lord."

"Pho, pho, Sciner," smiled his master, "you would make a woman of me—why I must not nurse myself into effeminacy when I am just going to be married."

"Married, my lord?"

"Yes, most ejaculating Sciner, married—is the idea of my becoming a Benedict so very extraordinary?"

"It is strange, my lord, that I should not have heard of it before;—then there is an end to my hopes."

"And what were they?" asked lord Baltimore, willing to encourage the loquacity of his attendant, from mere lack of amusement.

"I confess, my lord, that I had hoped one day to see the beautiful Miss Ashtonville Countess of Mountmorris."

"What! do you want to give the young lady to my father?"

"Not exactly, my lord; but as I trust that I shall live to see your lordship earl of Mountmorris—that is, not hope, I ought rather to have said *expect*, my lord—for the will of Providence and the order of nature must be accomplished—so I might see Miss Ashtonville Countess of Mountmorris, without marrying her to your lordship's father."

"Upon my word, Sciner," said his master, laughing, "My honoured papa

would be much obliged if he heard you so learnedly speculating on the order of nature, and disposing of him to make way for me! But what of this Miss Ashtonville?" he added, in a graver tone. "I have not seen her since I first left home for Eton: is she pretty? is she—is she—in short could you think her handsome now you have been in Italy?"

"My lord," replied the valet, "when I left Featherington to join you at Venice, I thought Miss Ashtonville the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; I have travelled since—I have heard your lordship admire a great number as beauties, in every country we traversed, but I have never changed my opinion."

"Why, you would not surely, Sciner, compare my old playfellow with the Signora Tarentia, or the pretty Neapolitan?"

"I would not wrong the lady by such a comparison, my lord."

"Preposterous!" said Lord Baltimore: and the subject was dropped.

As speedily as it could be effected, the travelling equipage was again drawn out, and the young nobleman in his seat. "Featherington," vociferated Sciner, with an air of blendid importance and satisfaction, as he took his place beside his master: and the horses once more flew forward with the velocity so endeared by habit to continental tourists. Lord Baltimore made but one pause on his homeward journey, and that was to shake hands with the old couple at the lodge, who had been pensioners of his mother's; a short time sufficed him to traverse the park, and springing from the chariot, he was the next moment in the arms of his father.

"Francis, my generous, my noble boy!" cried the earl, as he pressed him to his heart, "you have surely travelled on the wings of the wind; I did not venture to expect you so soon. I have summoned an old friend to welcome you, Sir Robert Drewnorth; but he good-naturedly forbore to rob me of your first embrace—we will now join him."

Accordingly the present and future lords of Featherington entered the library together, where the young men cordially exchanged greetings, and the earl had the satisfaction to hear his son declare his pleasure on again finding himself under the roof of his father. A sub-

stantial luncheon soon divided the interest, and Lord Baltimore joked his friend on his protracted bachelorship, and consequent want of interest in the fair sex.

"Why, Drewnorth, you must be nine-and-twenty: you had, I remember, a wife chalked out for you when you first came to college, and yet here you are still, the admiration of your own sex, and the terror of the ladies—what became of your *cara*?"

"Married!" drawled out the baronet, with an affected ruefulness of visage.

"Indeed!" said his interrogator; "whom did she marry?"

"My brother's tutor."

"What, young Syntax, as we used to call him?"

"The same."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lord Baltimore, "she conjugated the verb *aimer* once too often for you, Drewnorth, did she?"

"Why, to be candid with you, I was quite easy on the subject: and you know that as *le passé est passé*, we have only to wish her long life and good fortune."

"Well, well, I'll spare you!" cried his friend, gaily; "but I should have inquired for the Ashtonvilles, my lord."

"They are quite well, Frank, quite well; and Ada is a perfect beauty."

A slight hectic crimsoned for a moment the cheek of Sir Robert Drewnorth, as, after a short pause, the earl added, "and extremely anxious to see you."

"The young lady, my lord, anxious to see me?"

"Yes, Frank, the young lady; the county rose, as she is called."

"It is rather singular, I think," said Baltimore, dryly: "I can scarcely flatter myself that she remembers me, and should be still less able to do so, on a recollection in which I should figure in all the unprepossessing attributes of a hoydening schoolboy?"

"Singular!" echoed the earl, "not at all—she knows how anxious I have been for your return, and she consequently wished it on my account."

"I am extremely flattered," said his son, still more coldly, and then sank into silence. The earl looked at him with astonishment, and the baronet with some difficulty succeeded in keeping up a disjointed conversation, until the young

nobleman expressed a wish to divest himself of his travelling-dress, and motioning to his friend to accompany him, rose, and quitted the library.

"Drewnorth," commenced the heir of Featherington, as he closed the door of his apartment, "have you seen this Miss Ashtonville?"

"I have," replied his friend.

"Is she really goodlooking?"

"She is, by many degrees, the most lovely woman I ever beheld."

"Is she sensible? Is she rational? Or is she what novel-writers call a *pretty rustic*?"

"If a rustic," replied the baronet, "it is certainly of a very novel description."

"I detest pretty dairy-maids!" pettishly exclaimed Lord Baltimore. "I hate country misses, and country educations, and young romance-reading ladies, who talk about 'purling streams,' and 'verdant meadows,' and such odious fooleries."

"But Miss Ashtonville talks of none of these."

"May I inquire her usual subjects of discourse?"

"Oh! a thousand things—you occasionally form a topic of conversation; she talks over your childhood with the earl, laughs when I recount your college pranks, and"—

"Indelicate!" frowned Lord Baltimore, "situated as she must know herself to be, she ought not to mention my name. I naturally conjectured that she would feel some anxiety to see me, it could not be otherwise; but that she would be indecorous enough to acknowledge this to Lord Mountmorris was what I certainly did not anticipate—I shall never like her—that is decided!"

"Do not say so, Frank," exclaimed the baronet, with more emotion than he might have been expected to evince at any assertion made by his volatile friend.

"But I do say so, Drewnorth, in simple seriousness; and if I do not like her I certainly will not marry her."

"Baltimore, you know not what you do!"

"Yes, yes, I know perfectly," persisted his companion; "but I would rather be Earl of Mountmorris in the King's Bench, free, and unfettered in soul, than preside over the liveried do-

mestics of Featherington, tied to a wife whom I could not respect."

"Not respect Miss Ashtonville?"

"No! nor any woman who, aware that she was to marry a friend's son, coolly made up her mind to save him the trouble of persuading her to fulfil her share in the arrangement, by her gratuitous and premature condescensions."

"Nay, Baltimore, you have really taken a very erroneous view of the case, I assure you."

"I thank you, Drewnorth, for your kind intention, but I want no assurances—the thing speaks for itself; and Miss Ada Ashtonville has, I can in turn assure you, quite mistaken the road to my heart. Oh! yes; I can imagine this paragon of country production: a laughing, red-cheeked, hoydening romp, with gray eyes, called, by courtesy, blue; and a tall, gaunt, stooping figure, denominated *par excellence*, a fine girl—and from a boy I have detested gray eyes, red cheeks, and tall women—the very idea is sickening!"

"Really, Frank"—

"Do not, my good fellow, take any trouble to soften down the picture," cried Lord Baltimore, throwing himself listlessly on a chair; "no, I am prepared for every thing, even for her obeying my father and embracing me. I wish I had never gone abroad, or that I had never returned home." At this moment the sound of carriage-wheels attracted the attention of Sir Robert Drewnorth, and he walked to the window.

"The Ashtonville liveries!"

"This is precisely what I expected," said Baltimore peevishly; "the young lady, I suppose, is come to tell 'her dear Francis' how delighted she is to see him; but I shall not leave my room yet; she will, possibly, be affectionate enough to wait for me. Oh! here comes an ambassador—well, Sciner, what does that fellow want?"

"The earl requests your company, my lord, in the library, to meet —."

"That's enough, Sciner: let him inform his lordship that I am not dressed."

"Baltimore, my dear fellow," said the baronet, seizing his arm, "let me entreat that you will not suffer your imagination to overrule your good breeding. Sciner, bid him say that your master is hastening his toilette,

and will be with his lordship almost immediately."

Amid sundry "pishes" and "pshaws," the valet at length succeeded in putting the finishing stroke to Lord Baltimore's costume; and he then slowly descended to the library with his friend; expressing at every step his determination neither by word or look to hold out any encouragement to a lady, who appeared so well disposed to meet him half-way. What were the feelings of the baronet at that moment we shall not attempt to explain; it is, however, certain, that when a servant threw open the door, the pulsations of his heart were as tumultuous as those of his friend's were calm and regular.

It may, perhaps, appear contradictory to say that when Lord Baltimore found himself in the presence but of Mr. Ashtonville and his father, he experienced a feeling of disappointment; and yet so it was. He had been schooling himself into a fine situation for stage effect, and he was foiled; even had his arms been extended, there was no Miss Ashtonville before him to leap into them.

The warmth of Mr. Ashtonville's greeting was not quite reciprocated, and there was even more frigidity in the young nobleman's calm and evidently forced inquiry for "the ladies;" but the father of Ada was too much delighted with the handsome countenance and fine figure of his future son-in-law to cavil at an expression or a tone. An invitation to dinner for the succeeding day terminated Mr. Ashtonville's visit, and as the carriage drove off, Lord Baltimore murmured to his friend his anticipation of a nicely-manœuvred tête-à-tête with the heiress in a snug corner before dinner; all the rest of the party being most conveniently pre-occupied.

The following day, Lord Baltimore contrived to detain the earl and Sir Robert some half-hour after they descended to the drawing-room, before he lounged in and joined them; and, whatever might have been the reason, certainly not negligently attired; whether his mirror had encouraged him in his labours, it were difficult to decide, but it is certain that his expressive and noble countenance bore a flush of self-gratulation which at least justified the

belief; nor is it altogether impossible, that although the young nobleman had dexterously wrought himself into a conviction of his own perfect indifference, nay more, half-formed dislike to the heiress, he would have himself been disposed to make a very different impression on the mind of the young lady. When the trio entered Mrs. Ashtonville's drawing-room, they were received by the lady and her husband, but Ada was not there; and in reply to an inquiry from the earl, for his favourite, her mother smilingly remarked that she would doubtlessly make her appearance ere long. She did not, however, enter the room until the last dinner-bell had rung, and the earl had already taken Mrs. Ashtonville's hand to lead her to table; when she advanced to greet Lord Mountmorris, her back was towards his son, but he could discover in her elegant, and rather diminutive person, neither the bold carriage of self-sufficiency, or the awkward air of overstrained bashfulness, for which he had prepared himself: there was a tremulous timidity in her voice, delightful to a fastidious ear, as she addressed the earl with almost affectionate earnestness; and although little more than a moment sufficed for this greeting, Baltimore already felt somewhat less disinclined than he had been towards an introduction. As he was presented to her, a deep blush dyed the cheek of Miss Ashtonville, and the "eloquent blood" mounted even to her brow; she had evidently prepared a welcome, but although her lips moved, she was unable to give it utterance; Baltimore himself felt his careless indifference considerably diminished, and Ada, when she found that the unbidden crimson had betrayed her embarrassment, turned hastily to Sir Robert Drewnorth, and putting her hand in his, hurriedly requested that he would not discontinue his old practice of handing her to the dining-room; this, at least, Lord Baltimore could not but acknowledge to himself, scarcely looked like courting his attention—he even began to consider whether this marked action did not savour somewhat of rudeness, and he had almost decided the point affirmatively when the party took their seats.

"Well, my love," commenced Mrs. Ashtonville, when she had retired with

her daughter to the drawing-room, "what think you of the young lord?"

"He is a handsome man," said her daughter, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of French flowers, which stood on a marble table beside her.

"Handsome, most decidedly," resumed the mother, "that is an indisputable point, Ada; but what think you of his manner—his address?"

"Really, madam, I am afraid to peril an opinion so early; a dinner-table is by far too contracted a sphere in which to reply to so sweeping a question. I perceive that Lord Baltimore eats his fish with a fork, and performs every little table ceremony with etiquettical precision, but these are things of course: *ils sont sans dire*—and as to his address, if he felt but half as much embarrassed as I did, address was quite out of the question."

Mrs. Ashtonville was as far from the point as ever. "At any rate, my love, the first impression made by his appearance is a pleasing one—do you not agree with me?"

"A fine man always carries an undisputed passport to a lady's admiration," said Ada, quietly. "I did not think that Sir Robert was in good spirits to-day."

"There may be reasons for his depression," said the mother significantly.

"Indeed! I am sorry for it." And Miss Ashtonville took up her guitar, and sang Mrs. Norton's pleasing song, "Love not!" with a look of perfect unconsciousness.

It was not long ere Baltimore discovered in the manner of his friend towards Miss Ashtonville an embarrassment, which could proceed but from one cause—Drewnorth loved her! and from the hour in which he felt this to be the case, she became an object of intense interest to the heart of Baltimore. He discovered a thousand attractions in the lady which he had hitherto overlooked; decided that she had fine eyes, fine teeth, and splendid hair—that her foot might have been taken as a model of symmetry—and that her hand and arm surpassed in beauty every hand and arm he had ever seen! It was impossible to account for the caprice of women: Drewnorth was handsome, intelligent, and perfectly

well-bred; highly connected, and possessed a noble fortune, and an unincumbered estate. Baltimore threw a backward glance on his own embarrassments—as Lady Drewnorth, Ada might live in the greatest magnificence; as Lady Baltimore a considerable portion of her own princely fortune must be sacrificed to *his* involvements. His was a mind which required constant excitement; he had now found a perpetual cause for it. The manner of Miss Ashtonville to the baronet was easy, cordial, and even kind; towards himself it was constrained, and almost cold. "Does she presume on the knowledge of my difficulties?" was a question he bitterly asked himself; but his better reason negatived the unworthy suspicion which his prejudice had engendered.

Baltimore had one evening been watching the unconscious objects of his tormenting reflections, when they were as usual assembled in the drawing-room at Ashtonville, and had just persuaded himself that Ada was decidedly not insensible to the attentions of his friend, when he saw her smile and blush at a low-breathed remark which he had just addressed to her; he had himself at the moment turned away to reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Ashtonville, and indignant at the idea that they had profited by that circumstance to make their inaudible communications, he complained of sudden indisposition, and took his leave. There was an earnest anxiety in the eyes of Ada as he withdrew, but he would not suffer himself to remark it. "Let her marry Drewnorth!" he muttered to himself as he sprang on his horse. "Lord Baltimore will, beyond all doubt, survive the calamity!"

The following evening had been fixed for the attendance of the two families at the little theatre of the neighbouring town, and in the exuberance of his doughty indignation, Baltimore determined to join them there, rather than intrude his unwelcome society on Miss Ashtonville in her carriage; and he suffered the baronet accordingly to attend the Ashtonville dinner-party; while he himself dined tête-à-tête with the earl, and eventually accompanied him to the post-town. The performances had commenced when they entered, and Ada was gaily laughing at

the lively criticisms of the baronet. Lord Baltimore held his head higher, and looked graver than his father; and as Miss Ashtonville gently touched his arm to impart to him Sir Robert's jest, he coldly recoiled from the pressure, and bowing with a sarcastic smile, haughtily observed, "You have doubtless made a mistake, madam; as the gentleman for whom the honour of your notice was probably intended, is beside you."

Ada looked on him for a moment with the most intense astonishment, but appearing suddenly to suspect the meaning of his extraordinary manner, she returned his bow by one equally chilling, and for the first time a pang pressed upon her heart: she made no effort to conciliate so wayward a being in the first moments of irritated feeling, and nothing more passed between them until the conclusion of the performance, when Baltimore ceremoniously took her hand to lead her from the box.

"You are, I fear, offended with me, my lord:" she commenced, in a tone of conciliating sweetness, but was suddenly interrupted by an ironical "Oh no, madam, you have mistaken my feeling, we are both, *fortunately*, it would appear, for each, at perfect liberty to indulge our own tastes, and to be swayed only by our own inclinations—you are consequently the mistress of your actions; and an indifferent individual like Lord Baltimore has no right to indulge displeasure, or to take offence when you avail yourself of the privilege."

This was a check, whose repetition Miss Ashtonville had not courage to risk; but she was more deeply hurt, when, on handing her to her carriage, she heard him request that Sir Robert Drewnorth would fill the vacant seat in Mrs. Ashtonville's barouche, while on that Lady's remarking the singularity of the circumstance, he coldly replied that he had not made the arrangement without a perfect conviction that it would be the most agreeable one to all parties; he then shook hands with Mrs. Ashtonville, and her husband, and slightly bowing to Ada and the baronet, he sprang into the vacant seat in the earl's chariot: "What! lover's quarrels, I see," whispered Mrs. Ashtonville, laughingly, to her daughter, as they drove off; but no answer was returned to the sally, unless

a deep sigh from the father of Ada, and a somewhat less audible one from the baronet, could be so construed.

"I will terminate this mental martyrdom!" exclaimed Baltimore, as he entered his dressing-room, and threw himself on the sofa, "Sciner, you may go to bed; I have a letter to write before I retire—a book to read—a—you need not wait."

Sciner gave one look at the fire, another at the young lord, and withdrew.

"She is a coquette!" apostrophised Baltimore, and at the moment a knock at his room-door roused him. "Well, Sciner, what now?" the door opened, and the baronet entered, and then closed it after him.

"What! are you a deserter from the Ashtonville supper-table, Sir Robert?"

"No, my lord;" replied the baronet gravely, "I took my leave of the family at the end of the avenue."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Lord Baltimore, elevating his fine eyebrows as he spoke with a look of incredulous scorn.

"I should scarcely have intruded my society," said Sir Robert steadily, "when I must have felt it to be unwelcome."

"Oh! you wrong yourself, my dear sir," said his companion, with a forced and uneasy laugh, "or, at any rate you know that fathers and mothers are of little consequence in these cases—the lady, Sir Robert, if the lady smiles, all the rest is but 'leather and prunella.'—What cares a man of spirit about the convenience and pleasure of fathers and mothers? that is mere antiquated practice, my good sir, but *we*, the modish professors of the present day, do things better—set every thing at defiance—relations, and connexions—old friendship, and older—

"Enough, my lord;" interposed the baronet, "little did I ever anticipate that I should be addressed by *you* in a tone of taunt—less that I should be so in the words of veiled, and yet palpable reproach—you have said enough—too much—" "And yet," said Lord Baltimore, with cold sarcasm, "I think I have studied the old maxim of 'bear, and forbear,' with tolerable patience, both theoretically and practically, and I flatter myself that I have acquired some proficiency."

"Spare me at least so revolting a tone, my Lord; I am so unaccustomed

to be thus addressed, that I fear I shall scarcely be able to brook it; let me, therefore—I request it as a favour, Lord Baltimore, and I am but little used to solicit favours of any one—let me therefore request your patience for five minutes—”

“You may command me,” replied the young lord, folding his arms, and throwing himself into an attitude of listless attention, “I shall listen with all the patience you may require—I have been so much accustomed to exercise that very domestic virtue of late, that—”

“I will, nevertheless, be brief,” said Sir Robert; “I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning; it were a poor and pitiful affectation—to-morrow I leave you—I go to my place in Ireland—would I had gone at once after I welcomed you home; it would have saved me your friendship, and my own peace of mind—but regrets are now unavailing. I have already taken leave of Miss Ashtonville and her parents; and I have at least the consolation of knowing, that—”

“You have sacrificed your own feelings, and those of Ada, to an irritable and ungrateful friend,” cried Baltimore, as, ardent in every impulse, he sprang towards the baronet. “Drewnorth, I blush ever to have doubted you—but from this hour—”

“I am satisfied, Frank,” said Sir Robert, as he returned the embrace; “all I ask is, that we may part in friendship, as we have ever done.”

“No, Drewnorth!” cried the excited young man. “I will not be outdone in generosity; you shall not leave us to-morrow; it is now your turn to listen;—I have been an irritable, an unreasonable fool; I have felt bitterly towards you, without remembering that Ada’s affections are in her own gift—do not interrupt me—I believe them to be yours:—to affirm that I am unhurt by this belief, were to be insincere;—despite a thousand prejudices, I have learned to love Miss Ashtonville—fondly love her;—but her hand, if she has otherwise disposed of her heart, were a poor boon;—I have just made this discovery;—I should feel a pang in resigning her, did she indeed honour me with her preference; but if I find it otherwise, I owe it to myself, to withdraw at once my claim

to her hand—and I will do so—to-morrow shall decide.—”

“Are you indeed rash enough to—”

“I am reasonable enough, Drewnorth, for that is a better word, to learn the truth; and from to-morrow never to see Ada again until she is Lady Drewnorth; and I can look on her simply with the regard due to the wife of my friend; or to assent to your immediate departure, should her decision determine you to persist in your original resolution—do not endeavour to dissuade me from my purpose:—I am an only son:—I will not be thwarted—I cannot brook contradiction; you have already had proof of this; and now, good night.”

They parted; and at an early hour on the ensuing day, Lord Baltimore reached Ashtonville. Ada was alone in the library, and he entered unannounced; she was as pale as marble, and her fine hair hung negligently round her face; she looked languid, and her whole appearance bespoke a sleepless night. She did not remark the entrance of Baltimore, for she was leaning listlessly against the mantel, abstractedly strewing the leaves of a china rose on the fire, and watching them, as they successively shrivelled with the heat and disappeared.

“Miss Ashtonville,” said the intruder, in a low voice.

Ada started, and looked round.

“Do I intrude?” resumed Baltimore.

“I have yet to learn the possibility of your doing so,” said the lady, extending her hand; “I am then forgiven, my lord?”

You have robbed me of a question, Miss Ashtonville, we will neither of us repeat it: I am an early guest—I came to—to announce—that is, not to announce, for I believe that he has already mentioned to you his intended departure—”

“You allude to Sir Robert Drewnorth,” said the lady, calmly.

“I do,” replied her companion; “are you aware of the reason of this sudden determination.”

“He did not advance one,” said Ada, and her face glowed.

“He held it unnecessary,” pursued Baltimore, with increased seriousness; “needed there words to tell Miss Ashtonville that he loved her? surely not—there is a feeling inherent in every female

breast which prompts to the discovery."

"Do not pain me by the assurance of such——"

"Suffer me to conclude, Miss Ashtonville. Sir Robert is my friend—I know him to be a man of unsullied honour and spotless integrity—of his personal accomplishments I need not speak—I have already told you that he loves you—I were ungenerous indeed to cast the fetter of constraint over your actions—forget the arrangement which has been made by our families—if, as I fear, Sir Robert is honoured by your preference——"

"Sir Robert!" exclaimed Ada, with a malignant start, "is it kind, is it generous, my lord, to select such a subject for railery? my situation was already sufficiently distressing. I had hoped that my conduct would have secured me from the imputation of impropriety; but I never dreaded the breath of ridicule, at least from the son of Lord Mountmorris." She spoke with difficulty, and the tears of wounded feeling fell on her pale cheek.

"Miss Ashtonville—Ada!" cried Baltimore, "in striving to spare you I have, I fear, wounded alike your delicacy and your pride. I too am proud—the very dread of uniting myself to a reluctant bride, dear as she might be to me—Oh! you know not, you cannot guess what the purpose of this interview has cost me——"

"Baltimore!" murmured Ada, and she turned on him eyes radiant with blended beauty and affection, "surely, surely, you came not here to *spare* me!"

"Ada! my own Ada!" whispered the lover, as he twined his arm round her, and pressed his lip softly to her pale cheek, which grew crimson at the pres-

sure, "will you be mine indeed, without one remembrance of the hateful contract?"

"Self-tormenting sceptic?" said Ada, tenderly, "you will make me a convert to your own doubts."

"And are you really mine?" cried Baltimore, as he drew her yet closer to his heart, and she hid her blushing face on his shoulder, "mine! and mine only!"

"Not quite, young sir," said Mr. Ashtonville, coming forward, "as an old, and it may be indulgent friend to the lady, I still venture some claim—she is not yet yours—but, may Heaven bless you, my children!" and Mr. Ashtonville spoke with such solemnity, that Ada and her lover instinctively sank upon their knees before him: "may you be blest alike in yourselves, and in each other—may the autumn of your days be as calm as the spring is glorious; and when at length the winter of existence comes, may the blight never wither up your spirits, but fall on hearts prepared and chastened for the change! You are now young, but Time creeps on stealthily, and remember, that although when his path is over roses, you remark not his footfall, he is nevertheless unravelling the skein of life, and that he will one day suffer the end of it to escape him. And now, enough of this—we are all too much excited—we must not forget that we are all mere common mortals, moving in a common world, and that our debt to that world must be paid; therefore, when Lord Baltimore has finished the arduous task of wiping away your tears, Ada, and that you have ceased renewing the necessity of his labours, you will find me with your mother."

S. S.

SONG OF THE FAIRY KING.

BY MISS PARDOE.

LET every flow'r yield up its fay,
For the moon rides high, and we must away;
Ye who couch in the deep blue bell,
Haste to the ring in the bosky dell:
My butterfly spreads his eager wing,—
Fairies, haste, and attend your King!

Titania has shook off her soft repose,
 Where she slept in the breast of the damask rose,
 Though perfume and beauty wooed her stay,
 She heard my call, and she sped away ;
 Her floating car was of gossamer sheen—
 Fairies, haste, and attend your Queen !
 The humming-bee is gone on before,
 Freightèd well his luscious store ;
 The dew is gleaming brightly yet,
 On the odorous purple violet :
 Rich be the revel, and gay the sport,
 Fairies, haste, and attend the Court !

MRS. SIDDONS.

“ Denn schnell und spurlos geht des mimen kunst,
 Die wunderbare, an dem sinn vorüber,
 Wenn das gebild des meisels, der gesang
 Des dichters nach jahrtausenden noch leben,
 Hier stirbt der zauber mit dem künstler ab,
 Und wie der klang verhallet in dem ohr,
 Verrauscht des augenblicks geschwinde schöpfung,
 Und ihren ruhm bewahrt kein daurend werk.
 Schwer ist die kunst, vergänglich ist ihr preis,
 Dem mimen flieht die nachwelt keine kränze,
 Drum muss er geitzen mit der gegenwart,
 Den augenblick, der sein ist, ganz erfüllen,
 Muss seiner mitwelt mächtig sich versichern,
 Und im gefühl der würdigsten und besten
 Ein lebend denkmal sich erbauen. So nimmt er
 Sich seines namens ewigkeit voraus,
 Denn wer den besten seiner zeit genug
 Gethan, der hat gelebt für alle zeiten.”*

Schiller. Prolog. Wallenstein.

THIS incomparable woman has departed from us, and in a very few years, they who remember what she was in the full blaze of her greatness, will be—what she herself is. Then her name, like that of Garrick, or Betterton, or Cibber,

* The following is offered as a loose paraphrase, rather than an exact translation of the above passage ; preserving the ideas without attempting to transfuse the poetical beauty :

“ Brief and trackless is the actor’s art—

’Tis wonderful ! yet leaves no trace behind.
 While sculptured marble and the poet’s song
 Live through a thousand years, here the magic
 Of the scene with the scene itself expires.
 Like fading murmurs of departing sounds
 Upon the ear, this bright creation of
 A moment vanishes ; nought surviving
 To be the image of what it was.

“ Severe and toilsome is the art ; Seeking

The reward. Posterity weaves no wreath
 For the artist ; therefore should he riot
 In the present—therefore should the moment
 Which is his yield him an abundant joy.
 In the praises of the best and wisest
 He should build a living monument of
 Immortality ; for he that hath their applause
 Hath lived already through whole after ages !”

will alone survive ; no other memorial, no other record (save the inadequate language of her panegyrists, inadequate for every thing except to tell that such a person lived), will remain of one whose power over the hearts of thousands immeasurably surpassed all who were contemporary with her : even her own great and inimitable brother, John Kemble. So melancholy is the truth conveyed in the beautiful language of the German bard, which we have quoted above, the "magic of the scene with the scene itself expires !" Poets, painters, sculptors, orators—the children of fame in every path of human excellence, leave behind them something indicative of that for which they were renowned ;

Gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth or through the air
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

A despicable attempt, by the most despicable journal in the country, as far as principle of any kind is concerned (we mean *The Times*), was made to fling contempt upon the profession of an actor, the day after the death of Mrs. Siddons, because some one had suggested the idea of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. Garrick had a public funeral ; and wherein was Mrs. Siddons inferior to Garrick ? But *The Times* has a sort of vampire-like delight in feeding upon insults to the dead. No sooner does the grave close over monarch, prince, or statesman, than it riots in mean slanders upon them. It was so with George III. It was so with George IV. It will be so with William IV. It was so with the Duke of York. It was so with the Marquis of Londonderry. It would be difficult to account for this revolting propensity, if we did not know that malignity and cowardice are twin vices ; and that a blow struck at the dead provokes no danger.

With regard to public honours bestowed upon the memory of a Garrick or a Siddons, where is their impropriety ? Their great talents obtained for them, while living, the most flattering distinctions from those with whom it is deemed an honour to associate. Why, then, should their talents be denied the celebration of posthumous honours ? Why should they be considered un-

something by which after ages can judge why they were famous in their own. But the actor lives alone in the eyes and ears of his own generation ; nay, almost in the moment only that he is heard and seen ; for though the impression he makes be strong, it is incommunicable, and hardly susceptible of being reproduced when memory would fain recal it. Who, indeed, can describe—so as to make another feel—the look, or tone, or gesture, which thrilled through his own frame as he gazed or listened ? Or who can thrill again by the mere recollection of them, as he did when he owned their influence on the scene ? It is there alone the actor

worthy of that tribute when dead, which they gathered so abundantly when alive ? It is no new homage ; no testimonial created for the occasion : it is merely a final demonstration of respect at the grave ; even as the sorrow of relatives is but that love and affection clothed in tears, which once were dressed in smiles and gladness.

We, who are lovers of Shakspeare, not "on this side," but *to*, idolatry, can never hope to see again *Queen Katharine*, *Queen Constance*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Hermione*, *Isabella* (in *Measure for Measure*), *Volumnia*, and *Desdemona*, personated as Shakspeare drew them, unless nature should present us with another Siddons, which is what we do not expect. It was one of the highest mental luxuries of which we have any recollection, to hear that extraordinary woman deliver the language of Shakspeare ; and many a time, in order that we might enjoy this luxury, without any admixture of "baser matter" by the other senses, have we closed our eyes to the scene, to revel in the enjoyment of her matchless elocution, and the deep full tone of her harmonious voice, undulating upon the ear like the most perfect melody, while every sentence as it fell from her lips was fraught with the meaning of the inspired bard ; so unlike the parrot recitation and mouthing inanity of those whose minds, if they

have any, are divorced from their tongues, and who do Shakspeare by memory. Mrs. Siddons stood at his shrine; and when she spoke, seemed full of the god whose priestess she was.

She had a majesty of form, too, and what we would almost call a sublimity of countenance, when lighted up by the loftier passions, added to a graceful dignity of action, such as, probably, were never combined, in the same degree, in any other actress. There were no drawbacks in her; no allowances to be made for defects, in stature, voice, or lineaments: she realized all that poet or painter would have feigned as the representative of queenly grandeur and tragic solemnity.

It was one of the peculiar qualities of Mrs. Siddons's histrionic genius (a quality which also belonged to her

brother, though hardly in so eminent a degree), that while she spread her conceptions, as it were, over a whole character, and made it her own, she imparted to single sentences, half lines, and sometimes to a word only, such a thrilling, such a concentrated force of passionate meaning, that they fell upon the audience like an electrical shock. Her "Is he alive?" in *Lady Randolph*; her "Farewell—remember twelve!" in *Belvidera*; her "Give me the dagger!" in *Lady Macbeth*; and her "Keep your own counsel and begone!" to *Stukely*, in the *Gamester*, are a few instances which it is sufficient to recal to those who have heard her; while to those who have not, no description can convey any idea of her manner. The same may be said of the following, in the trial scene, in Henry VIII :

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal—

To you I speak.

Cardinal Wolsey. Your pleasure, madam.

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that

We are a queen—(or long have dream'd so)—certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears

I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,

Induced by potent circumstances, that

You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,

YOU SHALL NOT BE MY JUDGE! for it is you

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—

Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,

Refuse you for my judge!

The words in italics, and more especially those in small capitals—"YOU SHALL NOT BE MY JUDGE!"—were delivered by her with such a swelling grandeur of voice, and look, and attitude—with such measureless contempt for, and defiance of, him whom she knew to be her secret enemy, that surely if the unhappy queen herself, full of her wrongs, had so spoken, and so looked, even her tyrant husband and iniquitous judge must have shrunk

down abashed and foregone their base design.

This character, by the by, as we learn from her conversation with Dr. Johnson, recorded by Boswell, was her favourite one; and truly the representation of it has died with her. It was, from first to last, a gem; an exquisite gem! How fine was her transient burst of impatient pride, suddenly overborne by grief, in the following, as she was departing the court:

Card. Campeius. She's going away.

King Henry. Call her again!

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.

Kath. What need you note it? pray you keep your way;

When you are call'd return. Now the Lord help!

They vex me past my patience! Pray you pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more

Upon this business, my appearance make

In any of their courts.

A Siddons only could have invested the last scene in which Katharine appears, with the intense interest which she threw round it. Full as it is of Shakspeare's finest touches of tenderness and pathos, and deep as are the emotions which it excites in the reading, it requires extraordinary powers in the actress to make its quiet sorrow reach the hearts of an audience. Mrs. Siddons wrung them to the quick; and silent tears shed in sympathy for a sick and

dying queen killed by afflictions too sharp for long suffering, were the homage paid to her transcendent powers. Her whole appearance was a personification of that grief which digs its victim's grave; yet, so resigned, so meek, so gentle, so full of conscious love, and honour, and virtue, unworthily requited! We can see her languid and dejected air, and almost fancy we hear the plaintive sadness of her voice, as she uttered the following passages:

Capucius. The king grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. Oh my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic given in time, had cured me;
But now, I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Patience. No, madam. (*Giving it to Katharine.*)

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver this to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well :) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly!

All the yet lingering affections of the unjustly deserted wife, and all the natural yearnings of the mother's heart for the child she was about to leave, were distressingly true to nature in Mrs. Siddons's delivery of these lines.

And here let us digress for an instant to remark, that never, in our time, was the tragedy of Henry VIII. so nobly represented as when Mrs. Siddons played Queen Katharine, John Kemble, Cardinal Wolsey, and Pope, the bluff tyrant. We have heard of persons who never said but one good thing in their lives; and single-speech Hamilton every body has heard of. Now Pope, who is still living (though we are informed he himself thinks it time he were dead, since he can no longer enjoy turtle or venison), and who as an actor could never have pleased the "judicious few," even in his best days, was absolutely as great in this one character, as Kemble was in Wolsey, or Mrs. Siddons in Ka-

tharine. His "ah, ha!" was Harry the wife-killer all over; and his whole deportment the very *fac simile* of what history and Shakspeare have transmitted to us of that royal beast.

We should extend this paper far beyond what our limits will allow, were we to attempt a separate analysis of the principal characters performed by Mrs. Siddons during the long period in which she filled the throne of tragedy, and in which, since she resigned it, no one has succeeded her. Neither is it our intention to write her life; though an ably-written biography of her, with such collateral matter as would naturally be included, might be made eminently interesting as a dramatic and theatrical record of the last half-century. Our object has simply been to offer a sincere, however inadequate, tribute to her memory, by expressing our sentiments of her unrivalled talents; and those sentiments, whatever other faults they may exhibit,

cannot be charged with sinister partiality, since they flow from one who never had the honour of Mrs. Siddons's acquaintance, and are declared at a time when they can be of no value to herself.

Among the innumerable testimonies of public admiration which she received, there were not any, we should think, which she would value more highly than the unprecedented one that was bestowed by the members of one of our Inns of Court—we believe Lincoln's Inn. This was a splendid silver vase (if we remember rightly), bearing an inscription which testified that they, the donors, had derived from her acting finer examples of elocution, of graceful, impassioned, and dignified eloquence, than from all the didactic treatises on oratory, or any living model. The late Lord Erskine was then at the bar, and his name appears among those who made this tributary offering to her genius.

It may be supposed that an individual so eminently gifted in the requisites for embodying the creations of Shakspeare's pen, would be every way qualified to do equal justice to the conceptions of a poet inferior only to Shakspeare. We allude to her *Miltonic Readings*, consisting of the finest passages from *Paradise Lost*. We chanced to be in Edinburgh about the year 1805, when Mrs. Siddons gave a course of those readings there, after having previously given them in London. We hope we need not say we attended them; or add, that we were delighted, in common with all who like ourselves had the opportunity of hearing her. But we have adverted to this affair for the sake of introducing a singularly interesting circumstance relating to Mrs. Siddons, connected with the no less singular and melancholy history of a man of genius.

Few of our readers, probably, have ever heard of a work published nearly thirty years ago, entitled *An Address to the lately-formed Society of the friends of the People; by John Wilde, Esq., Advocate, &c.* It is a work full of eloquence, imagination, fire, pathos, reasoning, learning, wisdom; embracing a comprehensive sphere of inquiry, and that inquiry conducted with ability and strength. It has some passages eminently beautiful; some characters most felicitously drawn; and some delineations

vivid and impressive. The language occasionally rises to sublimity; is very often grand; and never otherwise than fluent and energetic. It shows in every page a mind well stored; and, what is infinitely better, it shows a mind sincere, bold, independent. The reader, from the first paragraph, delivers himself unresistingly into the hands of his author; he never disputes his magic sway; he bends to it, and owns, with a pleasing ecstacy of mind, the power that subdues him. It is such a production, indeed, as may stand the test of a comparison with Burke's mighty handling of the French Revolution; and Burke himself was one of those who gave the tribute of his applause to the genius of Wilde.

We will now say a few words of the author. He was the son of a tradesman in Edinburgh, and at an early age betrayed marks of a powerful mind. A suitable education was therefore provided for him. The bar, in Edinburgh, is the principal avenue to fame and wealth for those who, like Wilde, have to acquire both. Accordingly he qualified himself for becoming an advocate, a professional character of high respectability in the Northern Athens, and often assumed as such without any intention of engaging in the duties it implies. We have never heard with what success Wilde practised, or whether he ever practised at all; but we have been told his lectures on civil law in the university were admirable; his views grand and comprehensive, and the language in which they were conveyed nervous and elegant. It was while he was giving these lectures that he published his "Address," and when he had barely attained his five-and-twentieth year.

This man thus gifted—thus entering upon a career of brilliant renown—we have met again and again, in the streets of Edinburgh and in the neighbouring walks—a maniac! We have seen him prowling about in by-paths and unfrequented roads, forlorn, despised, neglected; scoffed at by the vulgar—stared at with the foolish gaze of wonder—laughed at by the unfeeling. The cause most generally assigned for the awful visitation was, that he engaged in a course of laborious study, night and day, to prepare himself for his collegiate lecture, at the time he was employing an active and dangerous medicine. The

first symptoms were perceived one morning during his lecture: he broke suddenly off, and bade the pupils come and warm themselves, for it was a very cold morning. But whatever the cause, the effect was equally deplorable; and the more deplorable when we reflect on what a mind the awful ravage had been committed.

Towards the conclusion of his Dedication of the "Address" to his friend W. Carlyle, Esq., the following passage occurs:

"Indeed both you and I, in the disconcerting harmony of our natures, could still pass through the same enchantments, and be raised to the same ravishing delights, as in those days when Mrs. Siddons (for which our eternal gratitude is her due), sublimed our souls to that reach of felicity of which the memory might, in after-life, drive away (while itself remained), all possible human pain and sorrow." Now it was most remarkable, that whenever Mrs. Siddons played in Edinburgh, Wilde never failed to attend the theatre. We, ourselves, twice witnessed his presence, and we observed him closely. The moment Mrs. Siddons appeared on the stage his eyes were rivetted upon her, but seemingly without any consciousness of what she said; for in her most pathetic parts, a vacant smile would diffuse itself over his countenance. The moment she quitted the stage he paid no attention to the other actors, but gazed wildly round upon the audience, or hung his head upon his bosom; from which posture he would start suddenly at the first sound of Mrs. Siddons's voice. It is difficult to account for this mixture of consciousness and insensibility; of reason and insanity. There

was evidently the former when he roused from his reverie at her voice, when he fixed his eyes immovably upon her, and turned them away from the other actors when she left the stage; and there was as evidently the latter when he showed that he did not participate in any thing she uttered, from the inflexibility of his features, and the unmeaning smile.

We shall conclude this paper with a little theatrical relic, curiously connected with the object of it. A Worcester play-bill of February 12, 1767, when Mr. Roger Kemble, father of Mrs. Siddons, was the manager of the theatre there (or rather of the company who were playing at the King's Head, for theatre there was none), contains the following announcements: "The play, King Charles I. *James, Duke of Richmond*, Mr. Siddons; *Fairfax*, Mr. Kemble; *James, Duke of York*, Master John Kemble; the *Duke of Gloucester*, Miss F. Kemble; the *Young Princess*, by Miss Kemble (afterwards Mrs. Siddons); and *Lady Fairfax*, by Mrs. Kemble. Singing between the acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble." In April following, Master John Kemble is announced as *Phillida*, in *King Arthur*; and *Ariel*, in the *Tempest*, was played by Miss Kemble. It will be seen that Mr. Siddons was one of the company belonging to the father of his future wife, and when Miss Kemble married him, against her father's consent, he said to her "Well, my dear child, I made you promise never to marry a performer, and you have not disobeyed me; for the devil himself could not make an actor of your husband." Mr. Siddons died at Bath, in 1808.

D.

D'ISRAELI'S COMMENTARIES ON THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES I.

MR. D'ISRAELI'S *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, if they do not display far-reaching thought, profound philosophy, or consummate judgment, if they are put together after the desultory fashion usual with this author, and are further perplexed by the extravagant affectation, distortion, and transposition characteristic of his style, are nevertheless a very creditable performance. They are composed in the spirit we love, inasmuch as they aim at discovering truth, uncoloured, undisguised by the tints or the mists of party. The author professes to discard the character of a partisan with respect to past times. He regards Charles neither as a martyr nor as a tyrant, but as a man, the sport of circum-

stances, with human virtues and frailties, indiscriminating, in his judgment of men, and without power of intellect commensurate to the energy of his character; deficiencies for which unluckily in difficult times, no other qualities can compensate. He paints him as meeting his first parliament with a youthful glow of generous feeling, eager to assemble another when provoked to a dissolution by the attack upon Buckingham, slowly and reluctantly admitting the conviction of invincible parliamentary alienation, deeply regretting it, and wistfully anticipating a reconciliation; as governing well during his long *inter-parliamentary* state, levying ship-money from necessity, with a firm belief of his right so to do, applying it scrupulously to its destined purpose, and husbanding it with Elizabethan economy. Now with all our innate loyalty and our equally innate antipathy to the sour, puritanical temper of the men, to whose anti-royalism we nevertheless acknowledge that England is very much indebted for the blessings she enjoys in a free and constitutional government, this is something further than we can go along with him. That Charles wished to administer well and kindly the absolute power to which he aspired, and was consequently no tyrant, we have little doubt: and as little, that he would have preferred enjoying it, like Elizabeth, by the submission of parliament, and thus obtaining the supplies requisite to give England European importance, and to recover the palatinate for his widowed sister and her children. Moreover, that his great need of money, and the difficulty he had experienced in levying what he deemed his incontestable right, made him wish, that a tractable parliament could be had, we think probable; but this is the utmost longing for parliaments, of which we can discover or imagine a trace in Charles.

Neither can we accept as complete D'Israeli's vindication of the king's final desertion of Strafford—which he rests upon the importunity of those around him, and upon fears, not for himself—whether for the royal family or the kingdom is unexplained. But such weakness, after Charles had perhaps involved Strafford (whose merits or demerits as a minister have nothing to do with the question) in the peril, by pledging himself that “as King of England he was able to protect his minister, and whatever danger might happen, not a hair of his (Strafford's) head should be touched;” after he had certainly augmented the peril by his injudicious interference, was a dereliction of duty as a king and a man, neither to be palliated by importunity—even had that importunity been unanimous, which it was not, since the worthy Juxon opposed the signing the commission,* and Archbishop Usher, in tears, prayed the king might not suffer from a wounded conscience for signing it—nor to be excused by fears of consequences to himself, his family, or we could almost say to the kingdom.

We think D'Israeli more successful in refuting the charge brought by friends and foes against this unhappy king of a slavish uxorious subserviency to the will of Henrietta Maria. That Charles's attachment to his young, beautiful, and vivacious queen had a tone of passion which lasted longer than passion usually endures in wedded life, our author does not dispute. But this surely can be no ground of obloquy in the estimation of even the fiercest champion of marital supremacy—Milton himself, the sternest as the mightiest of them, though he says,

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female,
Smile she, or lower,

has demonstrated, in his exquisite portraiture of our first parents in their blissful state, that he considers such “despotic power” to be perfectly compatible with the most impassioned love. D'Israeli has well observed, that although Clarendon, “who appears irritably jealous of female influence,” speaks of “the queen's absolute power over the king, proved in the removal of great ministers,” he in another place contradicts this allegation by his statement that “neither the Arch-

* Whether Charles signed a warrant for Strafford's execution, or a commission to others to authorize the deed, cannot make a shade of difference in the king's sanction of his minister and victim's death.

bishop (Laud) nor the Earl of Strafford were in any degree acceptable to the queen." Our commentator proceeds:

How then happened it that Charles, so entirely passive to "the absolute power" of his wife, never removed these "great ministers?" * * * Even the most subtle reasoners unreason themselves on this popular prejudice of the queen's influence over Charles I. Mr. Godwin writes, "The queen applied all the vast influence she had hitherto exercised over her husband to prevail on him to agree to the establishment of the Presbyterian form of church government." Doubtless to her, between two heretics,* the choice was indifferent. But what was the result of this "vast influence?" Charles never would concede the point; for not many pages after, Mr. Godwin tells us, "The whole project of the Presbyterians was defeated by the unexpected pertinacity of the king." Such was the queen's "vast influence!"

Henrietta Maria herself appears to have entertained, or at least expressed, proper Miltonian notions of wife-like obedience, from an anecdote taken by D'Israeli from *Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish*, appended to a sermon preached at the funeral of William, Duke of Devonshire, by Bishop Kennet. When a deputation of ladies presented a petition to her, requesting her to take some political step that would have delayed her on her journey to rejoin the king, she replied, "Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste I can. You will receive this advantage at least by my answer, that if I cannot grant your petition, you may learn from my example to obey your husbands."

As the received opinion is that Henrietta Maria repaid Charles's warm affection with indifference, and cherished a criminal attachment for her favourite Jermyn, whom she is supposed to have married after the king's death, we must extract d'Israeli's account of her deep sensibility to that dreadful event, and of the source whence he draws it.

It is given by an eye-witness, with great simplicity of detail, the Père Gamache, one of the capuchins who had waited on the Queen of England, and from whose MS. I have drawn some interesting matters in my former volumes.

"The Count of St. Alban's (Jermyn) after many evasions and many ambiguous words to prepare her little by little to receive the fatal intelligence of the king's execution, at length declared it to the queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into a stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses.—*Cura leves loquuntur, graves stupent.* To this pitiable state was the queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her, in broken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathizing countenances, mourning over her extreme grief. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendome, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping she took the hand of the queen, tenderly kissing it—and afterwards spoke so successfully, that she seemed to have recovered this desolated princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the king."

We pass over Mr. D'Israeli's eulogies of James I., Buckingham, &c. &c., and proceed to his investigation of the private motives which may at least have inflamed the zeal for liberty in those leaders of the anti-monarchical party, whom the Whigs, seduced we hope and believe by their high appreciation of the good effect resulting to this country from the civil wars of the seventeenth century, have decorated with all the honours of pure patriotism. Here again our author goes further than we can accompany him. Assuredly we never were enthusiastic admirers of the factiously fanatical Prynne, Pym, &c. &c., nor could we ever see much reason for charitably attributing their ill-natured absurdities, their fraudulent modes of exciting the people, and other artifices, solely to mistaken bigotry, whilst we observed the cordial co-operation of the strait-faced puritan

* Is this a misprint? Or is it Mr. d'Israeli's pleasure to use heretics for heresies?

with the libertine regicide Henry Martin, to say nothing of king Pym's own alleged epicurean propensities.* Neither have we, whilst we joined in the sneer at the rattng that converted the violent champion of popular rights, Sir Thomas Wentworth, into the most arbitrary of ministers as Lord Strafford, looked with unqualified admiration upon the counter-rattng that converted the supple courtier Sir John Elliot upon some quarrel, the ground of which is not ascertained,† with his former patron Buckingham, into the most virulently inveterate of his and the king's enemies. But we are not equally ready to give up the high character of one whose name has, for nearly two centuries, been identified with the cause of liberty in England, i.e. of John Hampden. We cannot, indeed, disprove the alleged fact that he had a quarrel with the sheriff of his county; but neither can we ascribe to so paltry a cause the generous resistance to ship-money offered by a man, the purity of whose motives and the nobleness of whose character were never till now disputed, even by his political adversaries. Nor, though we regret his having been led to share in some of the conspirator-like proceedings of his party, can we see any proof of either dereliction of principle or deep plot in Hampden's desire to hold the post of governor to the Prince of Wales, when his friends should be ministers. He of course expected that the government would then be administered according to his own ideas; and really, if an anti-ministerial party should refuse to accept office on such conditions, they would prove themselves to be indeed, as Madame de Staël supposed them,‡ revolutionists and republicans. instead of his Majesty's opposition. We apprehend, moreover, that few persons of any party will now deny that Charles II. might have been improved by Hampden's tuition.

But if our British love of liberty provokes us to resent Mr. d'Israeli's attempt to degrade Hampden into one of those vulgar demagogues, who mistake private pique for patriotism, how many other feelings blend with that, when Milton is accused of treating Shakspeare with contempt! Milton's bitter inveteracy against Charles, unsoftened even by the monarch's bloody end, we blame and lament as much as any man, whilst we respect the honest republicanism which inspired it. For this sin of his austere nature we can offer no excuse beyond the observation that, in seasons of excessive political excitement, human nature seems incapable of soaring to such a height of candour as to believe that a partisan of opposite opinions to our own may be sincerely convinced of the truth and justice of the principles he maintains; but with regard to Shakspeare, the great epic poet may be triumphantly vindicated. D'Israeli says,

Alas! how painful will it ever be in noticing vulgar spirits as these to add the great name of Milton! In evil times only, indeed, would that illustrious man have seemed to reproach the King of England, for having for his "closet companion" the great bard of the nation.

Milton, in his *Iconoclastes* insolently wrote: "I shall not instance an abstruse author wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare." Little did Milton imagine that what at the time seemed to cast contempt on the character of the king, would be cited,§ at a more enlightened period, as a certain evidence of the elegance of the mind of Charles I.

Now, to show the true sense of this passage, it is necessary to complete it, by

* Hacket calls him a belly-god.

† It has been suspected that the quarrel arose upon Buckingham's refusing to refund a fine by which he had allowed Elliot to compound for his attempted assassination of a gentleman of the name of Moyle, and which Elliot sought to recover when Moyle's wound healed, and they were reconciled, and we cannot see that the letters in the fourth volume refute this suspicion.

‡ This celebrated lady, as we happen to know, actually asked a Whig peer, what, with his title and fortune, he had to gain by a revolution that he should oppose government. His lordship's efforts to explain the nature of an English opposition were considered as mere evasions.

§ Meaning by Mr. d'Israeli?

adding its introduction and conclusion—when it will stand thus: a sneer, we confess, at the king, but not at the dramatist.

"The deepest policy of tyrants hath ever been to counterfeit religion, and this the poets have observed. I shall not instance an abstruse author wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare, who introduced the person of Richard III. speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book (the *Icon Basilicè*), and sometimes to the same sense and purpose."

There is one part of Mr. D'Israeli's book which has attracted our attention by its connexion, not with recent politics, but with the growing strictness in the observance of Sunday. A strictness in which Great Britain differs from, we believe, all other countries, Protestant as well as Catholic, and by which we think the higher ranks press hardly upon the lower. It is easy for those who have spent six days in the pursuit of health and pleasure, to devote the seventh wholly to devotion. But surely those who have toiled through the week, perhaps in close rooms and in noxious labours, may fairly claim some hours of recreation, after they have sanctified their innocent indulgences by due attendance upon divine service.

Our commentator, who is evidently impatient of the dulness of a day devoid of business or amusement, has investigated the subject *con amore*; but as we have no desire to enter lightly into controversy upon a point which some persons seem to conceive comprises the chief, if not the whole, of Christianity, we shall give the result of his investigation in his own words, picking out the most material passages scattered through two chapters; and this we must request the critical as well as the theological reader to recollect, inasmuch as we have little more mind to incur the responsibility of Mr. D'Israeli's heresies in composition than in theology. With these extracts we shall terminate our present labours:

In the west the Christian church condemned as heretical the celebration of the sabbath of the He brews: it was "mingling the Jewish leaven with the bread of life." * * * About the middle of the 2d century, Justin Martyr noticed that "upon the day called Sunday they meet together to pray." * * * It was these Sunday assemblies which induced the Pagans to imagine that the Christians were worshippers of the sun, from whom that dedicated day was named. Tertullian, who lived much later than this father, calls Sunday *Dies Solis*, and considered it as a festival-day, dedicated to mirth and festivity. He sometimes calls it the 8th day, and sometimes *Dies Dominicus*, the Lord's-day. After divine service every one retired to his occupation. The Apostles never enjoined their followers to refrain from work. Peter, who was a tentmaker, must be inferred from a passage in the New Testament, to have worked on his tents on a Sunday.

During the three first centuries the Lord's-day was not considered as a sabbath, nor was it held as such in the fourth. * * * No cessation from the business of life had hitherto attended the Lord's-day. Constantine, for the first time, closed the courts of law, but the peasant and artisan were seen at their work. After prayers Sunday was held as a day of recreation.

We could add many more passages corroborative of D'Israeli's opinion, that the Sunday of the primitive Christians was pretty much what Sunday still is in every part of Europe except the British Isles, and that a sabbatical observance of it was abhorred as a Jewish abomination. But this may suffice; and we proceed to what more startles us, viz.—the assertion, that similar to this was the Sunday doctrine of Calvin, whom, we blush to say (though our shame is lightened by the assurance that our error is shared by numberless very learned and reputable persons), we always believed to be the author of the rigid keeping of the sabbath, so rapidly gaining ground in once merry England:

At the Reformation Calvin and Beza were anxious that the Sabbatical-Sunday, as a rest * of Judaism, should be considered merely as an ecclesiastical day, originating in the appointment of the church, but not of divine institution. * * * Calvin deemed the sabbath to have been a Jewish ordinance, limited to that sacred people with their other

* Some Purists object to the use of French words, but such a French use of English words as this is ten thousand times more abominable.

ceremonial laws, and only typical of the spiritual repose of the advent of Christ, which abolished the grosser, rejected its rigours, and reproaches those whose sabbatical superstitions were carnal and gross as the Jewish. In a note, the passage is thus quoted from the Institutes, lib. 2, c. 8, sect. 34. "Crassa, carnalique Sabbatissimi superstitione, (Ter. Judeos superant;)" or as he has given it in his own translation of the Institute, "Ceux qui la suivent surmontent les Juifs en opinion charnelle du Sabbath." Calvin would observe Sunday as a fixed day for assembling for religious communion, but divested of all Judaism. * * * After divine service all are free, and he reprobates those who have imbibed the poor populace with Judaic opinions, and deprived the working classes of their recreations. * * * At Geneva a tradition exists that when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. * * * Edward VI., our infant Protestant, in the infancy of Protestantism, appointed Sundays, amongst other holidays, on which the people are to refrain from their business; yet when necessity shall require, the husbandman, the labourer, the fisherman, may work in harvest, or ride or fish at their free will. * * * Elizabeth enjoins labour on that as well as on other festival-days, after their common prayer. * * * And if for any scrupulosity or grudge of conscience some should *superstitiously abstain from working on those days*, they shall grievously offend.—[Here we find a trace of the early reprobation of the Sabbatical heresy.] * * * John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, was the true father of this new doctrine in England, although Knox was the bosom friend of Calvin. * * * Knox no longer calling this day the *Lord's-day*, but taking some Jew for its godfather, named it the *Sabbath*, and thus disguised its nature and custom. Knox acquired many advocates in England. Whittingham, the Puritan Dean of Durham, who had resided at Geneva, and had married the sister of Calvin, likewise differed with his brother, and on his return home seems to have had his mind imbued with a full portion of the spirit of his Scottish friend. This redoubtable Puritan evinced his zeal by defacing the antique monuments in Durham Cathedral, and converting the stone coffins of the Priors of Durham into horse-troughs.

VALPY'S LIBRARIES.

- 1.—*Divines of the Church of England. No. XIII. Jeremy Taylor. Vol. I.*
- 2.—*Epitome of English Literature. No. III. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. Vol. II.*
- 3.—*Family Classical Library. No. XVIII. Horace, Vol. II., and Phædrus.*

1.—MR. VALPY is doing an incalculable service to the literature of his country by these publications, the effect of which must necessarily be to create in a very large, and to revive in no inconsiderable, portion of readers, the relish for those works of transcendent genius, which have hitherto been more talked of than studied. The fact is, they had become so far scarce, that they who wished to possess them had not only to hunt out the few booksellers in whose shops they were likely to be found, but very often to pay a high price when they were found. We believe, also, that to many who are apt to consider the fashion of a book as much as its contents, the uninviting form of huge, unwieldy, time-stained, worm-eaten, and dusty folios, has been sufficient to wrap in secrecy the rich treasures of volumes so circumstanced. All these impediments are removed by Mr. Valpy's admirable series, where the eye is propitiated at the same time that the mind is invited; where the banquet is not only luxurious, but its arrangement is elegant and attractive. Compared with any of the other libraries, even the best, the success of this one ought to exceed them immeasurably; as much as Demosthenes, Livy, Tacitus, Horace, Virgil, Homer, Hooker, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, Locke, &c. exceed the class of writers who are employed by Messrs. Longman, Murray, and Colburn, to do *their* libraries; writers, we admit, of various and respectable degrees of talent, but, put in comparison with those we have named (supposing any one foolish enough to make the comparison), as much inferior to them as an expiring rush-light is to the blazing sun at noon.

The thirteenth volume of the *Divines of the Church of England* contains the commencement of *Jeremy Taylor's Works*; and we repeat our advice to the able

editor of the series, Mr. Hughes, not to restrict himself to giving what he or others may consider the "most popular" of Taylor's writings. Under any circumstances, the principle of mutilation will, to a certain extent, diminish the value of this admirable undertaking; but with regard to Taylor, it will be like giving the "most popular" productions of Milton or Shakspeare; while, as Bishop Heber's edition of Taylor is in the market, it may justly become a consideration how far it will be advisable to put forth *this* edition with such decidedly inferior pretensions.

Mr. Hughes has prefixed to the volume a judiciously-written memoir of Taylor, derived chiefly, as he acknowledges, from the more elaborate life, by Heber. We dissent, however, *in toto*, from his estimate (p. xl.) of the faults of Taylor's style, in the following passage:

A show of learning was then so much in vogue on the old principle of *ignotum pro magifico*, that if a preacher was not a *Latiner*, the most brilliant talents could hardly save him from contempt. Hence we find, in Taylor's discourses, that superabundance of quotation which not only illustrates his subject at times with extraordinary felicity, but oftener disfigures it with impertinent allusions. Hence, in some degree, arises that immeasurable, indiscriminating copiousness, which piles image on image, example on example, illustration on illustration, till the mind, after having been delighted, becomes bewildered by the interminable succession of ideas. Hence that aggravated zeal and impetuosity which sometimes stimulate him to such daring heights, to such violent and portentous creations of fancy, as startle us by their absurdity, and occasion us to withhold our sympathies, even when he appears most passionately to demand them. Hence, too, in his desire to push a subject to the extreme point, he too often mixes what is coarse and vile with what is splendid and sublime, or brings the most vulgar objects of sense into contact with the most magnificent creations of thought. At times, he makes such a revolting combination of intense corporeal torments with others purely spiritual, that the mind recoils from it with incredulity. Nay, with such coolness does he dissect, as it were, the human frame, laying open every part sensible to pain; and with such seeming satisfaction does he dwell on the recapitulation of infernal horrors, that it almost requires the evidence we possess of his meek spirit, his love towards his fellow-creatures, and his zeal for their salvation, to save us from very unfavourable impressions regarding his disposition.

If we concede to Mr. Hughes that a "superabundance of quotation," which was the prevailing character of the writers of the seventeenth century, constitutes a sort of blemish, we yield to him the only item in his catalogue of faults which we can consent to consider as such in Jeremy Taylor. His copiousness, his images piled on images, his torrent of illustrations, his portentous creations of fancy, his magnificent creations of thought, &c. &c., are such faults as we should be delighted to meet with in modern authors. We can better endure to be overlaid with a profusion of intellectual gems, and to cry out, under their weight, enough—enough, or because there are so many, quarrel with their quality, than crawl listlessly through whole libraries of sterile mediocrity, or barren repetitions, where a "portentous creation of fancy," or a "magnificent creation of thought," when we chance to meet with such prodigies, are to our fainting minds like the welcome fountains of the desert to the parched traveller. If we must complain, let it be of too much; let it be with the palled and satiated appetite of an epicure, whose opportunities of enjoyment are carried beyond his capacity to relish them, rather than with the cravings of unsatisfied desire, the sickness of hunger even to famishing, because there is no food.

But it is not our intention, on the present occasion, to play the critic too elaborately. We are more anxious to stimulate the curiosity of such of our readers as know Jeremy Taylor only by name (having heard perhaps of his "Holy Living and Dying," as they may have heard of the "Whole Duty of Man," through the sober praises of their grandmothers or venerable maiden aunts), to read him. For this purpose, and being also an attractive theme to ladies, we shall select a passage or two from his sermon, entitled *The Marriage Ring*, wherein he discourses on the "mysteriousness and duties of marriage." How beautifully—with what eloquence, and poetry, and wisdom united, he enforces the precepts whose observance is so necessary to happiness in the married state:

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning

of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires a man to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend. Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things that, as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when thegnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is oftener seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint; ever remembering that discontents, proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Our female readers, we are afraid, will be apt to exclaim, this is all very fine for you men, to have your tempers studied, and every thing done to consult your comfort, but what are we to receive in return? You shall hear: only first of all attend to the reasons urged by our author in another part, why the wife is more interested than the husband in the maintenance of domestic happiness. "Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow," says he, "are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire from an evil husband; she must dwell on her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced: and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness." This then being your condition, you will see how greatly your *own* happiness must depend upon *yourselves*, by making that condition, from which you cannot escape, a source of comfort to him from whom it derives so much of its quality. But now hearken to the exposition of your own rights:

The dominion of a man over his wife, is no other than as the soul rules the body; for it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all its contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions, and very often is led by its inclinations and desires, and does never contradict its appetites but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow.—Therefore, although there is just measure of subjection and obedience due from the wife to the husband, yet nothing of this is expressed in the man's character, or in his duty; he is not commanded to rule, nor instructed how, nor bidden to exact obedience, or to defend his privilege; all his duty is signified by love, by nourishing and cherishing, by being joined with her in all the unions of charity, by not being bitter to her, by dwelling with her, giving honour to her; so that it seems to be with husbands as it is with bishops and priests, to whom much honour is due; but yet so that if they stand on it and challenge it, they become less honourable; and as amongst men and women humility is the way to be preferred; so it is in husbands, they shall prevail by cession, by sweetness and counsel, and charity and compliance.

Thus you see, if husbands will only perform their duty towards their wives, the latter are not called upon to render too much in return. Nor does our author

undervalue their worth, as the source of the purest felicity which a man can know. "When a man," says he, "dwells in love, then the eyes of his wife are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed; and he can quench his thirst and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down on her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he, that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance, in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy: so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife, are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy."

One short sentence more, and we have done:

A wise woman should not paint. A studious gallantry in clothes cannot make a wise man love his wife the better.

It cannot but appear strangely inconsistent in us, who are every month providing temptations to our fair readers, by splendid representations of new dresses and new fashions, to lay before them, from a black-letter book, which we dare say they never saw, (we mean *The Homilies*, first published in the reign of Edward VI.) the following austere rebuke of such vanities; but it may be some consolation to know, that two hundred years ago, as well as two thousand, ladies studied personal decoration in spite of every thing which moralists and divines could say.

"It will be here objected," saith the *Homily*, "and said of some nice and vain women, that all which we do in painting our faces, in dying our hair, in embalming our bodies, in decking us with gay apparel, is to please our husbands; to delight his eyes; and to retain his love towards us. Oh vain excuse and most shameful answer, to the reproach of thy husband! What couldst thou more say to set out his foolishness, than to charge him to be pleased and delighted with the devil's tire? Who can paint her face, and curl her hair, and change it into an unnatural colour, but therein doth work reproof to her Maker, who made her? as though she could make herself more comely than God hath appointed the measure of her beauty! What do these women, but go about to reform that which God hath made? not knowing that all things natural are the work of God, and things disguised and unnatural be the works of the devil. And as though a wise and Christian husband should delight to see his wife in such painted and flourished visages?"—"But perchance some dainty dame will say and answer me, that they must do something to shew their birth and blood, to shew their husband's riches; as though nobility were chiefly seen by these things, which be common to those which be most vile; as though thy husband's riches were not better bestowed than in such superfluities; as though when thou wast christened, thou didst not renounce the pride of this world, and the pomp of the flesh. I speak not against convenient apparel for every state agreeable; but against the superfluity, against the vain delight to covet such dainties; to devise new fashions to feed thy pride with, to spend so much upon thy carcass, that thou and thy husband are compelled to rob the poor to maintain thy costliness."

2.—Of the *Epitome of English Literature*, all we have to say is, that it goes on as it began; a work of limited utility, and of ambiguous value. The third volume concludes Locke's great metaphysical inquiry. We do not pretend to have collated it with a perfect copy; therefore we cannot say to what extent the mutilations have proceeded; but there are none of those paralyzing notes, which in the first volume tended so lamentably to destroy all confidence in the text, by leaving the reader in doubt whether he was perusing Paley or Mr. Valpy. As we were the only critics who noticed this radical blemish in the projected series, perhaps we do not assume too much in supposing it has been, if not avoided, at least not obtruded, in deference to the truth and force of our objections. We are quite sure the work must suffer in public estimation, as long as it lies under the suspicion of being a garbled republication of standard authors. Only imagine, for example, the close and consecutive reasonings of Locke, where every conclusion is derived from premises carefully laid down, subjected to such a process as we have exposed

and condemned. Mr. Valpy may be, for ought we know, a very profound metaphysician; yet, if he be, we doubt whether he can simplify or strengthen the reasoning of Locke, by his pruning-knife.

3.—We have been grievously disappointed in *this* volume of the *Family Classical Library*; and we shall briefly state the grounds of our disappointment. Mr. Valpy promised us an Appendix to Francis's Horace, which was to contain translations of various pieces by Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Porson, &c. &c. and, "by some of the most eminent poets of the present day." In the last number of *The Royal Lady's Magazine*, we applauded this intention, assigning our reasons for so doing, and adding, "let adequate taste and discernment be employed in making the selection, and the addition will be truly valuable." Well—the Appendix is before us—but not so the "adequate taste and discernment." We have, to be sure, some specimens of translations from Horace, by Ben Jonson, Milton, &c. &c.; but when we turn to the effusions of the "most eminent poets of the present day," whom does the reader suppose we find associated with the mighty masters of the lyre above enumerated? Even such "eminent" persons as Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Robert Montgomery, and Mr. B. W. Procter, and Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Merivale, and a Mr. T. Bourne, and a Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, and a Mr. N. L. Torre, and a Mr. John Taylor, and a Henry Hall Joy, and about half a score more of similar "eminences," some of whom we never heard of before, while others among them we know, indeed, but know to be errant blockheads. As good, nay a better, selection of translations might have been made by sweepings from the magazines for the last half-century. We know not who has the superintendence of the *Classical Library*; but if this be a fair sample of his qualifications to judge of what is good, we marvel we have fared so well as we have hitherto, though there is no security for equally judicious management in the time to come.

We had the curiosity to look into the performance of our dear friend Mr. Robert Montgomery of Lin. Coll. Oxon. (p. 108), and the very first stanza proclaimed its parentage:

See! whiten'd into whelming snow,
Begirt with crouching winds below,
 Soracte's mountain form:
And, lock'd by winter's icy hand,
How currentless the rivers stand.

The last stanza, too, bespeaks its lineage:

For now the laugh's delicious wile
From lurking damsel, hid awhile,
 In some betrayful nook,

and so forth.

Verily these, and "warring trees hush'd in a leafy slumber" (stanza 3) are abundantly "betrayful," of the Miltonic muse of the poor *Literary Gazette*.

We hope all our readers are readers of Milton; and if so, they will remember, his exquisitely beautiful version of Horace's ode to Pyrrha, beginning,

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bindest thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness?

Mr. Valpy's editor, to show his taste, (much in the same way as it would have been shown had he placed by the side of the Apollo Belvidere, a stonemason's figure, or one of Mr. Sievier's chiselled blocks, in imitation of it,) has followed this production of Milton by the same ode, done into English by Leigh Hunt!—Milton and Leigh Hunt! O ye Gods!—Shakspeare and the author of the last farce d—d with universal consent at Covent Garden, or the Adelphi, would be just such another association of names.—Read, and laugh immoderately. Leigh

Hunt—cockney poet, and the poet of cockneys, *par excellence*—thus girdeth up the loins of his genius to run a race with the blind bard of Paradise :

Pyrrha, what ardent stripling now
In one of thy embower'd retreats
Would press thee to indulge thy vow
Amidst a world of flowers and sweets ?
For whom are bound thy tresses bright,
With unconcern so exquisi—site, &c. &c.

Mr. Valpy must take better care in future, and not injure a really valuable undertaking by making it the receptacle for the trashy scribbling of the Montgomerys, Leigh Hunts, and *Literary Gazette* geniuses of the day.

THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS.*

If we belonged to that happy fraternity of reviewers who content themselves with belabouring, or bepraising in general terms, we should get rid of the troublesome and teasing task now before us. Many very talented critics who reviewed the first edition of this work, have already confessed the difficulty of analysing or criticising it, and have vied with each other in strength of language merely, by which they were to mete out or rather lavish their unqualified approbation. Those who have read the admirable papers, entitled *First and Last*, which, while they appeared, gave a new and distinguished feature to *Blackwood's Magazine*, will expect, and assuredly they will find, something out of the hacknied rules of romance in a tale which occupies three volumes. And truly they must travel over the whole as they would wander through an unknown wilderness of sweets; each step brings them upon some new combination, where nature, in her wild and varied fantasies, delights and charms the senses—not a single beaten track disturbs the succession of romantic beauties, the mind moves on and on with those feelings which border upon veneration. The conviction that no human footstep has fallen on the sward—no eye even glanced at the space—imparts a relish which the noblest scenery would fail to give if the hand of man were visible in the composition. But to pursue our simile, it is not merely the beauties of untrodden wilds that we are called upon to notice. The author has chosen scenes in which wonders as well as beauties burst upon the sight, a continuity of interest and a succession of surprises enslave the senses; three-fourths of our journey is through labyrinths so intricate that they inspire doubts as to the termination. It is not the least merit of the tale, that up to the very close all is deep impenetrable mystery, and that the last few pages remove the clouds with which the whole fiction is enveloped, and complete as perfect a tale of diablerie as any romance-reader can desire to peruse. As a powerful work of fiction, *The Five Nights of St. Albans* is without an equal. We know of nothing that makes even a respectable approach. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous but distinct in character, each a perfect sample of a particular genus; and so graphically correct in outline, so finished in touch and tint, that the individual stands before the reader in form and feature, that one might almost recognise the whole in a crowd. Nor is there much difference in the style of drawing; one feels naturally more attached to some than others, but it is not because they are better described, it is the attachment of mind to the subject and not to the artist. We sympathize with the beauteous and suffering Helen; but she is not better brought before us than twelve or fourteen others, who occupy prominent situations on the stage. Some of our predecessors have made a discovery which we confess all our sagacity does not enable us to recognise, namely, that the tale is founded on the story of the *Wandering Jew*. We can trace no similarity,

* 3 Vols. post 8vo. Second Edition. W. Kidd; and Sherwood & Co.

no feature by which such conclusion is at all justified. We must, however, leave our marvel-loving readers to judge for themselves, and with one extract dismiss our task, which, had the *Royal Lady's Magazine* existed when the first edition appeared, would have been much more elaborate. Our readers will think, perhaps, that power of invention and description can scarcely be carried further than in the following extract; and, although it suits our purpose, and is almost the only one of manageable length, it is mere child's play to some of the scenes of diablerie which are brought before us in the work.

The hag now bade the serpent give the charmed blood, drop by drop; and no sooner had the gorged creature, rearing its wreathed neck, distilled the warm gore from its opening jaws, than Helen's ears were assailed by the most dismal wailings, and by deep, hollow groans beneath her feet. The walls shook—the earth trembled—the loathsome objects which formed the circle leaped and danced about—skulls rattled against skulls—the iron teeth chattered—the low red flames issuing from the unhallowed human fat and flesh, blazed like torches—the thunder pealed, and the blue lightning flashed—and there were loud howling and screaming, as if the place were filled with ravening wolves and famished eagles.

In the midst of this wild tumult of unearthly noises, the voice of Margery was heard, crying aloud, "Arise, Alascon!—Alascon arise!—Ascend, mighty spirit of the future!"

Helen's eyes grew dim: but she could faintly discern, in the centre of the circle, a bright shadow slowly ascending, clothed in purple and gold, with flowing hair of the colour of amber, and bearing a glass in its hands. A thin vapour floated round the spectre, which, though it did not obscure, was sufficient to veil the features.

A profound and awful silence succeeded to the terrific din which had just prevailed. Helen scarcely breathed. The dread moment had arrived! She stood on the brink of knowledge which her heart now quaked to learn. Her hereafter—the destiny that awaited her—was to be spread open before her. A marble statue, chiselled to the life, might have cheated the beholder into a belief that it breathed, sooner than the bloodless cheeks, fixed eyes, and motionless figure of Helen should have been pronounced alive. She looked a form of monumental alabaster.

"I am here! fell enchantress!" exclaimed the spirit—"and would be gone!"

"Now, maiden, speak!" said Margery. "Ask—and be resolved of what you ask!"

Helen started. She was bewildered: she knew not what to say.

"Speak! speak!" repeated the hag—"Quick!—Quick!—I cannot hold him while a swallow skims thrice o'er the mantled pool."

"The abbey!—my father!—what danger?" stammered Helen—but her voice was choked!

"Idiot! traitress!" exclaimed Margery, stamping her foot furiously, "speak what thou would'st, or I'll tear that treacherous tongue out, and waste your young body, that thou shalt be more years dying than thou hast yet lived! My own fate hangs upon you!"

Helen, terrified by the frantic looks and words of the hag, who raved like a maniac, rallied her sinking spirits.

"Tell me, if thou can'st," said she, "what these mysterious signs in the abbey portend?"

"A mighty triumph—or a dire evil," replied the spirit.

"Who shall win the triumph?" said Helen.

"He who wins thee!"

"How shall the dire evil be avoided?"

"By the blood, which is precious to the hand that sheds it."

"What is the triumph?"

"Redemption!"

"Of what?"

"A symbol."

"What is the evil?"

"The tears of the orphan and the widow. No more! I would be dismissed!"

"One question more!" exclaimed Helen, firmly. "Are the days of my father's life numbered?"

The spirit was silent.

"He will not answer that," said Margery. "The lights burn low—are you satisfied?"

Helen remembered the signet. It was impossible she could return ignorant of the only thing for which she had undergone this terrific scene. Not a moment was to be lost.

"If thou refuse answer to earth-born powers," exclaimed Helen, with an overwrought energy, bordering almost on frenzy, "I command thee—OBEY THE SIGNET!" and she stretched forth her hand.

At these words, the same wailing and howling, the same violent motions, the same agitation of the elements, and the same unearthly noises, took place, as when the hag's blood was dropped into the cauldron. Margery herself grovelled on the earth, at the feet of Helen, as in worship of some mighty, though unseen, power. But now, all the low red flames that burned on the ground were extinguished, and the place was in total darkness, save a cloud of radiant light which enfolded the form of the spirit. Helen stood trembling and silent. All that she hoped or feared, all that she cared to live for, quivered on the next instant!

"Wilt thou be answered by one greater than myself?" exclaimed Alascon; "or shall thine eyes behold in this glass, that which thou would'st know?"

"Let mine eyes behold!" replied Helen.

"Then look!—Lo, shadows appear!"

A mist obscured the glass for a moment. As it faded away, Helen perceived the likeness of Fitz-Maurice, kneeling, in the attitude of devotion, at her own feet. It vanished: and then she saw herself unfastening a ponderous chain, which hung about the neck of Fitz-Maurice. This disappeared: and Fitz-Maurice was again seen clad in complete armour, bearing a cross in one hand, and with the other, thrusting a spear through the body of a hideous monster, half human, half brute, which lay overthrown upon the ground. Another vision!—It was a sepulchre: and on it, in large silver letters, were inscribed, *Helen Lacy!*—The tomb slowly opened, and she saw herself, in her grave-clothes, extended on a bier! Her spirit sunk within her; but, even as she gazed, the fleeting shadow passed away, and she beheld with horror her father writhing on the earth—his countenance full of agony, yet mingled with an expression of reproachful sorrow. A vulture was gnawing at his heart! But—oh! horror upon horror!—the vulture gradually melted from her sight, and in its place grew the figure of herself, thrusting a poniard where the beak of the vulture had appeared buried in the heart of her father.

She saw no more. She uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless.

When she recovered, she found herself supported by Fitz-Maurice, and in the open air. The moon was shining with mild lustre above her, and myriads of stars spangled the blue sky. Her faithful Bridget was bathing her hand, which she held in hers, with her warm tears.

From this specimen, taken as it is under every disadvantage to the author, the expectation of a reader will be greatly raised, and we hesitate not to say that on reading the work it will be more than realized.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

1.—*A Compendious German Grammar, with a Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes Alphabetically arranged according to the recent Investigations of J. Grimm and other distinguished Grammarians.* By A. Bernays.

2.—*Familiar German Exercises, or Practice on the German Language, adapted to the "Compendious German Grammar," with an Appendix.* By A. Bernays.*

3.—*Tales of a Physician. Second Series.* By W. H. Harrison. Jennings and Chaplin.

4.—*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society.* C. Till.

5.—*The Watering Places of Great Britain, and Fashionable Directory.* Parts I. and II. I. T. Hinton.

6.—*The Turning of English Idioms into French at Sight, &c.* By Monsieur L. P. R. Fenwick de Porquet.

1, 2.—We have examined very attentively these two elementary works, and have no hesitation in pronouncing them well adapted to facilitate the acquisition of the German language. The dictionary of prefixes and affixes at the end of the Gram-

mar should be carefully studied, as they furnish a valuable key to the formation of verbs, nouns, &c., into whose composition they enter. A thorough knowledge of their primitive significations, in the first instance, will greatly simplify the meaning of numerous compound words which are of constant recurrence. The Exercises are excellent practical lessons, illustrating the principles of German composition as laid down with great clearness and accuracy in the Grammar. We are compelled to add, however, they are most incorrectly printed; for though Mr. Bernays has given an errata of upwards of sixty errors (!), we can assure him he might have added very considerably to the list.

3.—The first series of *Tales of a Physician* drew from all quarters testimonials of approbation; chiefly on account of the sentiments which they breathe—the moral lessons they inculcate, while there was just enough of interest to induce one to read. The second series of *Tales* are more spirited—not less pious; more interesting—not less adapted to answer all the good ends which the author has in view.

4.—These two volumes may almost be regarded as “Transactions of the Society:” they are written by the Secretary, and beautifully embellished from specimens of animals in the possession of the institution. The first volume contains beasts, the second birds; and, besides bringing before us many new, or little known varieties of the most curious kind, abound in information, bearing at once the stamp of value and authenticity. The literary portion of the work exhibits evident marks of research and observation, while the embellishments are well drawn and finely engraved on wood:—quite gems in their way.

5.—Without entering upon the question of, whether a quarto work is the most portable size for the pocket, or for a book which, we admit, the visitor to a watering-place should have with him, we are quite ready to concede that the *Fashionable Directory* will be a most agreeable companion. The plates are neatly engraved by Allen, and faithfully represent the places of which they profess to be pictures. The work gives a history of all the remarkable facts connected with each watering-place, as well as a description of whatever is worth noticing.

6.—Another useful publication calculated to enforce the practice of the indefatigable author's system, which, as we have more than once observed, is the reverse of all previous systems of teaching a foreign language.

MUSIC.

1.—*Napoleon's Midnight Review. Cantata. Sung by Mr. Parry, Jun. Translated from the German of Baron Zedlitz, by William Ball; the Music by the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

2.—*The Sea. A Song. Sung by Mr. Phillips. The Poetry by Barry Cornwall, Esq., the Music by the Chevalier S. Neukomm. Cramer and Co.*

3.—*If in that breast, so good, so pure. A Song. Composed and inscribed to Mrs. Trafford Southwell, by Miss Eleanor L. Mortlock. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

4.—*The Bridal is over. A Ballad. The Poetry by F. H. Bayly, Esq., the Music composed by Miss E. L. Mortlock, and inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon. Cramer and Co.*

5.—*The Wind hath sigh'd itself to rest. The Poetry by Miss M. L. Beevor, the Music composed by Miss E. L. Mortlock. Cramer and Co.*

6.—*The Letter.—Go still voice of fond affection. A Song. Written by T. Atkinson, Esq., the Music by T. Macfarlane. Clementi and Co.*

7.—*Gaily we dance. A Cavatina. Written by C. Z. Barnett. Composed by J. A. Barnett. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

8.—*The Steed in battle prancing. A Bravura. Written by H. J. Bradfield, Esq. Composed by J. A. Busch. T. Boosey and Co.*

9.—*The Flag that brav'd a thousand years. A National Song. Sung by Mr. Phillips. The Poetry by W. H. Bellamy, Esq., the Music by S. Nelson. Cramer and Co.*

10.—*She's on my Heart. A Cavatina. Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Covent-Garden Theatre. The Poetry by Miss Jewsbury, the Music by J. Macdonald Harris. Payne and Hopkins.*

1.—NEUKOMM enjoys a very high and well-earned reputation as a writer of Church music, and is known in this country by his fine oratorio called the *Ten Commandments*. The *Midnight Review* is an extraordinary piece of descriptive music. The shade of the emperor is supposed to review the thousands who fell in his various battles. "They start from their graves, and arms again bedeck their glittering bands." The first movement in G minor, describes their appearance at the summons of the spectre drummer, with "his fleshless hands fast rolling in wonted play." During the greater part of this movement the drums are introduced. The modulation is of the most learned description: a beautiful enharmonic change occurs, when the "unnumbered heaps" in "*Arabia's sands*" are contrasted with those "in the slimy Nile enwrapt." The C sharp which is used as the perfect fifth to F sharp, becomes D flat in the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$, on F natural, as the fifth of B flat minor. It would be endless to point out the musical beauties—they are to be found in every bar. The movement ends in A flat minor, and is followed by a line or two, introducing the trumpet, in the key of E major, ending on the dominant seventh to A. The accompaniment to the voice is admirably conceived at the lines beginning thus: "On their airy steeds, on ev'ry side, the thronging dead, obey." At the appearance of the emperor, who is described as wearing "no mark of kingly pride," the accompaniment in G major is of the simplest kind. A pleasing march follows; after which the chieftain is represented as giving their watchword, "France," and again, the password, "Sainte Hélène." Every part of this cantata evinces the most profound knowledge of harmony, a fertile imagination, and a sound judgment.

2.—*The Sea* is the song which Phillips made such a hit with, at the Oxford Festival. It is a capital song, written in a joyous strain, and in as opposite a style from that of the cantata, as can well be conceived. This versatility proves that Neukomm's genius is of the highest order. With all its joviality, this song is free from the slightest approach to vulgarity.

3, 4, 5.—These songs of Miss Mortlock afford the highest promise of future excellence. They are not merely pretty melodies, but they are cleverly treated, and the accompaniments indicate a knowledge of harmony, which, we are sorry to say, is but rarely met with in the mass of music which is daily put forth by the shops. The chords of the $\frac{6}{4}$, diminished seventh, and extreme sharp sixth, are introduced with admirable effect, at the words, "The grief that on my quiet prays, that rends my heart, that checks my tongue," in the first song. In the last bar but four, page 3, the printer has forgotten to insert the bass clef. The last two songs show that Miss Mortlock possesses a very fine feeling, and good taste, particularly in "The bridal is over," to which we are rather inclined to give the preference; it is written in the charming key of A flat major, and there is a pathos in the air which well accords with the sentiments expressed in the song. The last air, which is in three flats, has more playfulness and simplicity in it. The poetry, as well as the music, is, we perceive, from the pen of a young lady; their united talents have produced a most happy result. The following lines are both pleasing and elegant:

The wind hath sigh'd itself to rest,
The bird hath gain'd her bower,
The wild bee slumbers on the breast
Of some ambrosial flower:
The star of eve, a crystal light
Sheds over land and sea,
Then rise my love! my lady bright!
Then rise and roam with me!

6.—Mr. Macfarlane has not been very happy in his melody, and the accompaniments are very commonplace. In justice we must confess the poet has given the composer but little scope. The following lines make up best part of the song; it will be remembered they are addressed to a Letter :

Go quickly go, thy speed a wish !
Go fondly go, thy home a kiss !

7.—This is one of Barnett's pleasing trifles: it reminds us somewhat of a pretty air which we have occasionally heard sung by the French Company here. The accompaniments are simple and in general appropriate, and there is a nice bit of symphony at the end of the stanzas. We protest, however, against the employment of the chord of the \sharp on B, at the word flower, in page 2. In avoiding to have to resolve the G (in the voice part), if he had used it as a seventh to A, he has made a very unskilful botch of it.

8.—We do not remember to have met with Mr. Busch's name before, although from this bravura we should think he is a man of some experience in his art. It is a very spirited composition, and contains some good modulation: a good voice and some power of lungs will be required to do it justice. We can bestow our commendation on the poetry: there is not much of it, but what there is, is good.

9.—Mr. Nelson has no bad name for the composer of a sea-song. We have been very much pleased with his composition, there is a soul and vigour in it, which show that he has a real gust for his subject. There is nothing out of the common way in his harmonies, but at the same time there is nothing to find fault with. It is the sort of song we should like to hear Braham sing.

10.—This song is composed in a style well adapted for dramatic effect; the ornaments are graceful and are judiciously introduced. They displayed the flexible and mellow voice of Mr. Wilson to great advantage, and being in character with the composition, they assist the expression of the sentiment, which the florid execution of the modern school too frequently destroys.

LADIES' OPERA HEAD-DRESSES.—The size of ladies' hats is really a great nuisance at public places, and ought to be abated. At a morning concert I was this week cut off from all view of the orchestra; but, what was much more afflicting, I very lately sat behind a row of ladies who were placed in the stalls at the Opera, and never once caught a glimpse of the Taglioni, except when she now and then by a leap showed herself from behind the cloud of head-dresses that screened her as effectually from my view as if we had been parted by Plinlimmon. This fashion is not only adverse to every thing like taste, but, if even a convenient one to the adopters, which I much doubt, is a proof of selfishness which I should not have expected from a sex who are generally remarkable for every thing the reverse. Gentlemen are not allowed to wear their hats in a theatre; and why?—why for the very reason that ladies should be requested to appear there without theirs. As in the case of spurs, they should be stopped at the doors.—*Dilettante, in Harmonicon for June 1.*

PAGANINI.

Of all the musical wonders we ever saw or heard of, Paganini is undoubtedly the most wonderful. He has created an era in violin playing, more remarkable than that caused by the appearance of Giardini about eighty years ago, if we take into consideration the relative degree of skilfulness in instrumental performance existing at the two periods. Giardini, who was distinguished for his great hand and powerful tone, excelled by his rapid execution, and the performance of passages till then deemed impossible. Paganini not only far surpasses his con-

temporaries, in all that constitutes violin playing, by means hitherto known, but produces the most delightful effects by means invented by himself. Notwithstanding the laudatory and enthusiastic accounts of Paganini's playing, the reality outstripped, to an extent perfectly astounding, our previous conception of it. We were first struck with the remarkable beauty of his tone: we could plainly distinguish it from that of the other instruments as soon as he touched his violin, in the opening movement of his concerto. When he is left to himself, wonders thicken upon you apace: at his command, the instrument breathes forth sentiments, pathetic or playful, amorous or martial. The *adagio* is superior to the most refined singing—the use of words would seem to be an impertinent superfluity. The enharmonic intervals (not practicable in the human voice) which Paganini employs in this movement, add considerably to its impassioned character.

As regards execution, all sorts of impossibilities are effected with the greatest *nonchalance*. Intervals the most distant are reached with certainty in rapid succession: of these, double octaves are mere child's play. In his variations on some well-known *tema*, Paganini performs some of the most difficult, entirely in double stops; and when his enraptured audience think they have heard the *ne plus ultra* of his art, lo and behold, he gives them passages in treble stops, that is to say, passages in which three notes are sounded simultaneously. Then come the harmonics. Solo players are generally satisfied with giving us the harmonics of the common chord. Paganini has no notion of such parsimony; every thing which he does by single stops, he appears determined to do with harmonics. We heard him play a brilliant variation to "*Nel cor più*," entirely with harmonics: the effect of these ethereal notes is quite enchanting. The extraordinary precision with which he can hit any of these notes was evinced in a subsequent variation, where every phrase (played in the ordinary way) was answered *instantly* by the corresponding harmonic sounds. Another variation consisted in a series of suspensions: the suspending note being heard in a full, round, sustained tone, while the other parts of the chord were heard in a continuous shake. The richness of the harmony of this variation was delightful.

But there is yet another wonder in the playing of this astonishing *artiste*—we mean his *pizzicato* playing. He has the power of doing this with his left hand alone; so that while he is bowing an air with the right hand in the usual style, he performs a *pizzicato* accompaniment with the other, as distinctly as if it were done by another performer on another instrument. Sometimes he will end a passage with a full octave of these notes, delivered with such force, that they sound like musical crackers.

It matters not what number of strings Paganini plays upon: if you leave him but one, he does more with it, than any body else can do with four, as far as single sounds are concerned. It is here that the harmonics tell with the greatest effect, constantly deceiving the mind into the belief that he is playing on the full complement of strings. On the commencement of every variation Paganini alters the pitch of his instrument, evidently for the purpose of obtaining a new set of harmonics, and this has given rise to the most ridiculous surmises. A newspaper critic has hazarded the assertion that Paganini purposely plays out of tune by half a tone as a freak! That is, supposing the band to be accompanying in F with one flat, Paganini will play the air in F sharp major. The ludicrous absurdity of this notion would be apparent to the veriest tyro in harmony. An ignorant and affected young female, who sat near us one evening, had evidently taken her cue from this precious criticism; "I can't bear his playing," said she, "he is so wretchedly out of tune." The gentleman who had the misfortune to belong to her, was not the least disgusted with this ill-judged sally.

Paganini is remarkable for his personal appearance: tall and thin, with an intellectual and amiable expression in his countenance, which bears strong marks of suffering from ill-health: his forehead is very fine, and is well displayed, as the hair is pushed back and falls on the shoulders. His gait is rather awkward, especially on his entrance, which seems partly to arise from diffidence, for he actually appears as if he were fearful of intruding on the audience. When playing,

he is by no means ungraceful, and his style of bowing is the most free and elegant we ever saw: while he is shifting, in order to reach some out-of-the-way interval, the violin is mainly supported by his shoulder, which he has a knack of forcing into a position such as nobody ever had before. His hand is very large, and the thumb has such flexibility, that it is like a sixth finger. The memory of this gifted man is so retentive that he plays all his compositions without any copy, and many of them are of great length. As a composer he displays no mean talent: the scoring of some of his concertos is excellent, and the instrumentation is frequently productive of fine effects.

On the first night of his appearance he performed some variations without orchestral accompaniments, the interest of which was not a little heightened, by the cluster of talent which crowded round him: we noticed Dragonetti, Lindley, Spagnoletti, Mori, Costa, Willman, Harper, and Mariotti; they had all left their instruments except Lindley, who hugged his bass the tighter the more he was delighted; those who were nearer the stage than we were, say this veteran positively shed tears. Mori's was the only countenance that was downcast. To see one so infinitely his superior in every respect, as not to admit of the slightest comparison, made him eschew that haughty bearing, which we regret a man of his great talents should ever indulge in. It is rather unfortunate just at this time that Mori, for the sake of gratifying his curiosity, should have condescended to play a *ripieno* in the quadrille band led by Musard, at St. James's palace.

Paganini's glory in this country was crowned on Wednesday the 22d of June. Every nook and cranny in the Opera-house was occupied, and some hundreds were admitted on the stage. Among the latter, seated in the middle, close to Paganini, we saw the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, watching with intense interest, the miraculous performer who stood before him. During the intervals of the performance it was delightful to see the venerable philosopher holding out his hand to Dragonetti, Lindley, Spagnoletti, and a few others who anxiously pressed forward to be introduced to him.

On this occasion, Paganini, in the course of his variations on the dance tune, "*Delle streghe alla noce di Benevento*," set the audience in a roar of laughter, by his striking imitation of the tremulous voice of an old woman; and not long before he had made many of them shed tears by the exquisite pathos of his strains.

After what we have said, it is almost needless to say that all those who have the means should go and hear Paganini. We have heard of a Professor who recommended his pupils to pawn their coats rather than miss hearing so extraordinary a phenomenon.

ITALIAN OPERA.

It is somewhat creditable to the taste of the frequenters of this theatre, that the opera of *Medea* has had a run of seven or eight nights. The character of the terrible sorceress is worthy of Pasta's genius; it is one which we are convinced no other actress of the present day could adequately sustain. The interest of the opera by no means hinges on the supposed supernatural powers of *Medea*, but on the exhibition of the passions—some of the best as well as the worst—which are the lot of human nature: and it is in the vivid representation of the workings of these passions that Pasta is unrivalled. The

only novelty has been her appearance in *Semiramide*, if we except her *Zerlina*, which she undertook merely to oblige Lalande at her benefit. *Semiramide* has great beauties in parts of it; but as a serious opera, it is a very incongruous affair: for example, what can be more absurd than the introduction of a jig tune immediately after the scene with the ghost! *Semiramide* does not attract an audience, as *Medea* does, and the reason we take to be this: The interest in the last-mentioned opera centres in the part filled by Pasta, whereas in *Semiramide* the interest is divided between the *Queen* and *Arsace*.

Now the fact is, there is nobody in the establishment capable of playing *Arsace*, and the opera is consequently a failure. The first night Madame Rubini made a sad mess of the music allotted to that part, which prompted the management to give it to Mademoiselle Beck at the next representation. This young lady was certainly not worse than her predecessor, but it will be a long time before she will be qualified to undertake so leading a part. Her voice, which is a legitimate contralto, wants much cultivation; the upper and falset notes are so ineffective, as to be scarcely audible in so large a *salle*. The best thing she sang was the beautiful duo with Pasta, "*Giorno d'orrore*," in which the schooling of the great cantatrice was plainly visible.

Pasta makes a glorious *Queen*, and it is a pity she is not better supported. Her singing is all that can be desired; although it is true at the beginning of the evening she missed two of her high notes; but she afterwards made ample amends, and soared high above the point she had before failed in attaining. Entertaining, as we do, the highest admiration for the talents of Madame Pasta, it is with extreme regret we are obliged to recur to that sin against all propriety and good taste, which she persists in committing—we allude to the long unmeaning shake with alternate *piano* and *forte*. It is a perpetration, of which she is the last person we should have suspected of being guilty: it is a vulgarity fit only for Astley's or Sadler's Wells.

The other parts were filled as usual, Curioni being the *Idreno*, and Lablache the *Assur*. Curioni makes a woful mistake in dressing himself like a Cherokee Indian: somebody should instruct him, that there is more than one India, and that he errs in thinking he is king of that which is in the west. Talking of costume, cannot the property-master find something more resembling a crown than the bottomless tin-pot which is at present stuck on *Arsace's* head. The dancers ought to be better dressed, who appear in the scene when *Semiramide* is supposed to be reclining in a bower: we say supposed, for at this theatre the queen is always kept behind the scenes, and, as a substitute, a piece of canvass is pushed on the

stage, which is wretchedly daubed over, with the intention of representing something like a summer-house.

Taglioni has been re-engaged, and has appeared as the *Bayadère* in the ballet of that name. The story is that of the expulsion of *Vishnu* from the upper regions until he shall find some woman who loves him for his own sake. Lefevre is the *Vishnu*, and Taglioni his deliverer. The ballet is a bad one, but Taglioni's dancing was as usual exquisite, particularly in a *pas de schal*. Kenilworth has been since revived, owing to the unfortunate circumstances of Taglioni's having sprained her ankle. We will answer for it, few ankles have ever excited a tithe of the sympathy which is now felt for that of this delightful *danseuse*.

Just at the end of the month a compressed edition of *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and Gnecco's opera buffa *La Prova d'una Opera seria*, have been brought forward: the first-mentioned for the purpose of introducing Madame Raimbault as the heroine. Her qualifications as a singer are of a respectable mediocrity: her voice, which is a *mezzo soprano*, is not very pleasing, as it wants both richness and fulness. Many obstacles, arising from the inflexibility of her *organe*, it must have cost this lady no ordinary perseverance to overcome. Madame Raimbault is rather pretty, but her figure is not graceful: she is too short, and adds to this defect by stooping.

Gnecco's opera is very like the end of one of Weigl's operas, though it does not display the same musical skill in the scoring; the overture is a mere apology for one, but some of the airs are agreeable and original. The plot of the opera consists in a series of annoyances and perplexities, of which a composer and a poet are the victims, caused by the caprices of the *prima donna* and the *primo tenore*, who are in love with one another, and on no account will consent to be separated, although the action of the piece about to be rehearsed renders such a separation essential. Lablache, as the composer, kept the house in a continual roar: Pasta entered with spirit into the fun of this burlesque as the *prima donna*, and Santini made an excellent stage poet. Altogether *La Prova* went off with great *éclat*, and we doubt not will have a considerable run.

We cannot close this article without expressing a hope that before the season is at an end, Pasta will be prevailed upon to play the part of *Otello*. Her performance of this character is equal,

if not superior, to her *Medea*. Never shall we forget the terrific scene between her and Sontag (as *Desdemona*) at the end of the opera. Caradori might be engaged to perform the *Desdemona*.

English Fashions.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

BALL dress of soft white satin. Cor-sage, *à la Suisse*, of blue terry velvet, superbly finished with gold tissue binding. The skirt very full, and slightly gored towards the top. A deep and full volant of satin, below a rich garniture, composed of satin fluting, and leaves of terry, completes this beautiful dress. Coiffure of gold wheatears, and light sprigs of the convolvulus minor partially surrounding a richly-finished comb. The hair braided across the forehead, and disposed in graceful tresses at the back part of the head. Neck-chain and antique cross of chased gold, and rubies.

PLATE 1, FIG. 2.

Full dress of pale rose crape, over a white satin slip. The body is made plain in front, with a double revers of crape and blonde, so cut as to shade a part of the sleeve, which is short and full. A plaiting of crape and blonde reaches from the top nearly to the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a magnificent fall of queen's blonde, surmounted by folded acanthus-leaves, drooping over the sounce. The hair is arranged in three *coques* at the summit of the head, which are encircled by a wreath of small French roses. A braid descends from thence, and passes under the curls on the right side to the back of the head. The front curls are soft and full, and placed rather low on the brow. *Parure* of emeralds and gold. Gloves, and shoes of white satin.

PLATE 2, FIG. 1.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A robe-pelisse of satin, colour, bright green, lined and faced with rose-coloured *gros de Naples*. The corsage is cut rather lower than usual, and displays, to great advantage, a *chemisette* of cambric, which is made very full in front, and finely plaited lengthwise. Two plaited frills of cambric surround the collar, one

of which is continued to the waist. The skirt has no other trimming than the facing, which is continued from the waist across the bust, to the back. Sleeve very large at the upper part, but small below the elbow. The upper sleeve is ornamented with three large leaves, set on full, and meeting a point, a little above the bend of the arm, where they are terminated by a *naud* of satin. A beautiful *capote* is worn with this dress: it is composed of white crape and satin: the front is of the cottage shape, and is edged with blonde. The crown is low, and surrounded by a *guirlande* of roses, with their foliage. Above the roses are placed *feuilles* of crape and blonde, intermingled with *dents* of fringed ribbon. The hair is arranged in plain braids in front, and ornamented with a jewel and small chain of gold on the forehead. *Brodequins* of green silk, gloves of white kid.

PLATE 2, FIG. 2.

Evening dress, composed of a gold-coloured gauze, worn over a slip of the same coloured satin. The body cut low and square across the bust, is finished with a vandyked garniture, forming a revers. The sleeve is very full, but the whole of the fulness is not taken in at the top, those parts which are left, are so disposed as to add greatly to the novelty of the sleeve. The bottom of the sleeve is composed of flutings which support the fulness of the upper part. The skirt is trimmed with a rich scroll-work of double shells of crape, bound with satin and placed rather lower than trimmings have lately been worn. The bindings, and *ceinture* of this dress, are of deep rich violet satin. Hair dressed *en corbeille* at the top, with small bunches of the ranunculus placed in the shade of the comb, which is of tortoiseshell, with a high gallery. The front hair is dressed so as to display great part of the forehead, which is relieved by a double chain of gold, passing across

the hair, and losing itself among the side tresses. Shoes gold-coloured satin. Earrings and necklace of pearls.

PLATE 2, FIG. 3.

Walking dress of rich pink silk. *Cor-sage* plain at the top, slightly full at the waist. A beautiful mantilla of embroidered muslin, cut in an entirely new style, is worn over the body of this dress. Sleeve large at the top, and not quite so close to the arm at bottom, as for last month; finished by a cuff of embroidered muslin and a band of ribbon. An

elegant trimming surrounds the skirt of the dress; it is formed of pointed *clochettes*, and is headed by a succession of graceful scrolls. Head-dress, a bonnet of watered *gros de Naples*, of a pale, but beautiful shade of green. The crown is flat at the top, and rather low on the right side. A superb plume of ostrich feathers, and a tasteful mixture of foliage, complete the *toute ensemble* of one of the most becoming bonnets the season has produced. The hair is simply arranged in curls on either temple. Green shoes and gloves.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 30th April, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess Brownlow, Lord Hill, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Miss Eden, and Miss Wilson, arrived at the Castle. In the afternoon his Majesty took an airing in his pony phaeton, accompanied by Lady Brownlow and Miss Eden.

On Sunday, May 1, the King inspected the Life and Foot Guards in the quadrangle of the Castle; after which, their Majesties, visitors, and suite, attended divine service at St. George's Chapel. The Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford officiated.

LONDON.

Divine Service was performed before the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and their Royal Highnesses' Household, by the Rev. William Fisher.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 2d, at three o'clock, the King and Queen, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Countess of Brownlow, took an airing in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water, for nearly two hours.

On Tuesday, the 3d, at half-past two o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, Mr. Wood, and others of the Royal suite, took an airing in the Great Park for nearly two hours. Colonel Frederick Fitzclarence left the Castle this morning for town. Baron Ompteda, accompanied by Baron Minto, left the Castle to-day.

LONDON.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland left town this morning for Kew. The Marquis of Lansdowne entertained a distinguished party at dinner.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 4th, the King held a Levee at St. James's Palace. His Majesty arrived from Windsor about one o'clock, escorted by a party of Light Horse. His Majesty shortly after received visits from the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and the Princess Sophia. At two o'clock the King entered the State-rooms, and gave audiences to the Field Officer in Waiting and the Colonel of the Guard.

The Earl of Denbigh and General Finch were the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

His Majesty then received the following distinguished persons having the privilege of the *entrée*,—namely, the Duke of Sussex, the Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Russian, Danish, Swedish, American, Bavarian, Wirtemberg, Neapolitan, Hanoverian, and Mexican Ministers; the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Commander of the Forces, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the Treasurer of the Household, the Clerk Marshal, and the Master of the Ceremonies.

Mr. Wheaton, Chargé d'Affaires from the United States of America to the Court of Copenhagen, was presented to the King, by Mr. M'Lane, the American Minister.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill.

The company presented no novelty worth recording.

At five o'clock His Majesty left town for Windsor, escorted by a party of Light Horse.

Her Majesty rode out on horseback, accompanied by Mrs. Fox.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 5th, their Majesties gave a grand dinner to about forty distinguished persons, amongst whom were, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Prince George of Cumberland, Prince Leopold, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lord and Lady Mayo, General Sir Charles Dalbiac, Lord Ashbrooke, Sir J. Wyatville, Lord and Lady Howe.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, paid a visit to the Princess Augusta, at her residence in the King's Palace, St. James's.

On Saturday, the 7th, the King, accompanied by Sir Wm. Freemantle, rode over the Norfolk and Flemish Farms, and returned to the Castle at two o'clock. After partaking of luncheon, his Majesty rode out with the Queen, attended by their royal visitors and suite.

The Duke of Cumberland left the Castle for Kew; Prince Leopold for Marlborough House; and Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and Sir James Kempt, for their respective residences.

On Sunday, the 8th, at ten o'clock, the Life and Foot Guards assembled in the Quadrangle of the Castle, where they passed in review before their Majesties and Court, the bands of both regiments playing. Afterwards their Majesties, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cumberland, proceeded in a close carriage to St. George's Chapel, followed in other carriages by Countesses Howe, Brownlow, and Mayo, Lady Sophia Lennox, Lady Taylor, Lady Isabella Thynne, and other Ladies of the suite. The young Princes of Cambridge and Cumberland, attended by their tutors, Earl Mayo, Col. Frederick Fitzclarence, Sir C. Thornton, Sir H. Wheatley, Sir A. Barnard, and Sir Herbert Taylor, walked to the Chapel, where Divine Service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford.

Divine Service was performed before their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, in the Private Chapel at Kensington Palace, by the Rev. Wm. Fisher.

On Monday, the 9th, the King and Queen left Windsor shortly after breakfast, and arrived in town about half-past one o'clock, escorted by a detachment of Lancers.

Their Majesties were visited at the Palace by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duke of Sussex, the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

The King and Queen, and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, dined with the Princess Augusta, at her residence in St. James's Palace.

HER MAJESTY'S BALL.

This evening her Majesty gave her second State Ball, which was on the same magnificent scale as that given in honour of the Duchess of Gloucester's birthday.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Kent, and Lady Catherine Jenkinson, arrived at the Palace about ten o'clock.

At half-past ten their Majesties entered the State-rooms, when both bands commenced playing, "God save the King." His Majesty was dressed in an admiral's uniform. The Queen wore a white satin dress, embroidered with silver, with a head-dress composed of a diamond tiara and a wreath of flowers. Their Majesties and the members of the Royal Family having taken seats on the elevated platform at the east end of the ball-room, dancing commenced; and quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopes were danced alternately. A set of quadrilles, called "the Queen's" (the music arranged by Musard, from Beethoven), and three other new sets, were danced during the evening.

The Ladies of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers had seats on the platform in the Ball-room. Their Majesties appeared in excellent health, and seemed highly delighted with the animating scene. The Queen danced one set of quadrilles. Her Majesty also waltzed with the Duke of Devonshire.

The company were served with refreshments in the Picture Gallery, which had tables set out extending the entire length.

The Royal Family promenaded during the intervals between the dances from the Ball-room to the King's Closet, where the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and a party of the company, were engaged at cards.

At one o'clock the King and Queen, and the members of the Royal Family, retired to supper, both the bands playing "God save the King" as their Majesties departed. The Banqueting-room was thrown open as on the previous Ball; it contained the greatest variety of made dishes, confectionary, pastry, and fruit: the middle of the tables was ornamented with centre-pieces of pastry, with representations of a number of subjects, exhibiting great ingenuity in design. Among them were Belvidere, a scene in Windsor Great Park; the ruins of Netley Abbey; a temple, with a bust of the Queen, and an aqueduct, modelled after a landscape by Claude. At regular dis-

tances were candelabras with wax-lights, The sideboard at the west end of the room was considerably raised, and was covered with damask, finished with crimson draperies. It displayed a number of articles of plate remarkable for their workmanship and antiquity, arranged in the form of a pyramid, and crowned with the Goodwood Gold Cup, won by Fleur-de-Lis last year. Beneath were the shield of Achilles, from the design of Flaxman, and several rows of gold salvers and pieces of great antiquity, each row increasing in breadth and projection as it approached the bottom. Gold cups, with compartments in ivory, exquisitely carved, were tastefully interspersed among the other pieces. The entire sideboard had an elegant and brilliant appearance, and formed a very splendid object on entering the room from the opposite end.

After supper, her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family returned to the Ball-rooms; and dancing was kept up till half-past three o'clock.

On Tuesday, the 10th, their Majesties were visited by the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the King held a Levee at St. James's Palace. The Guard of Honour was selected from the Royal Horse Guards, with their full band and silver drums. His Majesty gave audiences to the Field Officer in Waiting, the Colonel and Captain of the Guard, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Melbourne, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount Goderich, Lord Hill, Sir W. Freemantle, and Colonel Fox. Sir Matthew Tierney, Bart., and Colonel Joseph Whitley, were introduced to the King by the Lord in Waiting and Lord Combermere, Gold Stick in Waiting, upon their being appointed Knights Commanders of the Royal Guelphic Order.

His Majesty then received the following distinguished persons having the privilege of the *entrée*—namely, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, the Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Spanish, Prussian, Danish, Mexican, Neapolitan, Wirtemberg, and Hanoverian Ministers; the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, the Bishop of London, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial departments, Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Commander of the Forces, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Treasurer of the Household, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Clerk Marshal.

There were but few presentations, and none of importance.

After the Levee His Majesty held a Privy Council, at which the Earl of Curtown was introduced and re-sworn a Privy Councillor.

Their Majesties received visits from the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.

The Queen left town at half-past two o'clock, in her travelling carriage, for Bushy Park.

In the evening His Majesty gave a dinner-party, at St. James's Palace, to the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, the Bishops of London, Llandaff, Chichester, Chester, Lichfield and Coventry, Bristol, Sodor and Man, Bangor, and Gloucester; Judges Tindal, Bayley, Garrow, and Park; the Dean of Hereford, the Rev. Dr. Kuper, the Rev. Mr. Fitaroy, Dr. Hodgson, Dr. Harvey, Sir Henry Halford, Sir William Freemantle, and Sir Frederick Watson.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the Queen held her sixth Drawing-room. Some of the Company began to arrive so early as half-past twelve, but the whole of the visitors had not arrived before half-past three o'clock. The ladies in general were most superbly dressed, and displayed a profusion of jewels. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came in state, attended by Lady J. Thynne and Colonel Higgins, and were received by the band of the King's Guard with "God save the King."

Their Majesties entered the State-rooms at about a quarter-past two o'clock. The King was attended by the Officers of State, Lord Waldegrave, the Lord in Waiting, the Groom in Waiting, Messrs. Dobell and Halse, the State Pages. The Queen was attended by Earl Howe, her Majesty's Chamberlain, the Ladies in Waiting, the Maids of Honour in Waiting, and Mr. Shoemack, the Queen's first Page.

Those ladies who had not been presented, were presented to his Majesty previously to their being presented to the Queen, Earl Howe standing on the right of her Majesty to receive the presentation cards.

In addition to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the other members of the Royal Family present were, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duke of Sussex, and Prince Leopold.

It being Ascension-day, the members of the different orders wore their collars.

Their Majesties received the distinguished company as follows:—

Mr. Fletcher Wilson the Danish Consul-Gen., who was presented by Count Molthe the Danish Minister; the Russian Ambae-

sador and Princess Lieven, the Austrian and French Ambassadors; Madame Falck the Lady of the Netherlands' Ambassador, the Spanish Minister and Madame Bermudey, the Prussian Minister and Baroness Bulow, the Bavarian Minister and Baroness Cetto, the American Minister and Mrs. M'Lane, the Neapolitan Minister and Countess Ludolf, the Danish, Mexican, Hanoverian, and Wirtemberg Ministers, Count Mastouchévitz on a special mission from Russia, Mr. Wheaton, Chargé d'Affaires from the United States to the Court of Denmark, Prince Dolgorouki, the Count de Aceto, and le Chevalier Vanvitelli, Secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home and Foreign Departments, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Commander of the Forces, Viscount Combermere, Gold Stick in Waiting, the Archbishop of Armagh, Mr. Justice Park, the Judge Advocate General, the Treasurer of the Household, the Clerk Marshal, and the Master of the Ceremonies.

Neither the dresses nor the company presented any material difference from former drawing-rooms, except that they were more numerous.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 14th, their Majesties and suite took an airing in the direction of Salthill.

On Sunday, the 15th, their Majesties and suite proceeded, in two close carriages, to St. George's Chapel, where Divine Service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford, assisted by one of the minor canons.

The parade in the quadrangle of the castle was countermanded this morning in consequence of the accouchement of Mrs. Erskine (who resides in the Lancaster Tower at the ground entrance of the quadrangle) having taken place within these few days.

On Monday, the 16th, his Majesty, accompanied by Mrs. Fox, took a drive in the queen's pony landau. Her Majesty, attended by some of the gentlemen of the royal suite, rode out on horseback, for several hours, in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the King took an airing in the vicinity of the Great Park. In the afternoon, his Majesty drove out in the pony landau, for nearly three hours, accompanied by the Queen and Prince George of Cambridge on horseback.

LONDON.

The Duke of Cumberland honoured the noblemen and gentlemen of the Catch Club with his company at dinner, at the Thatched House, this evening.

The Duchess of Cumberland, attended by the Baron de Liningen and Lady Sophia Lennox, left town this evening for Kew.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 18th, their Majesties left Windsor shortly after breakfast, and arrived in town about one o'clock.

The King gave audience to the Field Officer in Waiting and the Colonel of the Guard, Sir George Seymour, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Albemarle, Sir J. Graham, Earl Grey, Viscount Palmerston, the Duke of Richmond, Sir Charles Paget, Lord Anson, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Goderich, and Sir W. Freemantle.

Col. Frederick Fitzclarence and Col. Forbes were introduced to the King upon their being appointed Aides-de-Camp to his Majesty.

His Majesty then received the following distinguished persons having the privilege of the *entrée*—namely, The Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Spanish, Russian, Danish, Neapolitan, American, Bavarian, Mexican, Wirtemberg, Hanoverian, and Austrian Ministers; the Buenos Ayres Chargé d'Affaires, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments; the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Commander of the Forces, Viscount Combermere, Gold Stick in Waiting; Colonel Hammer, Silver Stick; the Master of the Buck-hounds, the Treasurer of the Household, the Attorney-General, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Clerk Marshal.

The company was much as usual.

After the Levee his Majesty held a Privy Council, at which Lord Dundas was introduced and sworn in Lieutenant and Sheriff of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. A new Seal for Western Australia was then laid before the Council and approved.

In the afternoon her Majesty received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia.

The Duke of Cumberland left town for Kew.

On Thursday, the 19th, his Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey and Lord Holland.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, took an airing in the morning.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, partook of a *déjeuné* with her Majesty and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, at St. James's Palace.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Calder House, on the 5th June, the Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, of Barnton, of a daughter, still-born.

On the 6th, in John Street Berkeley Square, the Lady of the Hon. George Talbot, of a daughter.

On the 11th, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Ramsden, of a daughter.

On the 12th, at Brighthelmstone, the Lady of the Hon. Algernon Herbert, of a son.

On the 21st, at Bordean House, Hants, the Lady Maria Saunderson, of a daughter.

On the 26th, the Hon. Mrs. Smith, Belgrave Street, of a son.

On the 21st May, in Park Place, St. James's, the Marchioness of Worcester, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2d June, at Cheltenham, Philip Augustus Browne, Esq., only son of Augustus Browne, Esq., of Devonshire Place, Marylebone, to Caroline Jesscynthia, third daughter of Sir Charles H. Rich, Bart., of Shirley House, Hants.

On the 5th, in the British Chapel, at Leghorn, A. Homfray, M.D., son of Sir J. Homfray, to Eustatia, daughter of Vice-Admiral Donnelly, and sister of Lady Andley.

On the 14th, at Chalfont, St. Giles, the Rev. Thomas Pym Bridges, of Danbury, in Essex, to Sophia Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Lawrence Young, Bart., of Stone Dean, Bucks.

On the 21st, at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, the Rev. Carr John Glyn, Rector of Witchampton, Dorset, son of Richard Carr Glyn, Bart., of Gaunts, Dorset, to Augusta, daughter of John Granville, Esq., of Cadogan Place.

On the 19th May, at Carlsruhe, Grand Duchy of Baden, Captain Drummond, late of the 93d Highlanders, heir presumptive to the Earldom of Melfort, in Scotland, should his Majesty be pleased to restore that title, to the Baroness Albertine de Rotberg-Rheinweiler, widow of the late General Count Rapp, Peer of France.

On the 31st, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Norton Joseph Knatchbull, Esq., eldest son of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., to Mary, eldest daughter of J. Watts Russell, Esq. of Ham Hall, in the County of Stafford, and of Biggin Hall, in the County of Northampton.

On the 31st, at Brinny Church, County Cork, the Hon. William Smyth Bernard, brother of the Earl of Bandon, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gillman.

At the Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, the Count G. M. Possenti, of Rome, to Mary, daughter of the late Colonel Rogers, of Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire.

DEATHS.

On the 1st June, at his seat, Aghnaverna, County of Louth, in his 63d year, the Hon. Baron M'Clelland.

On the 1st, in France, Theobald Lord Walsh, in his 39th year.

On the 8th, at Spencer House, the Countess of Spencer.

On the 9th, at his house in Berkeley Square, Sir John Edward Harington, Bart., in his 72d year.

On the 10th, at Wighill Park, Yorkshire, Lady Mary York, sister to the Earl of Harewood.

On the 12th at Ivy Cottage, in the Isle of Portland, Baron Gustavus Noleken, in his 52d year.

On the 16th, suddenly, at his seat, Woodend, Hampshire, Admiral Sir John Knight, K.C.B., in his 83d year.

On the 28th May, in Albemarle Street, in his 74th year, the Right Hon. William, Earl of Northesk, Baron Rosehill and Inglismaldie, G.C.B. and LL.D., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of Great Britain.

On the 19th of February, in the Island of Tobago, the Hon. John Chadband, one of the Members of his Majesty's Council of that Island, Senior Assistant Justice of the Court of Common Pleas there, and Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency the Governor.

On the 15th January, at the Mahabulaishwar Hills, his Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Sidney Beckwith, K.C.B., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency of Bombay.







Printed by W. Kidd.

Engraved by J. Shury.

THE TWA DOGS.

The cannie auld, fockin', crackin' creuse
 The young ones tairn'd o'er the house.
 My heart has been sae bairn to see them,
 That I for joy hae backit wi' them.

PUBLISHED BY W. SAMS BOOKSELLER TO THE KING OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S PALACE

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

AUGUST, 1831.

Embellishments.

FOURTH ILLUSTRATION OF BURNS'S POEMS. "The Twa Dogs."—"Peasantry."
SPLENDID VIEW IN ITALY, ENGRAVED ON STEEL, FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE
LORRAINE.

FOUR FINISHED ETCHINGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE humorous Prospectus of the General Grave-diggers' Company has been postponed, to make room for a serious investigation of the General Cemetery Company's project for a disgusting speculation in Funeral Novelties.

The pretended letter from the Lady Mayoress is we suspect a hoax.

We take leave to remind Alderman Waithman that calico is not spelt with a k.

Miss Eleanor is in error, it was not *The Royal Lady's Magazine* which began the controversy, as she will observe on reference to Nos. 3 and 4.

Lady L. G. has good reason to complain, and we have interfered in the proper quarter.

Vindex will find an answer in our "Texts and Comments." It was as notorious a piece of ill-judged bombast as was ever uttered in the House of Commons.

Madame Du M.'s note to Lady G. in which our fashions were enclosed, as having been just brought from France, has been properly handed to us, her Ladyship being one of our earliest subscribers. Madame had better be careful lest we expose the thing more pointedly.

The suggestions of "An Artist," shall be attended to.

The lines by our young friend, whose early work was so promising, do not indicate the improvement that we could have wished to find.

W. E., Beppo, jun., Mrs. P., and Hayti, are received, read, and rejected.

Q. Q. received, read, and ordered to be printed.

The second article, "Reminiscences of the late Duke of Kent," will be reserved for publication with the Portrait.

The Author of "The Unrevealed," we hope to find room for next month, but the paper is very long, and we cannot in justice to the interest divide it.

Miss Mitford, the Ettrick Shepherd, and a celebrated Authoress, who shall be nameless till her paper appears, will enrich our next number.

"The Parting," by Miss Pardoe, in our next.

We agree with Lady Knowles's friend, that to be excluded from the *intellectual* feasts at the Mansion House is horrid; we say with Mrs. Figgins "the Lord Mayor's a hard-hearted man, that's what he is." To be serious, Lady Knowles ought to congratulate herself that she is not expected to meet the shopkeepers of the city.

Maria is quite right; her "Papa" was a great goose for meddling with Parliament: but is she quite sure he would not be a great goose under any circumstances?

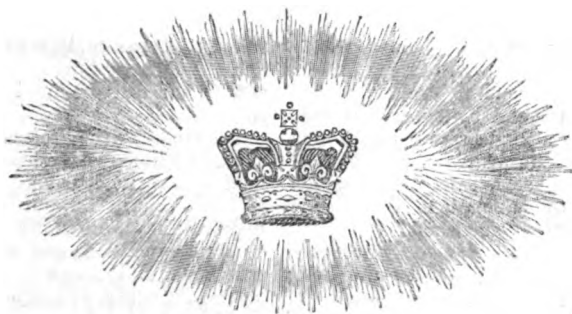
The lines on the "Puppets of the City" are inadmissible; and the "Impromptu" on my Husband's Hat is "shocking bad."

SIR PETER LAURIE, or rather a friend in his behalf, has requested us to state that he is not the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It gives us great pleasure to be enabled to set the literary world right on this subject.

Mrs. Willis's liberal offer has been received, and is respectfully declined. We have printed our terms, and we abide by them.

Pic Nic's Ode to "My Lord Infallible," Lord High Chancellor, &c., is clever, but too late for this month. The title will stick to the Noble (!) blunderer long after his office.

"*Juvenal*" has mistaken our system. *What* are we to conciliate? *Who* are we to conciliate? *Why* are we to conciliate? We have made our opinions respected, and maintained our ground side by side with the two or three principal Magazines, only by writing as we think, and thinking as we ought.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."
Dedication to the Queen.

AUGUST, 1831.

"THE PEOPLE."

THE PEOPLE are for the reform bill. So say the ministers. So say the friends of ministers in both houses of Parliament. So says every one who only says (and they are a huge class) what others say.

That the PEOPLE are either a grievously abused body, or that they are a remarkably silly one will appear, we think, from the following historical facts:

In 1648, when Charles I. was brought to trial, JOHN COOK, who was employed as Solicitor-General, exhibited against him, in the high court of justice, a charge of high treason, "in the name of *all the people of England*." Yet it was so notorious, the PEOPLE were never consulted at all in the business, and that their representatives, who opposed it, were driven out of the house of commons by the soldiers, leaving there only

the forty or fifty who were in favour of the proposed proceeding, that when the said JOHN COOK had the effrontery to declare it *was* in the name of the "good PEOPLE of England," that the king was accused, the Lady Fairfax, who was present, called out in a loud voice, "It is a lie!—not the tenth part of the people are concerned in it, but it is all done by the machinations of that traitor Cromwell!" Another voice too, exclaimed, "It is false! where are they or their consents?" upon which Colonel Axtell ordered his musketeers to level their pieces at the gallery whence these words proceeded.—Of course there was no reply to so convincing an argument, and the "good PEOPLE of England" had all the merit of bringing their sovereign to the scaffold.

The next thing performed by the PEOPLE of England, or in their name,

was to pass an act (Feb. 5, 1648) voting the House of Peers useless and dangerous, and to declare, "that it had been found by experience that the office of a king in this nation was unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous, to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the nation, and therefore it should be utterly abolished."

Five years afterwards—only five years—when Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, and took upon himself the "office of a king," under the name of Protector, the "majority of the PEOPLE," we are told, were so delighted with the proceeding, that "they thanked him in numerous addresses and congratulations, acknowledged the justice of the action, and promised to stand by his government."

In four years more—that is in April 1657—the PEOPLE of England, speaking as they are now supposed to do, through their representatives, presented to his Highness "their humble petition and advice," praying that he would be pleased to assume the *name of a king*, as well as the office; but his Highness being coy, they appointed a committee of ten persons to wait upon him, and, in the name of the PEOPLE of England, to entreat him to discard his scruples. At this conference, Chief Justice Glynne said, "Your Highness may demand why, having already made you Protector, invested you with the office of chief magistrate, and intrusted you with the care of our liberties, our commerce, and our honour, we are now grown weary of our institution, and desire to restore a title which a long series of wicked administration has made it proper to abrogate? To this we can easily answer, that our request is the *request of the PEOPLE*; the PEOPLE whose interest is chiefly to be considered, and to whom it is your highest honour to be a faithful servant." Another of the committee, Mr. Fiennes, one of the commissioners of the great seal, at a subsequent conference, told his Highness it was incumbent upon him, "to prove the necessity of rejecting that title which the *WHOLE PEOPLE of England* entreated him to accept." Lenthall, who had been speaker of the Long Parliament, which abolished monarchy, and who was now master of the rolls, said, "General effects must have general causes, and nothing can influence the

WHOLE NATION to demand the restoration of monarchy but universal experience of the evil produced by rejecting it."

His Highness the Protector, who knew right well how far the PEOPLE of England were really concerned in this project of his own for putting the crown upon his head, prudently declined the "humble petition and advice;" and continued to exercise the office only, without the title, of king.

At his death, the PEOPLE were once more unanimous in proclaiming their attachment, and swearing fidelity, to the government of his son, Richard. This was towards the close of 1658.

In 1660, Charles II. was restored, and the PEOPLE—but let us here borrow the language of Lord Clarendon, and of the restored monarch himself. The noble historian, describing the enthusiasm and joy of the parliament and the nation, after it was determined by the former to invite the exiled Charles back again, says, "From this time there was such an emulation and impatience in Lords, and Commons, and city, and generally over the kingdom, who should make the most lively expressions of their duty and of their joy, *that a man could not but wonder where those people dwell who had done all the mischief, and kept the king so many years from enjoying the comfort and support of such excellent subjects.*"

The same author thus describes the king's entry into London:—

"On Monday he went to Rochester; and the next day, being the nine and twentieth of May, and his birth day, he entered London, all the ways thither being so full of people and acclamations as if the whole kingdom had been gathered there. Between Deptford and Southwark, the lord mayor and aldermen met him, with all such protestations of joy as can hardly be imagined. The concourse was so great, that the king rode in a crowd from the bridge to Whitehall; all the companies of the city standing in order on both sides, and giving loud thanks to God for his majesty's presence. He no sooner came to Whitehall, but the two houses of parliament solemnly cast themselves at his feet with all vows of affection and fidelity to the world's end. In a word, the joy was so unexpressible, and so universal, that his majesty said smilingly to some

about him; "he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long; for he saw nobody that did not protest he had ever wished for his return!"

Thus, we see the PEOPLE, in the short space of twelve years, cut off the king's head—declared the office and name of king odious—were delighted when Cromwell assumed the office—implored him to take the name—swore eternal fidelity to his son,* and were in an agony of delight when they got rid of him, to make room for the son of that king whom they had murdered!

And were the PEOPLE of England justly chargeable with all these crimes and follies? Who will have the hardihood to answer, Yes? They and they only, who now have the hardihood to assert that the PEOPLE call for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." But, in the words of the Lady Fairfax, we say, "It is a lie!—not the tenth part of the people are concerned in it—it is all done by the machinations of—a FACTION!"

WILLIAM.

GHOST GOSSIPS AT BOGLE HALL,

DURING THE COMMONWEALTH; OR, TRADITIONS OF THE WORLD OF SHADOWS.

Gossip the Second.

WHEN they assembled at breakfast the following morning, they found an agreeable accession to their circle in the persons of Master Eusebius Andrewe, a worshipful justice of the peace, and his maiden sister, Madam Penelope Andrewe, cater-cousins of Mrs. Trevanion.

Mr. Andrewe had been bred to the law, but, as has been said by some witty person whose name I do not remember, the law not being bread to him he very soon relinquished it; and coming into the possession of an estate not long after, of the clear annual value of 500*l.*, he set forth upon his travels at the breaking out of the civil wars, and continued abroad till the execution of Charles I. He then returned, took up his abode at the old Manor House, about four miles from Bogle Hall, and being looked upon as a person who came under none of the party denominations of the day, neither cavalier, roundhead, leveller, independent, presbyterian, agitator, or fifth monarchy man, but simply one who wished to be quiet, he was considered a very proper character to be in the commission of the peace.

His sister, on the contrary, Madam

Penelope, was by no means of the same pacific propensities; for when the Parliament, or rather the forty or fifty who were allowed to meet at Westminster, by their masters, the army, announced their intention of bringing the king to trial, she posted up to London with a petition from herself, praying that they would allow his majesty to enter into a treaty with them, and so settle the peace of the kingdom. She could find no one to present this petition, and she was not allowed to present it herself; but ever after, when the subject of the king's murder, as she resolutely called it, was mentioned in her presence, she would sigh and exclaim, "Aye, aye, I wish I could have got at them, I warrant they should have heard something that would have made them as tender of that blessed martyr's head, as of their own;" to which her brother would always reply, "Penelope, you are a fool—and if your head were worth chopping off, that silly tongue of yours would have sharpened the axe long ago."

The gossipers had scarcely begun their breakfast, before Margaret Glen-

* When Richard Cromwell was quitting his palace of Whitehall, he ordered his servant to be very careful of two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe. The men wondered at this; and one of his friends hearing him inquire very earnestly after them, asked him what was in them, that made him so much concerned about them. "Why no less," replied Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England," meaning the addresses that were presented to him only a few months before.

luce called upon Hoodless Oliver for his story, and this led to inquiries on the part of Mr. Andrewe and his sister, 'which ended in a rather tedious recapitulation, by Mrs. Trevanion, of their discourse the preceding evening.

"I am no believer in ghosts, or witches, or fairies, or any thing of the kind," said Mr. Andrewe, "and yet on two occasions in my life, I do confess I was marvellously perplexed to account, in a natural way, for what happened to me. One of them, indeed, I did never understand from that day to this; but the other had a right merry ending to a fearful beginning."

It was unanimously resolved (except by Madam Penelope, who had heard her brother's stories at least as often as he had heard the account of her petition which would have saved the king's life) that Mr. Andrewe should have precedence of Hoodless Oliver; and his worship cheerfully consented, for he loved nothing better than talking of wonderful events of which himself was the hero. He accordingly began—

"About twenty years ago," said he, "when I had been settled some months in my chambers, in Gray's Inn, up three pair of stairs, one night, as I came home in the dark, I went to lay down my gloves upon the table in my study (for being then my own man, I placed every thing where I knew I could find it when I wanted it), and as I laid them down I felt a piece of money under my hand. It seemed to be a shilling; but procuring a light, I saw it was a twenty shilling piece of gold. I reflected a little how it might come there, for I had no client, and few visitors who might drop it by accident, and no friends, in town, who would designedly lay it there as a bait to encourage me in my studies. I knew, moreover, I had so few pieces of my own, I could not have left it there myself. About three weeks after, coming again into my study in the dark, and laying down my gloves in the same place, I felt another piece of money under my hand, which turned out to be another twenty shilling piece of gold. At this I marvelled greatly, but by no guess or inquiry could I discover how it came to pass. Nevertheless, thinking, peradventure, I had been negligent in the matter, I was tempted oftentimes to

go into my study in the dark, and feel if there were any money, but never when I went with those expectations and desires did I find it."

"No, no," explained Mrs. Trevanion, "leave the devil alone for watching his opportunities, and getting his claw upon us at his own time. What like was the gold, Mr. Andrewe? And did you not always find it too hot to hold?"

"I think it must have been," answered Mr. Andrewe, with a sly look, "though I cannot now call that particular fact to mind; for I could never hold any of them above a day or two."

"Why you did not surely go on picking up the devil's temptations!" said Mrs. Trevanion.

"No longer than he put them in my way," replied Mr. Andrewe, "which he did a third time, about a month after, when, laying my gloves down in the same place, and in the dark, I felt two pieces instead of one, and they both proved to be twenty shilling gold pieces."

"Mr. Andrewe," said Mrs. Trevanion, "where did you get those gloves? And what sort of gloves were they? It is most certain, in my mind, they were the wicked cause of all."

"I think not, Mrs. Trevanion," rejoined Mr. Andrewe, "for I continued to wear them, and to lay them in the same place, long after I ceased to find the gold pieces, which I never did again, from the time I mentioned the circumstance to my cousin, Bridget Shipwith."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevanion, shaking her head, and looking most significantly at Madam Penelope, "our cousin Bridget is dead and gone—gone to heaven, I hope! but that black cat she was so fond of,—with a tail no longer than my little finger, and such eyes as I never saw a cat with in my life—God knows what that was! I only know the day she died it disappeared—mark that!"

"It did," replied Madam Penelope, shaking her own head, and returning Mrs. Trevanion's significant look with one still more significant, "it did, cousin." Then heaving a deep sigh, and casting up her eyes, she added, "God rest her soul! For she had strange ways with her!"

"By your leave, good cousin," said

Mr. Andrewe, "it will go hard with you to make a witch of poor Bridget, who was as simple a body as my sister Pen (sister Pen stroked down her stomacher and tossed back her head at these words); but true it is, and marvellous as true, I never did learn how those gold pieces came upon my table, while, certes, they came no more, as I have told you, after mentioning the matter to my cousin Shipwith. More marvellous still, however, was the adventure that befel me in the Venetian states, when I was on my travels in Italy.—

"I found myself towards evening entering a large forest, through which, for the space of nearly three miles, my path lay, in order to arrive at the town where I intended to sojourn during the night. I had not ridden more than half my distance, when I was beset by a body of armed men, to the number of at least a dozen. I knew that plunder was their object, and that with such odds against me resistance would have been vain. They made me dismount, and in a trice every thing I had about me changed masters. This was bad enough, but this was not all: for when they had rifled me, one of them asked the captain of the band 'whether he should cut my throat?' Seeing that he only mused, and that they all stepped aside to consult, as I guessed, upon the expediency of murdering me, I watched my opportunity, took to my heels, darted into the thickest part of the wood, and ran for it. They pursued, firing their arquebuses as they caught a view of me every now and then between the trees. The forest grew more and more impenetrable and intricate as I advanced, and so dark, from the approach of night and close interlacing of the trees, that I not only frequently stumbled, but struck my face against their branches. At length my assassins seemed to have given up the chase, for as I paused to listen, I could hear no sound of voice or footstep. I had no sooner, however, escaped one danger than I became sensible of another; that of wandering all night through a dismal wood, which, for aught I knew, might be the haunt of other banditti, or the abode of ravening beasts."

"Lord! Mr. Andrewe," exclaimed Mrs. Trevanion, "were you ever in such a peril?"

"Aye, indeed," answered Mr. Andrewe, "and you may guess I was right glad, after a time, to espy a twinkling light glimmering at a distance."

"I am sure you must have been," said Margaret, with a warmth of manner that showed the lively impression produced upon her by this recital.

"I made for the light," continued Mr. Andrewe, "and with infinite difficulty reached the spot whence it proceeded. I found myself at the gate of a castle. I knocked loudly and violently. 'Who is there?' snarled a voice from above. 'For God's sake open the gate, and give me shelter,' I replied. 'I have been robbed by banditti, and am pursued by them for my life.' No answer was returned; but presently the gate opened. The entrance was still, gloomy, and dark as the grave. I groped my way in. 'Come,' said the same voice; and an ice-cold hand seizing mine dragged me along. I shook, albeit I am no coward (as I trust I may say of myself), and would have drawn back; but the gate was shut behind me with a thundering noise."

"What a situation!" exclaimed Margaret, shuddering as she spoke.

"I am wonderfully curious to hear the issue," said Mr. Randall, elevating his bushy beetling eyebrows, and fixing his dull gray eyes intently upon Mr. Andrewe.

"A man might be as stout as old Ironsides," observed Mr. Pendlebury gravely, "and not shame to own his fear so circumstanced; for darkness and mystery do breed alarm in the boldest hearts."

"Hoodless," cried Reginald Glenduce, "dost think thy unbelieving spirit would have been a coat of mail for thy courage at such a moment?"

"I am sure no spirit, believing or unbelieving, would have sufficed the keeping of thy courage, who was scared at a tom-cat last night," replied Hoodless Oliver, somewhat sulkily.

"Perceiving that my retreat was cut off," continued Mr. Andrewe, "I bade defiance to my fate, and resolved to meet the worst as a man. The icy hand was drawn back when I had advanced a few steps. I stopped to wait till it should again lay hold of me,—"

"Lord!" interrupted Mrs. Trevanion.

"And lead me further—but I waited in vain. 'Good friend,' said I, 'will you conduct me to the lord of this fair castle?' No answer. I spread out my hands, expecting to find my guide, but he was gone. Yet I had heard no sound of footsteps. I proceeded onwards at all hazards; and I had not advanced more than thirty paces ere I found some resistance. I examined, with my hands, what it was, and staggered back as I felt a heap of skulls and bones! I was horror-struck; unable to move. At that moment I heard a hollow broken sound, like the groans of one in agony. It seemed at some distance. I listened. Again I heard it more distinctly, and it *was* the low stifled moan of a person suffering bodily pain. A desire to end the dreadful suspense in which I was, prompted me to follow that sound, as a possible means of escape. With fearful steps I crept along the wall which led me to a staircase. Having descended four or five steps, the groans again fell upon my ear; but they were much nearer. I continued to descend slowly, and at last came to a door, which I easily opened. All was impenetrable darkness, and dismal silence. I called out: no answer was returned. I resolved to enter boldly; when, fortunately, examining the entrance with my foot, I discovered, to my unspeakable horror, that it was bottomless, and that if I had advanced a single step, I should have been hurled into I knew not what yawning place. Groping now upon my hands and knees, I discovered a second flight of stairs. I ascended seven steps—then descended the same number, and suddenly beheld a faint glimmer of light which seemed to proceed from a great distance below me. I advanced a little further, and found myself on the edge of some abyss from the bottom of which the light issued. An old half-rotten staircase led down to it. I resolved to dare every thing. I began to descend cautiously. When I had reached about half way, the light suddenly disappeared: I was in total darkness; and the groans I had heard before were repeated louder and louder. A loose stone against which my foot struck, rolled down with a terrible noise. "Who disturbs my rest?" exclaimed a hollow voice. A door opened slowly, and a pale white figure appeared with a

candle. It advanced two steps, lifted up one hand in a menacing manner, and disappeared. My blood seemed to congeal in my veins. I scarcely know how I re-ascended, or how, still wandering in darkness, I arrived at the bottom of a spiral staircase, where, stretching out my arms, I thrust my hand through a pane of glass. "Who is there?" cried a rough voice; and I heard a door open. I was just about to reply when this dialogue arrested my attention, and filled me with fresh dismay. "Have you sharpened the knife?" asked one. "Yes," replied another, "it is bright and sharp enough, and here is the pan for his blood." I fled—but was suddenly stopped by the ice-cold hand which had grasped mine at my first entrance into this abode of horror. My spirits could sustain the conflict no longer—my head swam—and I fell senseless to the ground."

"No wonder, man," observed Mr. Pendlebury.

"I should have been fit for nothing, I'm sure," said Margaret, "after seeing the pale white figure with a candle."

"But what was that, compared with feeling the skulls and bones?" added Reginald Glenluce.

"Or finding yourself at the edge of a bottomless pit in the dark, and not knowing which way to turn?" said Mr. Randall.

"There was no difficulty about that," remarked Hoodless Oliver: "Mr. Andrewe had only to do as he did, turn back again."

"It was very foolish of you, cousin," said Mrs. Trevanion, "to stir a step from the gate without a light, after you had been hauled in by you didn't know who, with the icy hand. I would just have stood there till morning, that I might see where I was going. But now, how did you get out of this awful place?"

"When I recovered," continued Mr. Andrewe, "I found myself in a brave apartment, lying on a bed, and a kind lady, beautiful as opening day, chafing my temples."

"I expected it would turn out so!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevanion. "An enchanted castle I warrant—"

"The castle of an enchantress, I do confess," added Mr. Andrewe, "but no wicked dealer in unlawful spells, though

there was magic enough to keep me a willing prisoner for several days."

The arch expression of Mr. Andrewe's countenance, which had hitherto been full of a portentous gravity perplexed his auditors extremely. They had forgotten his declaration that his adventure had "a right merry ending to a fearful beginning," and thinking only of the appalling things they had heard, could not comprehend how he should have found attractions to remain voluntarily—hardly indeed, how he was then alive to tell his story. He soon relieved them from their embarrassment, however.

"The owner of the castle," said he, was the Countess Mancini, and though in the bloom of youth and loveliness, a widow; her husband, the Count Mancini, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and whose memory she cherished with unabated affection, having lost his life at a tournament, by a fall from his palfrey. I will not weary you with a recital of all that passed between us, nor how (and here his worship heaved a heavy sigh) I would fain have sped if I could, but shorten a too long tale by a brief unfolding of the reality of my situation. The ice-cold hand belonged to the countess's phlegmatic porter, Paulo, and I suspect it appeared to me much colder than it was, because I was myself over-heated by my violent efforts to escape from the assassins. He did not answer me when I entreated to be conducted to the lord of that fair castle, because he had gone away to light his candle, which had been extinguished by the wind. My staggering steps had led me to a distant part of the building where the countess had erected a sort of mausoleum to her deceased lord, and which she had provided with those solemn emblems of death, the skulls and bones, upon which my hand rested. The hollow groans came from an old woman, who had a violent tooth-ache, and who, when the stone rolled down, came out of her dormitory to see who was there, threatening me with her hand because she mistook me for one of her fellow servants, who, she imagined, had done it to frighten or disturb her. The bottomless abyss was an old cellar, into which three steps once led, but being now utterly decayed, I fancied there was

some dreadful chasm beneath me. The discourse about sharpening the knife, and having the pan ready for the blood, came from the cook and butler, and related not to killing myself, as I thought, but concerning a hog which was to be slaughtered the first thing in the morning: while the ice-cold hand which arrested my flight, was that of Paulo, who had been hunting for me, and by whom I was carried into the brave apartment I have mentioned, after I had swooned like a green girl at the scratching of a mouse behind the arras. But suppose I had been able by any means to make my escape out of the castle that night, and out of the forest afterwards—by my faith there would have been as veritable a bug as ever sent the blood from the pale cheeks of fear round a winter's fire."

There was an air of disappointment upon every face, save that of Hoodless Oliver, as Mr. Andrewe finished; for they all felt much the same chagrin that a company of epicures would experience who discovered they had been invited to a painted feast when their appetites were whetted for a real one. Their credulity and superstition were of so orthodox a character, indeed, that they almost doubted the propriety of turning into ridicule matters of such serious import as supernatural warnings, spectral visitations, and mysterious omens. Mrs. Trevanion even went so far as to insinuate that she believed the first part of her cousin's story, and not the second, observing that the former might be true, but she did not comprehend how the latter could be so; while Mr. Pendlebury expatiated very seriously upon the nature and office of ghosts, with the several lawful occasions of their appearance, as well as the laws by which they were governed.

"A ghost," said he, "that is, the spirit of a dead person, is commissioned to return to this world either upon some special errand, such as the discovery of a murder, to procure restitution of lands or money unjustly withheld from widows and orphans, or to redress some act of injustice committed by the deceased while living. Sometimes it is to inform an heir in what secret place treasures, or title-deeds to estates, are concealed. The ghost of a murdered person, whose

remains have not had christian burial is sure to wander about till his bones are taken up and deposited in consecrated ground. The heathens even knew this, though they united with it a piece of *idle superstition*, pretending that Charon was not permitted to ferry over the soul of an unburied person, but left it to wander up and down the banks of the river Styx for a hundred years."

"And what became of the poor thing, then?" inquired Mrs. Trevanion.

"After a hundred years, according to the silly notions of those pagan heathens," replied Mr. Pendlebury, "it was admitted to a passage."

"It is very curious," observed Mr. Randall, "that though a ghost is of so fine and subtle an essence, that it can pass through stone walls, doors, trees, and other substances, it can not only strike a violent blow, if affronted, but overturn all impediments in its way, like a whirlwind. I knew a Dutch Lieutenant who had the undoubted faculty of seeing ghosts; and he told me that neglecting once to make way for one which he saw approaching, he and some companions who were with him, were thrown furiously down and sorely bruised. He said, moreover, that the hand of the ghost was as cold as a clod."

"It is an equally curious fact," said Mr. Pendlebury, "that persons who are born on Christmas-eve, cannot see a ghost, and that ghosts themselves cannot appear on Christmas-eve. Master Shakespeare has mentioned this latter fact in his stage play of Hamlet,

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season
comes,

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad,

"How would you speak to a ghost, Mr. Pendlebury?" inquired Mrs. Trevanion.

"There is only one way of addressing them," replied Mr. Pendlebury gravely, "and that is, by calling upon them in the name of the three persons of the Trinity, to tell you who they are and what they want. It may sometimes be necessary to repeat this question three times, when, after the third time, the ghost in a low hollow voice will ex-

press its satisfaction at being spoken to, and declare its name and business. This being done it vanishes; most commonly in a flash of light. But you must be very careful of one thing, never to interrupt a ghost when it is speaking—it is most dangerous. Always wait patiently till it is done, and then ask any questions you may think necessary, provided they do not refer to its own state in the other world, or the condition there of any of its former acquaintance: this is sure to displease it, perhaps because it is forbidden to divulge such awful secrets."

"I should not have courage to speak first," observed Margaret Glenluce.

"Then, indubitably," replied Mr. Pendlebury, "there would be no conversation, for it has been found by universal experience, nay, the thing has been affirmed by ghosts themselves, that they have no power of speaking till they have been first spoken to. Hence it sometimes happens that a person is visited by a ghost for several years, merely because the person so visited has been afraid to speak to it."

"How do you account for the candles always burning blue when a ghost appears?" asked Mrs. Trevanion, "and that they generally choose twelve o'clock at night for their visits?"

"There is no accounting for these things," answered Mr. Pendlebury, "any more than we can account for their peculiar abhorrence of being laid in the Red Sea, which they are known to dread exceedingly; perhaps, because the difficulty is greater in getting out there, than when they are merely confined in the pummel of a sword, a barrel of beer, or the trunk of an oak."

"It is somewhat remarkable," observed Mr. Andrew, who had hitherto borne no part in this conversation, "that ghosts do not go about their business like people of this world. In cases of murder, for example, instead of proceeding to the next justice of the peace; and laying its information, or to the nearest relation of the person murdered, the ghost commonly appears to some poor knave, or draws the curtain of some palsied crone, or hovers about the spot where his body is deposited."

"It is presumptuous," replied Mr. Pendlebury, "to scrutinize too far into

those matters. Ghosts have undoubtedly forms and customs peculiar to themselves."

By this time the morning was so far advanced, and sundry household affairs

so urgently required the presence of Mrs. Trevanion and Margaret, that the story of Hoodless Oliver was again postponed, till the evening.

NAPHTAL.

OLD CLUBS AND NEW CLUBS.

THERE is no maxim better founded in human nature than that *similes similibus gaudent*, that birds of a feather flock together; and this principle it is that separates society into those little platoons into which, from time immemorial, more especially in England, it has been accustomed to divide itself. But as the progress of refinement has gradually changed our customs and modes of thinking, so likewise has it re-cast our club-houses, and thrown them into a totally different shape. In the olden times, and they were the times of England's glory, good fellowship was cemented by good living; if men were haunted with care during the toil and trouble of the day, they forgot all at night over the solace of the social bowl. With them Time winged his flight merrily. They did not sigh and turn their eye-balls upwards, as in these devout days, but there was an honest benevolence in the countenance, and joy in the heart. Knavery and fraud did not then, as now, do their work under the mask of piety. They did not, like our anointed, say a long grace over the flour, thanking God for his mercy, in not leaving them, as they had left others, to feed upon the bran. Honesty and kind-heartedness were the order of the day, and the sum of human enjoyment was the festivity of a *Beef-steak Club*. Mirth, jollity, and good humour flowed round with every full cup, and at every round kindled a new spark of wit, and drew forth a fresh gust of merriment. Those times are gone by. We are become either *serious* Christians, too pure for conviviality, or Fashionists, too well bred to endure the grossness of a horse-laugh. It is a breach of the king's peace, which the laws teach us to hold in abhorrence. Our open-hearted gaiety is gone; we have gravity and cant in the room of it, and after all what are we the winners?

The corkscrew has elicited more of that *puissance surnaturelle*, which is the

soul of social intercourse, than all the assembled *literati* that were ever drawn together. The most distinguished club formerly existing in Ireland, was that of the *Monks of the Screw*. The celebrated CURRAN was grand Prior of the order, and he had for his brethren the most illustrious characters of the day: Flood, Grattan, Father O'Leary, Lord Charlemont, the three Judges Day, Chamberlaine, and Medge: Bowes Daly, George Ogle, Lord Avonmore, and other names which it feasts an Irishman's memory to recal, and makes him proud of heart to record. It was a glorious fraternity of genius and wit, that cast our *Pic-nic Club* and our *Four-in-hand Club* completely into the shade. Of the former, Col. GREVILLE, the then leader of the ton, was at the head; but the mere fooleries of fashion cannot long bear up against the scoff of ridicule, and the pic-nics soon died a natural death. The latter, which originated in the paltry ambition of rivalling the mail-coach *whips*; created at first a stare of astonishment, and afterwards a smile of contempt. It soon came to be considered as a sad libel on the rising nobility, that the most conspicuous among them were so destitute of all true taste and real talent, that time could ripen them into nothing better than respectable stage-coachmen. Accordingly they soon ceased to drive their splendid equipages to Salt-hill and back; vulgar curiosity ceasing to be excited, the enthusiasm of their vanity faded away, and after having edified the public by showing what they *could* do, they obtained from it no other reward than the compliment of being at least innocent simpletons, who, though they could do nothing better, might have done worse.

We have had no want of political clubs, but all clubs of this description are fast going out of repute. The Whig Club, the Fox Club, the Pitt Club, have gradually sunk into an obscurity

from which they are never likely to recover. The reason of this is, that in proportion to the progress of knowledge in a nation is the progress of rational and independent thinking; and in the same proportion that men think for themselves, they discover the folly as well as the danger of suffering any man or set of men to think for them. Time was when the mass of the community gave themselves no concern about who were their political rulers. While the darkest and most desperate intrigues were carrying on with a view to getting possession of the reins of government, the majority went quietly to their rest and waked early to their labour, caring nothing as to who was successful in the struggle. Party was arrayed against party, and leader against leader, and all who busied themselves with politics enlisted under the banners of the one or the other, as their opinions or their interest dictated. But the fonts are all destroyed at which *Pittites* and *Foxites* were christened. The followers seceded as they grew wiser, and at length ceased to acknowledge any legitimate authority in their chiefs. They saw that whichever party was in power, whether Whigs or Tories, the game of self-aggrandisement went on all the same at the expense of the people, and they accordingly withdrew their confidence decidedly and for ever from both. I say for ever, because the empire of reason is too strong for mere authority to cope with it. Formerly boys were boys all their lives; now their minds strengthen as their beards grow, and their docility vanishes with their ignorance. They do not throw up their hats to huzza the leader of this or that party, but follow steadily in the wake of public opinion: of that public opinion which is the only genuine *collective wisdom*. Wisdom collected in the school of experience; stripped of all selfishness; looking only to the public interest, and caring only for the public good.

There is, however, a natural tendency in men of similar sentiments and opinion, to gravitate towards each other. That principle of *elective attraction*, which forms the grand basis of chemistry, seems to run more or less through the whole human race. It pervades all genders, masculine, feminine, and neuter. It is on this principle alone that *love at first sight* is to be accounted for. It is this

principle that makes Cupid play all sorts of antics. It is this principle that carries us in crowds to the Temple of Hy-men. Apparently the world could not go on without it. The lighter the bodies, the greater their cohesive tendency. It is well known that two cork balls, swimming on the water, run towards each other with an accelerated motion, and stick together; in like manner, between the sexes, two fools' heads, when brought by accident within view of each other, manifest that mutual preference which ends in linking the owners for life; and it is by the tender pledges of their union that the breed of blockheads is multiplied *ad infinitum*, and an everlasting succession of members furnished to the *Club of Humdrums*.

I have no doubt but that there are certain mortals made up of kindred mould, the particles of which have a secret magnetic property which tends to bring them into contact. I have no doubt but that fat people feel always inclined to give the fraternal embrace to the plump and well-favoured, and that they feel a sort of instinctive disinclination to a spare-rib. Addison, in the *Spectator*, bears testimony to this. "I know," says he, "a considerable market-town in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain each other with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the former he was looked upon as not qualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons. In opposition to this society, there sprung up another, composed of scare-crows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren whom they represented as men of most dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the ma-

gistracy. Those factions tore the corporation to pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation, that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs, by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean."

Now we may be quite sure, without knowing the parties, that this ill-assorted junction was productive of eternal dissension. That the worshipful bench was at loggerheads. How could it be otherwise? could it be endured that a lank scare-crow should rattle his bones in the ears of a brother magistrate that, without straining a button, could button six men in his waistcoat? Such contrarieties cannot co-exist. It is a fact well known in natural philosophy, that where the sphere of attraction ends, repulsion begins. Fat and lean are antagonist powers. What connexion, for instance, can the half-starved and slender curate have with the double-chinned and portly bishop? What, among churchmen, have Pharaoh's lean kine to do with the episcopally-stalled ox?

It is certainly most desirable, not only that persons whose mortal mould partakes of the same common properties, should herd together, but that those whose intellectual materials are of similar compound should keep aloof from all those with whom they have by nature no common relation. Individuals of the same party, and of the same opinions, whether in religion or politics, should live as much as possible in a circle of their own. It is fit that whigs should associate with whigs—tories with tories—and that honest men should keep apart from both as having no affinity with either. Such should be the rule of classification in the world of politics. In the theological world, let sectarians, of whatever class, stand or fall by their order. Let the saints keep to their communion. Let methodists congregate with methodists, and be left to fleece and fool their followers in their own way. Let us leave these fanatical belligerents in the warfare against morality, to go canting on in their path Zion-wards as it best may suit their pockets and their purpose; for what after all is the society of methodists but a religious club on a large scale, in which the

stewards of the mysteries get their meals free cost?

So strong an advocate am I for the establishment of clubs and club-houses, that not only would I have them instituted for persons of similar characters and pursuits, but for all individuals having the same organic defects. For example if those who stammer and stutter in their speech had their own *conversazioni* from which all were excluded that did not boggle at every third word what a blessing it would be. Each would be indulgent to his own defect in the person with whom he was discoursing, and instead of holding an irritable and impatient neighbour by the button-hole, he would be listened to by every one with delight; each of the company being rejoiced to find another that hesitated and sputtered more than himself. It is a wise contrivance that brings men together, who bear each others infirmities with a noble tranquillity. What an endless source of mutual consolation would it be were all who have the ill-fortune to be hunch-backed to form themselves into a society? What better denomination than *The Crumpt Brothers*? Every member of the convention by courtesy a *lord*! an aristocracy of humps! Surely such a fraternity is worthy a club-house at the west-end. There would be infinite philosophy in such an institution. It is either Pope or Swift, I forget which, that gives an account of *The Society of Short Fellows*, who combined to keep up the dignity of littleness against the assumed pre-eminence of men of taller stature. They had the door of the club-room made so low as to admit no man above five feet high without brushing his fore-top. The day of their institution was in December on the shortest day of the year, on which day they held an annual feast over a dish of shrimps. Now to my thinking, there is much sound sense in all this. How much better is it that those only should meet who thus keep one another in countenance, and who are made happy and contented by the exclusion of all humiliating contrast?

As to our modern club-houses, magnificent as they are, I have no taste for them. The naval and military may melt their *United Service* into one mass without the dead weight becoming one atom lighter, or our wooden walls a jot

more secure. Such clubs are but *holy alliances* on a small scale. There is, however, one class of parliament men and politicians whom I could wish would form themselves into an association; I mean the *trimmers*, who were they to elect SIR ROBERT PEEL as their president, would present in his person a fair specimen of the order. The members would be of the class so well described by DRYDEN in his epilogue to the Duke of Guise:

Nor whigs nor tories they—nor this, nor that—

Not birds nor beasts, but just a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With tory wings, but whigish teeth and claws.

This class of politicians, so long as no adequate enticement calls them aside, keep on the even tenour of their way, and thus gain a character for consistency, but wherever the road divides they never fail to take that which leads to the best-watered pastures.

I mean at some future day to employ myself in drawing up a set of rules and regulations by which a club of this description—and of certain others which I am desirous to set on foot—may be best conducted. I had intended to have forwarded them with the enclosed, but the

prevailing dread of *cholera morbus* has at present so strong a tendency to keep every man apart from his neighbour, that I defer it until this anti-social charm has abated. There is, besides, the all-absorbing subject of reform which at this moment engrosses all heads—the wisest and the weakest—and which presents such a fruitful source of discord and division that it will be useless to hoist a new union flag for any purpose till that question is set at rest. If you broach any other topic there is no getting a word in edgewise. But the war of faction, let us hope, will not last long. The squabble for power will in all likelihood, end in both sides coming to a compromise. Till then all will be cavil, heart-burning, and discontent.

They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.

Having got each their trough filled, the storm will be appeased and they will hereafter dwell together in unity. As for us of the swinish multitude, we shall have the public burden shifted from the right shoulder to the left, and be sent home to read the reformed liturgy in thankfulness and peace.

S.

--- --- EVENING IN ITALY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is a lovely evening—o'er the sky
There is a blended gold and crimson dye:
The sun has set, but still the quivering trees
Glitter like gems when answering to the breeze;
And the broad river, as it rolls away,
Bears on its wave that last and lingering ray,
Which slowly fading in the glowing west,
Yet sheds its brightness on the water's breast.

How glorious is the scene! this is the hour
When young hearts beat with passion; and the pow'r
Of fancy is unlimited—when mirth
Wakens glad echoes on the listening earth—
When dance and song are sweetest! Look on them—
The merry dancers—neither gold nor gem
Sparkle in that gay group; but flashing there
Dark eyes are shedding lustre: foreheads fair,
And smooth, (as *hers*, who won with woman-wile
The sage Ulysses to her blooming Isle,)
Wreathed with their long black tresses, mingle there;
And smiles are on each lip, and in each tone,
For theirs are hearts which never yet have known,
The cold corroding of a world of guile!



EVENING IN ITALY.
Engraved by the Castle from a Painting by Claude Lorraine.
 For the ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE, and Published by
 W. Smith & James, Strand.

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How glorious is the scene ! Far as the eye
 Can take its beauties in, you may descry
 The windings of a soft and smiling stream,
 Rippling and dancing in day's dying beam.
 Mountains which seem to rest against the clouds,
 And half infolded in their vapoury shrouds ;
 Looking like giant guardians of the land,
 Which nature decked with such a lavish hand ;
 The land of loveliness, the land of song—
 Of beauty, grace, and music—heavenly throng !
 Where his soft lyre Apollo sweetest strung,
 Where Titian painted, and where Tasso sung !
 More near, half hidden among leafy trees,
 A holy convent stands ; the choral strain
 Raised by the sisters, swells upon the breeze,
 And reaches the gay dancers on the plain ;
 While ringing shrilly down the narrow dell,
 They hear the warning of the turret-bell.
 Sudden their revel ceases ; with bent head
 They turn in reverence towards that convent dim,
 And with clasped hands, and lips whence smiles have fled,
 They mingle in the Virgin's Evening Hymn.
 'Tis done—the prayer is said—again are met
 The merry laugh and lively castanet ;
 And twilight steals full many a scene from view,
 Ere ling'ringly they murmur out ' Adieu ;'
 And, winding homeward, seek that sweet repose
 Which Innocence can yield, and Virtue knows.

ALSINGHAM.

" Look upon this face,
 Examine every feature and proportion,
 And you with me must grant this rare piece finish'd ;
 Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
 Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.
 Yet, to increase your pity, and call on
 Your justice with severity, this fair outside
 Was but the cover of a fairer mind."—*Massinger*.

THE Alsinghams were an old, respectable, and wealthy family ; one of the name had been a courtier, but it was in the reign of the first Charles, and since that period all political and courtly ambition had been extinct in his descendants. The hall was a venerable old structure, with its deeply-set windows, huge doors, and lengthy galleries, in one of which figured all the Alsinghams, from the doughty founder of the family, and his closely-garbed and pious-looking dame, to its last representative and his more courtly lady, in the undress costume of eighteen hundred and — ; but I hate dates—they identify too much, and enable the over-curious

reader, with but a slight knowledge of the *locale*, to determine county, race, and identity.

Burton Alsingham, the present possessor of the domain and independence of his family, had early in youth induced his too indulgent father reluctantly to yield to his deep and settled wish of passing over to the continent, for the purpose of receiving his education in a college of Jesuits ; in an evil hour did he comply. Burton had ever been a sad and a silent boy, and his very selection of such a home for his youth, in preference to the smiling one in which his mother presided, bespoke the waywardness of his mood, and the gloom of his

natural temperament. Burton bade adieu to his parents and to his brother, and departed for France; years rolled away, but he betrayed no desire to return to his native country; and the self-expatriated youth, at stated periods, announced by a cold but courteous letter, to the inhabitants of the hall, that the heir of Alsingham yet remembered the place of his birth and heritage, and this was all. The health of Mr. Alsingham at length became so precarious that it was judged expedient to urge more strenuously the return of his eldest son, and the summons was obeyed; but he arrived only in time to lay his father beside his ancestors; a sudden increase of his disorder had overcome the failing strength of the invalid, and his son looked on him no more in life. Lady Jane, his widow, was still in the full bloom of matronly beauty: she had married very early in youth the man to whom she had given her heart, and herself the object of a pure, disinterested love, though the sister of a Scottish peer, she had never learned to regret having become the wife of an English commoner. Lady Jane had no daughter, but benevolence had supplied this void in her affections, when it instigated her to cherish, with all a mother's tenderness, the young and orphaned Alison Graham. Alison was the only child of a dear and lost friend, one who had been compelled to a repugnant marriage, and who had abridged the bitterness of an ill-assorted union by an early and heart-broken death; and it might be that the melancholy of the mother's spirit had descended to the child, for the fair cheek of Alison Graham was seldom flushed with mirth, and her beauty was that of the heart—calm, placid, and reflective. Alison had the golden hair, pure brow, and bright blue eye of her country; she had been the prettiest fairy that ever trod hill-side by moonlight, or playfully scattered the light thistle-down by her breath in the gloaming, but those days were past—the child had looked on her mother's corse, and the maiden still remembered her bereavement! Hitherto Alison Graham had never seen either of the sons of Lady Jane, but she had heard much of the gay mood of the young soldier, and the saturnine habits of the "boy misanthrope," as Burton had been in his youth designated by the neighbouring gentry; and

many were the tales told by the garrulous old housekeeper: tales treasured in the mind of Alison with the memory of her mother, and listened to with all the energy of a young and unoccupied spirit; imagination filled up every void in the picture, and even as a stranger, the beautiful orphan had learned to pale at the name of Burton, and to smile at that of Frederick, when Lady Jane, with all a mother's pride, talked of her boys—her first-born exile, and her honour-seeking soldier. Frederick had not visited the hall for eight long years, and Lady Jane awaited with anxiety the termination of a foreign war, when her brave son, for brave she felt he must be, would be again restored to his country and to her.

"Yonder is Mr. Alsingham's travelling-chaise, Madam," said a female attendant to the trembling Alison, as she hurriedly clasped the girdle of the mourning robe in which she was to meet, for the first time, the dreaded master of Alsingham—the dear old hall in which she had passed so many peaceful years.

"Surely not yet," exclaimed the agitated girl, rushing to the window; "but yes, it is—it must be. Heavens! how the horses fly. And Lady Jane, where is she? and his poor father!" and Alison sank on a chair as cold as marble, and as tearless; her attendant withdrew to join the other domestics in the hall, and the orphan remained motionless, with a nameless and indefinable dread. She was aroused by a gentle touch, and she started and looked up.

"Alison, my daughter," said the low subdued voice of Lady Jane, "will you not welcome Burton Alsingham to his paternal home? Come, my child, and smile upon my son, for alas! his best welcome will still be wanting."

Miss Graham obeyed in silence; her extended arm supported the agitated form of her protectress, and together they descended to the hall. The steps of Mr. Alsingham's travelling-chariot were already let down, and in another moment he was beside them. Burton had left England a cold, repelling, silent boy—he now returned to it a colder, more repelling and more silent man; his full black eyes were keen, and clear, and searching; his cheek and brow pallid and bloodless, his step slow and

measured, his voice deep, and his accent slightly foreign. He bowed respectfully on the hand of Lady Jane, passed her adopted child without a glance, and desired an attendant to conduct him to the apartment of his father: such a meeting, after so many years of absence, chilled the warm heart of the mother. She threw her arms round the neck of Alison, and fainted.

The excitement attendant on her husband's obsequies soon terminated, and Lady Jane felt that she was indeed widowed; her son she met only at the dinner-hour, or by accident. At the first he was cold, dignified, and too studiously well-bred for home—there was no unbending, no moment of mental relaxation, no indulgence of any of the gentler feelings; all was calm, polished, shadowless refinement; if chance produced a second meeting, he bowed seriously and silently, and stood still until Lady Jane had passed him. Once only he inquired for his brother—eagerly was he answered—told of his advancement, his valour, and his generous spirit. He expressed himself rejoiced at his success, and the subject was never resumed.

Since the arrival of Mr. Alsingham, the old library, hitherto the source of many happy hours to the orphan, became sacred to him alone; it was his favourite and perpetual haunt, and there needed no request on his part to ensure its solitude: hours did he spend there, seated at a window which opened on the old wood, listening to the wild music of a wind-harp, lost alike to his family and to the world. To a woman of Lady Jane's ardent and affectionate nature, this cold heart-shutting indifference became, after a time, intolerable. "I must, I will expostulate with him," she said aloud, as outwearied by the excitement of her own feelings she one day started from her seat; and while Alison gazed on her in trembling astonishment, she left the apartment. There could be but one interpretation of her words, and the orphan shuddered at her resolve; for myself, thought she, I would as readily rouse the lion in his lair as Mr. Alsingham: and she waited in breathless anxiety the return of her protectress.

Lady Jane found her son in his usual haunt; a large black-letter volume before him, and the wind-harp mingling its music with the sighing of the breeze

through the old elms. He arose as she entered, placed a chair for her near the open window, closed, and clasped the book with which he had been engaged, and resuming his own seat, remained silent; the pause was painful to his visitor, and she strove at once to terminate it. "Mr. Alsingham," she commenced, "this is, if I mistake not, your seven-and-twentieth birth-day, and you will, I trust, pardon my intrusion, caused as it is by my anxiety to tender to you the fondest wishes for your welfare"—her son bowed in silence. "Other considerations also," she resumed, falteringly, "have determined me to presume thus far, as your mother—as your friend."—Burton smiled, faintly, with the cold smile of grateful politeness, and she continued: "You are yet at the age of hope—a widowed heart is not befitting the mistress of this ancient house."—She paused.

"You would have me marry, Madam," was the reply.

"Yes, Burton, I would have you seek a wife who can participate in your feelings, share your anxieties, and gild your hours of happiness with a brighter gleam."

"I do not ask or wish so much, Madam: my feelings are too deep for a woman's fathoming—my anxieties are few and trivial, and beyond a woman's sympathy—my hours of happiness are of my own creation, independent of external agency, and equally beyond a woman's participation—I shall be content with much less than this."

"Then why," commenced Lady Jane, eagerly, "do you not"—

"I will tell you, Madam," said her son, "because I have learnt that women love not a dark countenance, and a darker spirit—they look for flowers, and sunshine, and smiles, and—all that Burton Alsingham is not." After a moment's silence he resumed. "And were it not so, I could not love a woman because she had a noble dowry; I do not want riches, and were it even otherwise, last of all would I be the debtor of my wife—my family requires no ennobling at my hands, for to add ought to the consequence of the name of Alsingham were but to gild a golden relic—too vain a pastime for me, at least; and thus I seek not to barter my independence for a high-sounding title. When I marry,

Madam, I must be loved—loved exclusively, devotedly—and where,” he asked bitterly, “where is the woman who could so love Burton Alsingham?”

“Let me entreat you, for my sake, to think otherwise, if you will not for your own;” persisted his mother. “These thoughts and opinions, if encouraged, will embitter an existence which would otherwise be brilliant: let me see you more tolerant of the world’s ways—more a sharer in its gaieties.”

“Madam,” replied Alsingham firmly, “I cannot be gay; when did the silent boy and the sad youth ever make a mirthful man? And who would look for light laughter or blithe jest from one who is half a Jesuit?”

“Burton! my son!” exclaimed Lady Jane, and a tear fell on her cheek.

“I said but half a Jesuit, Madam;” and he strove to smile. “I remembered too well what I owed alike to my family and to you, to become more.”

“Trust me, Alsingham,” said his mother, rallying, “a fond heart and a fair face would soon arouse you from these gloomy visions, were you not too proud to owe your emancipation from this mental thralldom to a woman’s love.”

“I am not proud, Madam; I have been reared in the school of humility, tutored in self-denial, exercised in self-examination and self-knowledge—they were no lady-lips which taught me the lesson, nor did it fall on a heart likely to forget its import.”

“Would that you could love Alison Graham,” murmured Lady Jane, “and that she were indeed my daughter.”

“Alison Graham!” echoed her son, and for the first time his cheek crimsoned and his voice shook. “Madam, Miss Graham were a fitter bride for the gay gallant who basks in the beam of fashion, and plays courtier to the world, than for me—she is too costly a toy for my hour of pastime—no, no, Madam, she would never be the bride of your son,—of your elder son.”

“Could you love her, Burton?”

“Do we love the air we breathe, and the sunlight in which we revel?” demanded Alsingham, passionately, “Do we—but I am a child. No, Madam, I could not love her, for I have a soul too haughty to be blighted by a woman’s scorn. Had I been other than I am,

I might have loved her, but now I *will not*.”

“It is enough;”—said his mother, and with a rapid step she quitted the library; but her speed slackened ere she reached the apartment in which the timid Alison sat anxiously awaiting her return. “He has a heart, my child,” she said, in an agitated tone, as she took a seat beside the orphan, “a proud, deep, sensitive heart—one which may indeed break, but which no weight of suffering could ever bend.”

“You speak of Mr. Alsingham, Madam,” said Alison.

“Yes, of my son, my noble-minded son. There is a shade upon his nature, Alison, I know it; you have seen me weep over the conviction, but I knew not on how beautiful a spirit that cloud rested. He has a proud soul, but it is not—no”—and Lady Jane really believed herself sincere as she said it, “it is not a stern one.” There was the pause of a moment, and she resumed. “He wants to be loved, Alison;—to see some fond heart cling to him as its best possession—to be the object of affection, of anxiety, of solicitude.”

“Mr. Alsingham, Madam, seek to be so loved?” murmured her trembling and astonished auditor.

“Yes, Alison, with an exclusive, a devoted love, a love to which even the tenderness of a mother must yield in fervour and in depth—it is thus *he* loves, my child, with all the deep, unwearied, silent strength of concentrated feeling, and even thus that he would himself be loved.”

“His must be indeed a fearful passion!” breathed the orphan, and she pressed her hand upon her eyes, as if to shut out the idea.

“Fearful only in its blight, gentle one,” said Lady Jane, soothingly; “and one which woman may well be proud to win; and now, look on me, my fair girl,” and she softly parted the golden curls on the brow of Alison, which had suddenly become blanched with a feeling of prophetic dread; “look on one who feels towards you all a mother’s tenderness, and who would fain have a lawful right to be so addressed by her adopted child;—look on me, and tell me—could you not love my son?”

“Love your son, Lady Jane!” exclaimed the affrighted girl, springing

from her side. "Love Mr. Alsingham! him, from whom I have ever shrunk with fear and awe? You do not, cannot ask me to love him! Bid me do all but this, and I will obey you—be it hardship, be it suffering."—And she stood in the centre of the floor, and shook back the long tresses which waved over her forehead, and drew up her graceful figure to its full height. "This alone is beyond my power; I remember my mother, and I shrink from the unfathomable gulf of blighted feeling and unhallowed existence—I have been reared in gentleness, and have grown into womanhood amid smiles;—and the contrast"—and she covered her face with her spread hands, and bent her head heavily on her bosom—"the contrast is fearful."

"Unhappy Burton!" murmured Lady Jane: but she breathed it more in sorrow than reproach.

"Forgive me, my more than mother," exclaimed Alison, subdued by that low and heart-inspired tone; "forgive me!" In the next instant she was at the feet of her protectress, with her pale face buried in her robe. "I will—I do love your son, Lady Jane; that he is such is enough. I will learn to love him as he requires to be loved—give him my every thought, my every care. I will be his wife, and from that hour"—and again the bitterness of the sacrifice betrayed itself in her tone, "from that hour I will have no other hope—I will love"—and her voice sank to a whisper—"even unto death, as my mother loved!" And when she looked up, there was a rigidity about her mouth, and a coldness in her eye, which gave a strange calm to her countenance. The silence which ensued was broken only by the sobs of Lady Jane, for Alison breathed slowly and steadily.

"On either side a victim!" murmured the mother; "and which to choose?—the son of my hope, or the daughter of my heart—"

"Be it the last, Madam," said Alison, rising from her knees, "be it the child of your benevolence, whose only duty is to bend to your slightest wish—whose very sacrifice of life were inadequate to cancel the weight of gratitude she owes you. Go to your son, Madam, go to Mr. Alsingham"—and for a moment she paused, and there was a tremulous quivering of the eyelid, and flushing

of the brow, "and tell him that from this hour I will love him as fondly as my nature will permit, and that ere long I will feel for him all he requires—all he demands of me—or that my heart shall break in the effort."

"My noble-minded child!" exclaimed the weeping mother, as she strained her to her bosom, "would that—but no—look up, my Alison, my more than daughter: from this hour the fondest hope of our proud and ancient house."

But Alison replied not; a convulsive shuddering passed over her frame: she pressed her lips hurriedly to the hand of her protectress, and withdrew.

Burton heard that his suit had been prosperous, and he sought no further. With such a man, to love was to be devoted, absorbed, jealous of every moment of absence, delirious with a deep unnatural joy; and the heart-sickening Alison was the victim of incessant, tormenting, unrelaxed attentions, so calm, so quiet, and so unobtrusive in their observance, that she almost hated herself for feeling irritable with their author; but however the spirit of the orphan might shrink from the son of her benefactress, the same cold sweet smile was ever on her lip, and neither Lady Jane, or the self-deceiving lover of Miss Graham remarked the increasing pallor of her cheek, or the deepening sadness of her manner.

Months wore away thus. To Burton they were months of enjoyment, of happiness, of a new and brilliant existence, hallowed by affection and heightened by hope; but with Alison they sped on in that dreary monotony of heart-void and spirit-loathing which saps the very principle of existence, and does the work of ruin more effectually, when woman is its victim, than the most active suffering. I have said that Alison was beautiful—lovely with intellectual beauty—and such loveliness sorrow rather deepens than destroys; her soul shone out in every lineament, and the charm grew with melancholy. To a gayer and a more worldly lover, Miss Graham might have appeared less attractive; but to Burton Alsingham, unconscious as he was of the cause, this gloom became another and a firmer heart-fetter. He could sit beside her for hours, and she never severed the connecting link of his imaginings by a word or a look; she talked

not in their moments of converse of the world he hated, for she knew it not. She never combated his sentiments or his opinions, when perchance the proud spirit bent for an instant to give them utterance; for from the day in which she had yielded herself to his suit, all were alike to her, and she held Mr. Alsingham in too much dread to venture a dissent, had she yet felt one. The crimsoning of her usually pallid cheek on his entrance, the nervous tremour which shook her whole frame as he courteously but calmly touched her hand,—these indications of a dread, which baffled all her efforts to suppress them, were read far otherwise by Alsingham; to him they were but the chastened betrayals of affection and devotedness. She smiled too, on his every effort to instruct or to amuse, and he sought not to look beyond that smile; it was a beautiful veil cast over expiring hope, and his hand never raised it. Well had it been for Alison had no other plucked it aside.

It was a lovely evening, in early autumn; the leaves were yet firm upon the branches which they had clad throughout the gladsummer, but they now gleamed in a thousand shades of gold and orange, glittering to the setting sun; the rose-branch still flowered to the zephyr, but its blossoms were paler and less glowing than their wont; and the low song of the nightingale came languidly on the ear, as though it wailed over the faded beauties of its floral goddess. To Alison such an evening was congenial; it told of past brightness, of present withering, and of coming decay—she looked into her own heart, and she read the likeness. Still was Lady Jane the same kind and indulgent friend: changed perhaps only by an increase of affection and endearment, but the bent spirit could not rebound as it had once done to every touch of kindness; it was felt, but it was no longer answered as it had been. Alison's very nature was perplexed; there were moments in which she wept her weak acquiescence in her own misery—others in which she prayed even for death to release her from her iron destiny—and utter indeed must be the hopelessness of the heart which in life's morning can sorrow after extinction—gnawing the misery which can prompt its victim in the full rush of beauty and of youth to cast them off for

ever in the grave; to exchange the world's smiling courtesies for the darkness of the tomb, and the world's revels for the companionship of the mould-warp and the earthworm. Alison had learned to sigh even for this, and meanwhile, to use the words of the elegant "*Delta*,"

She grew the very dream of what she was.

On this lovely autumnal evening the little group had assembled in an apartment which overlooked the spacious gardens of the hall, and the light breathings of the wind came through the open windows, freighted with the perfume of a thousand flowers; while the sunbeams were cast back by the foliage of the graceful shrubs which basked in their brightness; but the occupants of the splendid apartment reflected not the glow of nature. Lady Jane sat with her eyes fixed on her adopted daughter, with an expression of melancholy consciousness; those of Burton were also riveted on Alison, but they were vivid with intense happiness. Alsingham had ever been a moody man, and he was a silent lover; for such a nature as his passion had no anxiety. Unaccustomed to the blight of contradiction and disappointment, his love was one vast feeling of quiet and satisfied devotion. He loved Alison, and she was to be his—there was no romance in this, his heart's first episode, and Alsingham dreamt not that it could be otherwise.

"What a glorious evening!" at length murmured Lady Jane, anxious to dissipate the feeling which oppressed her. "Sunshine, flowers, and sweet odours are blended like the colours of a fairy web—we want but music to complete the charm. Burton will reach your harp, my Alison, and you shall be our minstrel."

Alsingham quietly but readily obeyed; he placed the instrument just where a burst of sunshine entered the apartment, and seated himself beside it. Alison drew her harp into deeper shade, and bent for a moment over its strings. How she had loved it once! One large tear fell on her calm pale cheek, and but one; in another instant the low wild tones of a prelude, replete with pathos and beauty, gave utterance to the sadness of her spirit, then the strings were swept with a more measured touch, and as she leant yet more closely over the chords, she breathed out, in a voice of

the most thrilling melody, two stanzas of a quaint and simple ballad :

The dark knight came to his lady's bower,
But she said him ever nay ;
" Sir knight, your love-vows have no power,
For my heart is far away."

Yet still he sued—fond words were spoken ;
Why did the dark knight stay ?
The hand is but a priceless token,
When the heart is far away.

" And man stood listening as the syren sung," exclaimed a gay voice, as the last scarce-audible chord ceased to vibrate, and at the same moment the speaker hastily entered the room.

" My son !" gasped Lady Jane, convulsively.

" My mother !" echoed the equally excited Frederick, as he strained his last parent to his heart—it was but the action of a moment, but it told volumes of feeling to the spirit of Alison Graham : volumes, which for her peace she never should have scanned,

" And this," said the young soldier, as he gently withdrew himself from the embrace of his mother, and extended his hand to Burton, " this is then my brother."

Burton took the offered hand, and bowed on it in silence. His dark cheek crimsoned, for the eye of Alison Graham was on the stranger.

" And here, doubtless, I greet Miss Graham," pursued the youth as he met that intense gaze, " her to whom the sons of Lady Jane Alsingham owe uncancellable obligations—let us not meet as strangers;" and the hand yet warm from the touch of Burton was extended to his mistress. " But as old, and tried, and——"

" Enough, Sir !" sternly interposed Mr. Alsingham. " We are ordinary people at Alsingham Park, and all unused to scenes. Miss Graham, suffer me to lead you to a seat—you are agitated, Madam, by such unusual vehemence."

Alison obeyed in silence: her hand was withdrawn from Frederick, and placed in that of his brother; the young soldier started as though an adder had stung him, and the blood mounted to his brow; but he met the beseeching eye, and pale lip of his mother, and he was silent.

Burton stood beside his mistress, quivering with a new and terrible emo-

tion—every feature was convulsed, every nerve shook—his arms were folded tightly on his breast—his lips were compressed—his eyes distended—boundless and deep, even beyond his own consciousness, had been the love of Burton; silently and suddenly had it sprung into existence, and even with the same vastness and velocity had a new feeling succeeded it: one look from Alison, one tone from Frederick, had roused the sleeping demon, and Alsingham's jaundiced spirit taught him that he had met in the same hour a brother and a rival. There was no struggle of his better nature—even as he resigned himself to his love for Alison, when he deemed it utterly beyond hope, did he now yield himself up to this new feeling—his gloom deepened into ferocity—his quiet observance of all Miss Graham's wishes degenerated into haughty neglect—and in the moments when his love most swayed him, he would quit her presence, and in solitude and silence tutor himself to coldness and distrust. This dark and hopeless change was another blast sweeping over the bruised reed, and Alison rather marvelled than mourned at a mode of conduct which exempted her from the penance of perpetual solicitude, and promised so soon to terminate an existence which, since her meeting with Captain Alsingham, had become doubly hateful. Need I say that there were moments when the chilled spirit warmed into excitement at the looks and tones of Frederick, when her dread of Burton grew into horror, and her feeling towards his brother almost assumed to her own heart, the semblance of a new, and unwelcome passion? Frederick was a very sunbeam! what wonder if the clouds of Burton's nature appeared doubly dark from the association?

Autumn was spent; and winter had laid his icy hand on nature, and blighted her last blossoms; no cheering sun-blinks softened down the dreariness of hoar-clad vegetation—the days were dark and sullen, and gusty; and the chilled eye shrank from external objects, and the heart clung to home—but Alison's home was not what it had been—many and varying feelings were at war within her, and for the first time in her life there was a sensation of self-accusation mingling with the rest, as her thoughts glanced at Frederick; and too

long did those truant thoughts linger there, even at the very moment when they had won blame from her pure heart—she sketched in voiceless vision, his high and manly brow, with the dark hair clustering round it in rich masses, looking as though they had been wrought in sable marble by some skilful statuary; the haughty lip with its black *moustache*; the full clear eye, and the smile which gave a burst like sunshine to the whole countenance: the tall and graceful form, and the almost feminine gentleness which seemed to sport with his military garb and lofty carriage—such was the mental vision of the beautiful orphan: and Frederick had his dreams also, but he had learned from the lips of his mother the hopes of Burton, and he dared not look beyond their fulfilment; as anxiously as Alison herself had Captain Alsingham avoided a meeting, save in the presence of the family—he had begun to fear himself, he scarce knew how, or why—to listen to Miss Graham, to look on her pale beauty, to meet her sad sweet smile—and to remember that she never could be his; this was the business of his life.

Miss Graham was seated near a small workstand, in the same apartment in which she had first seen Captain Alsingham; her embroidery had fallen from her clasped hands, and she sat buried in thought, at intervals a large tear fell on her bosom, but it was unheeded: little thought Alison as she gave herself up to the misery which oppressed her, in all the confidence of solitude, that any eye was on her; but at the threshold stood Frederick, gazing upon her with sad and earnest tenderness: “She is thinking of my brother,” he murmured to himself, “thinking of her future husband—of him with whom she is to travel through existence—beside whom she is to repose in the grave—from whom she is never more to part while her pulses vibrate! thinking of him,” and he shuddered at the conviction “in bitterness of spirit—in hopelessness of heart.”

As the idea crossed his mind, Alison raised her eyes to a likeness of himself, which was suspended immediately before her: unconsciously she extended her arms towards it for a moment, and then cheek, and brow, and bosom, crimsoned with emotion, and she buried her burn-

ing face in her spread hands; Frederick saw all, and felt its import—in a second he was at her feet, but she was unconscious of his presence; a low stifled sigh escaped her bosom, and again her arms were outspread as if to catch the phantom of a hope which was mocking her bewildered fancy; “Oh! had such been my fate!” she murmured beneath her breath, as her hands fell listlessly on the head of Frederick—Alison started, and looked down; her first impulse was to fly, but she could not; the blood rushed to her brow, and she burst into tears.

“Alison! my—sister—” faltered out Frederick, and their eyes met.

“Captain Alsingham—your brother—” uttered Miss Graham with difficulty, and again there was silence.

“What of my brother?” at length demanded Frederick reproachfully, “think you that I dread his displeasure, when I thus dare yours? Would you have me fear him, Alison?”

“Oh! no,” murmured Alison, “I know you could not—I would not that you should—and yet—rise, Captain Alsingham—there is something strange in this posture—this meeting—”

“Not strange to your heart, Alison; you had not now to learn—but enough—” he paused, and that pause wrought more on the struggling feelings of his auditor, than the most impassioned words.

“I must fulfil my fate—” said Alison faintly, “I owe it to gratitude, and to your mother.”

“And owe you nothing to happiness, and to yourself? Owe you nothing to the blighted feelings of others? Even gratitude may degenerate into weakness—and for my mother—think you—that she could exact such heavy interest for her past care, as your misery, repaid as it has already been by your own tenderness? I see your cheek grow pallid at the plainness of my words, how then will you support the reality at which they do but glance?—Rash girl!” he continued, losing in the excitement of the moment all memory of the circumstances which had hitherto ensured his silence, “remember that it is a life-sacrifice you contemplate—one effort, and you are free—”

“Free,—dishonoured—and despicable—alike to the world, and to myself;” said Alison proudly, as she withdrew her hand from his grasp, and rose from

her seat, "Captain Alsingham, you have this day outraged both your own feelings and mine—let this hour be forgotten, or remembered only with compunction and regret by both of us—as your friend—as your sister—" and her voice faltered as she extended her hand to the heart-chilled Frederick, "and as such only think of the unhappy Alison Graham."

"I will learn to emulate your virtue, beautiful Miss Graham;" said Captain Alsingham with emotion, as he pressed the offered hand to his lips. "I will endeavour to remember that you are my brother's promised bride, and I will strive to love even him who has undone us both."

"Hush, Frederick,"—whispered Alison, as her brow darkened for a moment, "no more of this for your own sake—for mine—for the sake of her—" and she drew closer to her auditor, and raised her large eyes steadily to his countenance, "of her, who ere long will be your sister."

Alsingham met the look, and felt the gentleness of the admonition, but ere he could reply to it, a step was heard in the gallery which led to the apartment, and he hastily relinquished the hand of Alison, and retreated to a window; in the next moment his brother entered: traces of agitation were yet visible on either countenance, and there still lingered a tear in the eye of the orphan, when she turned it on Burton: but he uttered no comment on her evident discomposure, or his brother's presence. It was a gloomy cheerless day, nothing was heard save the dreary sweeping of the wind through the leafless trees, or the chirping of a solitary bird, and nature looked rayless and uninviting. "I came, Miss Graham," he commenced courteously, but coldly, "in the idea of finding you disengaged."

Alison uttered a hasty assurance to that effect.

Burton bowed and continued, "We must not be too nice, Madam, in this dreary season, and thus impressed, I venture to propose to you a short ramble through the grounds; and should you politely accept the offer, myself as your companion."

"A ramble, Sir! Miss Graham!" exclaimed Frederick unguardedly, "in her failing state of health! surely you must jest—"

"I never was less inclined to jest, Captain Alsingham, and had I sought to do so, I should have chosen a more fitting subject.—Miss Graham has heard the expression of two opposing wishes;" he concluded bitterly, "it remains for her to decide between them."

"I am ready, Mr. Alsingham;" said Alison hurriedly, as she enveloped herself in a fur mantle, and glanced shudderingly at the casement, "I will not detain you an instant."

Frederick followed them with his eyes as they passed beneath the windows of the apartment in which they had quitted him; the slight and delicate form of the orphan supported by the arm of his brother, carefully, but not tenderly; not, he felt, as he would have supported her! her mantle swept rudely by the hoarse gusts of wind which at intervals passed over them, and her fair hair streaming from beneath the hood which she had drawn over it. Nearly an hour elapsed ere they returned, and with the quick perception of love, Captain Alsingham read a dark tale in the eye of the betrothed of Burton; there was an unnatural hectic on her cheek too, which accorded well with the cold light of that usually soft and downcast eye—a reckless misery in the glance which she turned on him as she entered, from which Frederick shrank with a spasm of unutterable emotion; and Alison retreated to her own apartment.

The tale of Miss Graham's increased melancholy was soon told; Alsingham was about to pass over to the continent, he condescended not to say wherefore, even to her; and he had obtained from the trembling, heart-bowed Alison, a promise to become his even on the morrow—her consent had been wrung from her in bitterness and in tears; and Burton, ruffled by another and a darker feeling than he had once cherished for her, seemed careless of winning a kinder.

All was astonishment and confusion throughout the household when the intelligence was disseminated, but in no bosom did it create such a pang as in that of Frederick; unconsciously, despite his better reason, he had clung to the wild hope that the gentle, beautiful, and cherished orphan might yet be his—but that hope was no more—Alison appeared not again that night, and a more than usual gloom pervaded the

spirits of the mother and her sons ; Burton, after a time, withdrew to the library with his steward, to arrange his departure for the continent ; Lady Jane soon exhausted her preparations for the hurried nuptials, so hurried as to leave her but scant power for preparation, and then with a brow which told but little of bridal hilarity, she joined her younger son : neither dared to touch upon the subject which alone absorbed their every idea, and the conversation was in consequence disjointed, irksome, and spiritless.

The dreaded morning rose ; dark and frowning ; not a sunbeam pierced the murky horizon, and the only smiles which cheered the bridal day were those of the happy domestics of Alsingham ; unskilled in the nicer subtilties of feeling, they knew but that their beloved and gentle Miss Graham was to be the bride of the heir of that noble house, the mistress of all its "pomp, and pride, and circumstance," and beyond this they had not a thought ; they beheld the pallor of the lady, but they knew not that it was the result of suppressed anguish ; they noted the tremour of her almost inaudible accents, during the irrevocable ceremony which united her to Mr. Alsingham, but they suspected no latent cause for her agitation, and as they uttered their respectful blessings on the newly married pair, they guessed not that one of them at least was beyond the blessing of a kneeling world !

Burton himself, roused into somewhat of emotion, pressed his pale bride to his heart, as they entered the hall on their return, and having in a courteous whisper welcomed her to her home, care-

fully supported her to the drawing-room where Lady Jane waited to receive her.

"My Alison !—my daughter !—" she exclaimed ardently, as she extended her arms to the victim—

Alison bent one long, despairing, agonized look on Frederick, ere she sank into the embrace of her mother—he forgot it not to his dying hour !—and then threw herself wildly upon her bosom ; there was no struggle of emotion, no spasm of suffering, as she lay there, folded in the fond arms of Lady Jane ; "My fair, my gentle girl !" murmured she fondly, "my own sweet Alison ! look up, my love—" but she spoke in vain—the weight grew heavy upon her neck—the arms relaxed, and fell powerless—the mother gave a wild shriek, and Frederick rushed forward to support his brother's bride—hurriedly he raised her veil—the lips were parted and colourless, the eyes wide and glassy, the form relaxed and nerveless—Alison was dead !

Mr. Alsingham passed to the continent, and died a Jesuit ; his brother gallantly terminated his existence on the field of honour, and the spirit-stricken Lady Jane sank broken-hearted into the grave. The estate passed to a distant branch of the family, and again festivity and happiness reigned through the hospitable mansion. The early and hapless fate of Alison Graham has become a mere family legend, a "tale for the winter hearth," and many a bright eye turns rather with envy of her beauty, than pity for her fate, on her pictured semblance, which occupies a panel on the left-hand wall of the spacious gallery.

S.S.

THE LADYE OF SCALOT AND SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

"These were the deeds of days of chivalrie,
Deeds of the fair and brave."

It is an antique legend of the days
When Arthur reign'd. Ah me ! if it be true
They were the very days of love : such love
As poets dream of, and as minstrels sing
When they would woo their ladies into smiles.
In sooth those days were passion's carnival !
But to my tale. I'll tell it e'en as he
Of glowing Italy, (from whence I drew

The sorrowing legend) painted it. How fair
Flow the soft accents of the parted bard,
Son of the land of poesie, and song,
Of flowers and azure skies ; where young romance
Waking, essay'd his gleaming wings, and sail'd
Through the soft atmosphere of love and joy ;
Where fiction's graceful vapours bore him up ;
And as he rested from his flight, he smiled
And furl'd his pinions, and attuned his lyre.
His first tale told he of a ladye's love :
His second of a good knight's chivalrie.
Sweetly they sounded in the sunny land ;
Where fairies, dwelling in the orange bloom,
Caught up the tale, and by the fire-fly's light
Retail'd it to the rose. Oh, yes ! 'twas here
That young Romance, first-born of song and flowers,
Linger'd so fondly. 'Twas beneath the sky
Of soft Ausonia, that he shook away
So many sparkling fictions from his wings ;
And in the language that he loved, perchance
Murmur'd the story I would fain relate ;
But, if it be so, it was in an hour
When he was touching palms with history,
And was abetted in the tale. 'Tis this :

THE TALE.*

The flower and pride of Arthur's chivalrie
Was he, the hero of this tearful lay,
The brave and courteous Lancelot Du Lake ;
Long had he been the vaunted child of fame,
The son of Victory, whom she had crown'd
With her own laurel chaplet ; bright-eyed Love
Had wreath'd his myrtle with it ; Happiness
Had twined her roses 'mid the verdant band ;
And well the coronal besecm'd his brow,
In fray and festival. The gallant knight
Had poised his honour on his weapon's point,
And guarded it so well, that no false hand
Could ever hurl it off ; and he it was
Who won the young heart of a gentle maid.
She was the daughter of a haughty race,
Whose love might have been held a princely gift,
Yet was it all unheeded. 'Tis the fate
Of but too many of the trusting sex
Who yield the boon unask'd. Sir Lancelot
Had woo'd a royal dame—Genivra, sung
By many a barder's ancient minstrelsie ;
And this first passion was too deep and proud
E'er to be blotted out : and yet, meseems,
Pity it was that thus a maiden's love
Should gain no guerdon but neglect and scorn.
Vain was her beauty, powerless was its spell
Where most its ministry might have avail'd
To win her happiness. She was so fair
That men esteem'd her peerless ; in her eye

* From the Italian.

The Ladye of Scalot and Sir Lancelot Du Lake.

There was a flashing of deep pride, commix'd
 So finely with the languishment of love
 That half its fire was quench'd: she had long hair,
 So wondrously redundant, that it fell
 Like a rich golden mantle to her feet;
 And the soft voice which wins its way at once
 From the wrapt ear to the impassion'd soul,
 Like a wild strain of midnight musicking.
 Yet what were these to him? All less than nought.—
 Love, the mere plaything of a vacant hour,
 A bauble for the eye and not the heart;
 For he adored a distant deity.
 And the bright maid of Scalot was not form'd
 To be the pastime of an idle day,
 And the spurn'd toy of haughtier intervals.
 She loved him deeply, fondly, fearfully—
 As woman loves when she makes love her all.—
 How vain to risk her fortune on a die,
 When she is gambling her soul's peace away
 With such a cold antagonist. Alas!
 The gentle Ladye play'd this fearful game,
 Perill'd the mighty stake of happiness,
 And lost —————

Death was upon her brow; and her shut eye,
 With its long sunny lash, was cold; she lay
 Like a fair statue, gloriously conceived,
 And exquisitely chisell'd; one white arm
 Pillow'd her senseless head—it look'd like sleep;
 The eye's lost sparkle was replaced by gems,
 Even as the sunlight bears similitude
 To the inferior moonray: they were strown
 Among her tresses, swimming as it were
 Upon a gorgeous sea of liquid gold;
 Her robe was silken, wrought with wondrous art,
 And wreath'd with flowers, perfumed by incenses
 Until they mimick'd nature; on her brow
 Rested a jewell'd coronal, which mock'd
 The coldness it encircled. . . . 'Twas a bark
 Upon whose deck she lay; its silken sails
 Were loop'd with golden roses, and its mast
 Was fragrant sandal-wood—and there were none
 Save the dead Ladye to inhabit it—
 'Twas a strange phantasmie! but she had won
 Compliance in her dying hour, with this
 Her last, her sole request.—She lay in death
 Like one who sleeps after some revelrie
 Which has outworn her strength: her silver zone
 Was clasp'd above a written scroll; her hand
 Now chill in death had traced the character,
 And thus it ran:

“ Bravest, but coldest knight
 Who e'er won ladye's love and slighted it—
 Sir Lancelot Du Lake, the scroll is thine.
 The Maid of Scalot writ, and brings it thee,
 The herald of her own dark tale of death—
 How she has loved thee read upon her brow,

For there the record is inscribed ; her eye
Is now as cold as thine—her love as dead—
Behold the wreck which thine own hand hath wrought,
And weep the Ladye of the broken heart !
They put that vessel forth—she went alone—
She with the death-freight, with the lifeless one—
Nor mariner, nor helmsman guided her,
But proudly o'er the ripple, on and on
She glided in her beauty—many a flash
Her jewell'd gear cast back, as gracefully
The foam swell'd round her prow—ah ! who to look
On that fair bark, had deem'd it held but death !
On, o'er the boundless waters did she glide,
Away—away—away—diminishing
To a bright star—then lost so utterly,
That the bereaved father on the strand,
Who wrung his hands in utterness of woe,
Wiped off his tears to look on nothingness—
Above, the sky—beneath, the billowy waste—
But nothingness beyond—all desolate,
Dreamless vacuity—and for his child,
But space—shadowless space !"

Gorgeous with silk, and flowers, and trinketrie,
Sped on that Ladye her death-voyage : soon
A quickening breeze swept o'er the swelling waves,
And hasten'd on the bark—enough, to say
It gain'd the destin'd haven ; on the shore
Throng'd the astounded populace, and soon
Rumour had reach'd the Monarch, of a sight
So wild and wonderful ! and with a train
Of gallant knights, he hurried to the strand.
On came the vessel—hand nor tongue was there,
To rule her course ; but, like a light sea-nymph,
She bounded on, and proudly shook away
The foam that gather'd on her gleaming sides !
The monarch sprang on board—could it be sleep ?
He touch'd her hand—'twas cold and passionless—
He knelt beside her, but no warm breath fann'd
His regal brow—no heart-throb heaved the robe
That, folded o'er her bosom, hid its snows.
Her silver zone was loosen'd, and the scroll
Proclaim'd her fatal passion, and its price !

There was a wild, unearthly silence then,
And nothing met the ear, save when the breeze
Flapp'd heavily the vessel's silken sails—
For the proud knight—in that appalling hour
He look'd upon the scroll, and grasp'd his steel,
As though some feeling grappled at his heart—
Sudden he started, for conviction came
That *He* had been the spoiler, and he bent
And look'd upon the ruin he had wrought—
Then murmured out " Dead ! dead !!" and fled the scene.

S. S.

TEXTS AND COMMENTS.

BY AN OXFORD BLUE.

No. II.

TEXT.

"I RISE, sir, to announce to the house an act of splendid liberality on the part of an individual, Mr. Marsden late secretary to the admiralty. No words of mine can express the feelings which dictated this act of generosity so adequately as the letter of the individual himself, addressed to my noble friend the chancellor of the exchequer." The letter is read which states that Mr. Marsden in the year 1807, "finding his constitution materially injured" by his official duties, applied for, and obtained, leave to retire on a pension of 1500*l.* per annum; but now, "finding his means adequate to all the comforts required at his time of life, he did not mean to draw his pension after Midsummer." (*Speech of Sir James Graham, June 28th.*)

COMMENT.

Mr. Marsden retires in 1807 with what he calls an *impaired constitution*, and during four-and-twenty years his impaired constitution is nursed with THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND POUNDS* of the public money. He retires under a whig administration, (famous, by the by, for impaired constitutions,) and waits for another whig administration to perform this "act of splendid liberality;" to give this "noble example," as the *Times* calls it. I do not know Mr. Marsden's age; but assuming he was at least fifty when his impaired constitution (which has lasted so well ever since) made it necessary for him to retire, he probably gives up *half a year's pension!* There are few men who would not be glad to imitate Mr. Marsden's "splendid liberality" for a much smaller sum than six-and-thirty thousand pounds.

TEXT.

"At present it must be confessed that the political horizon of the French monarchy is *rather gloomy*. The *fruits of the seditious and factious principles promulgated through the journals* are every where apparent in the contempt of authority, the disorganization of society, the terrors of street riots, the insults offered to religion, the disturbances to obstruct the course of justice, the menaces to provoke civil war. In more than twenty places lawless mobs have planted trees of liberty in the presence of the civil and military authorities. In one case a band of wretches who chose to erect and dance around this memorial of revolutionary excesses, appropriately enough, proceeded from the scene of riot to attack and massacre a body of unarmed citizens who chose to entertain a different opinion from them on such subjects and proceedings." (*Times, June 29th.*)

COMMENT.

These are a few of the natural consequences of the "glorious days" of July. The *Times* says, "glorious days they *must* always be called *whatever* may afterwards arise from them in French history." This is much such nonsense as if a man should say, "the soil of that field *shall* be called rich and productive, though it yield nothing but weeds and nettles." How a thing which is in itself great and glorious, can lead only to every thing vile and infamous, I must leave to the great and glorious boobey of the *Times* to explain.

TEXT.

"Sir,

"Downing Street, June 30th.

"I have had the honour of receiving your letter enclosing a memorial of the council of the Birmingham Political Union, in which objections are stated to limiting the 10*l.* franchise to persons paying their rents half-yearly.

"It is with great satisfaction I have to inform you that the words so limiting the franchise were inadvertently inserted and will be altered in committee, the only object in contemplation being that of ensuring a *bonâ fide* holding of 10*l.* per annum.

* 1500*l.* per annum for 24 years, with interest at 5 per cent., amounts to upwards of sixty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds.—*Ed.*

"The memorial also refers to another supposed alteration as to the division of counties. You will find by referring to the bill of last session that on this point no alteration whatever has been made.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"GREY."

"Thomas Attwood, Esq."

COMMENT.

Earl Grey is the prime minister of England. Who is Thomas Attwood, Esq.? The chairman, or leader, or mouth-piece, of ten thousand journeymen mechanics at Birmingham, associated for political purposes. These men have their council, it seems—and this council, it further seems, calls upon Earl Grey to satisfy them, and through them, the said ten thousand journeymen mechanics, as to the intentions of the cabinet touching a clause in the revolution bill!

This is the impudent side of the picture. Now let us look at its degrading side. The prime minister pleads to the authority of this self-constituted body! He enters into humble explanations with them! He has "the honour" of receiving their letter, and "the great satisfaction of answering it!" I do not ask would Pitt, or Liverpool, or Canning have endured to be so catechised—it is sufficient to ask would ANY English minister, EXCEPT Earl Grey, have so derogated from himself and his office? Perhaps, however, I am wrong even in thus limiting my exception. The same, probably, might be expected from any *whig*, whose reverence for the sovereignty of the people is superior to his reverence for the constitutional principle that a minister can be questioned upon affairs of state only in his place in parliament.

TEXT.

"In the words of an able writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 'As well might we expect, Canute-like, to arrest the progress of the ocean tide at the bidding of a maniac, &c. &c.'" (*Maiden Speech of Lord William Lennox on the Reform Bill.*)

COMMENT.

The "able writer" in the *New Monthly Magazine* is Lord William himself! And a very able writer no doubt he is, from the specimen he quoted: but I wish his lordship had studied a little more diligently *Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of England*. He would not then have talked of expecting *Canute-like*, to arrest the tide. That sensible monarch expected no such thing, as any school-boy could have informed his lordship, who has been misled I am afraid, by the engraving which is to be found in some editions of Goldsmith's and Mavor's histories, representing the philosophical Dane seated on the sea-shore, with these words beneath it: "Canute commanding the waves to retire." Hence, no doubt, Lord William Lennox's mistake.

THE "TIMES" v. OURSELVES.

"An editor of a trumpery compilation, published with the title of a Magazine, has sent us his book, and pointed our attention to a stupid passage of gross abuse against ourselves. This is a stale trick of incipient scribblers to provoke us to notice them; but we are not so easily caught. We shall not even mention the name of his magazine. We furthermore give him leave to rail at us 'till the crack of doom'; at all events, till the death of his own miscellany of rubbish."—(*A notice to Correspondents in the Times of Wednesday, July 13th.*)

One of the editors of the *Times* has sent us the paper with the above notice, and pointed "our attention to the stupid passage of gross abuse against ourselves." This is a "new trick" of the "Thunderer" to provoke us to repeat the offence, which we shall accordingly do by copying the following paragraph from p. 34 of our last number.

"A despicable attempt, by the most despicable journal in the country, as far as principle of any kind is concerned (we mean the *Times*), was made to fling

contempt upon the profession of an actor, the day after the death of Mrs. Siddons, because some one had suggested the idea of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. Garrick had a public funeral; and wherein was Mrs. Siddons inferior to Garrick? But the *Times* has a sort of vampire-like delight in feeding upon insults to the dead. No sooner does the grave close over monarch, prince, or statesman, than it riots in mean slanders upon them. It was so with George III. It was so with George IV. It will be so with William IV. It was so with the Duke of York. It was so with the Marquis of Londonderry. It would be difficult to account for this revolting propensity, if we did not know that malignity and cowardice are twin vices; and that a blow struck at the dead provokes no danger."

Why should the *Times* wince under this passing blow? It looks as if it were ashamed of its principles. But it should remember there is something still more degrading in pandering to vice, than in vice itself. We can pity a man who outrages the better feelings of our nature from sheer ignorance of their existence, and feel a sort of respect for one who has trained his mind into a perverted conviction that he is right in what he does: but the deliberate, calculating, conscious knave, who knows he is wallowing in dishonour, and yet delights in the filth, is an object of utter loathing and contempt. Now the only inference that can be drawn, when an accusation is answered by abuse is, that the accused hopes to intimidate, because he feels he cannot contradict, his accuser.

Our accusation against the *Times* stands thus:

1. That it is "the most despicable journal in the country, as far as principle of any kind is concerned."
2. That "it has a sort of vampire-like delight in feeding upon insults to the dead."
3. That "no sooner does the grave close over monarch, prince, or statesman, than it riots in mean slanders upon them."
4. That it pursued this course when George III. died; and we might have added when Queen Charlotte died.
5. That it did the same, when George IV. was dead.
6. That it did the same when the Duke of York was dead.
7. That it did the same when the Marquis of Londonderry was dead. And,
8. That it will do the same when William IV. is dead.

Does the *Times*, or does any advocate of the *Times*, DENY these things as relating to George III., Queen Charlotte, George IV., the Duke of York, and the Marquis of Londonderry? If so, let the denial appear; and we PLEDGE ourselves to produce our evidence from the columns of the *Times* itself.

Will any one affirm, if these things cannot be disproved, that the second and third accusations are not legitimately deduced?

As to the first accusation (or, as it may perhaps be more fitly called, assertion), we allow it resolves itself, to a certain degree, into matter of opinion. All we can say is, that it is our opinion; and that we have never heard any other opinion, even from those who *do use the Times* for their own purposes, or from those who like the *Times* because they *can use it*.

There remains the eighth accusation,—"*It will do the same when William IV. is dead.*" Why should it not? "What can we reason but from what we know?" asks the poet. We know what the *Times* has done; is it so very improbable it will repeat what it has done? We should like to be informed what security there is, that a man who has committed six murders will not commit a seventh, when he has the *opportunity* and the *motive*. However, we would not presumptuously limit the power of Heaven, to which all things are possible. We will therefore believe it possible that when William IV. descends to the tomb (supposing he should escape, till then, the common fate of all whom the *Times* supports or praises), it will not revile him, as it did when His Most Gracious Majesty was Duke of Clarence.

And now, a word at parting. The *Times* will perceive it was not necessary to be so very delicate about naming us; and that we have availed ourselves of its permission to rail. It calls us "incipient scribblers." No matter. Every thing must

have a beginning. The *Times* itself was once an incipient scribbler; while the only difference now between us is, that it scribbles by the day and we by the month. We are each of us, too, labouring in our vocation; the *Times* to work mischief, we to work good; the *Times* to duck, fawn, and slander, by turns, as each may happen to be at a premium; we to walk our course straightforward and erect; the *Times* to jostle Cobbett out of the prize for no-principle; we to contend for the prize of public approbation; the *Times* to bluster, we to laugh and go on chastising it; the *Times* to awe timid fools with its mock "thunder," we to play with the "Thunderer" himself, as unconcerned as a kitten playing at a game of romps with a mouse.

POETICAL HYSTERICS.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

DRAM. PERS.

Noodlah, Miss M. A. B—e.
Doodlah, Miss L. E. L—n.
Noodlah's Father, ... Mr. B—e.
Doodlah's Dry Nurse, W. J—n, Esq.
Mr. Oxford, R. M—ry, Esq.

SCENE.—A drawing-room. In the centre, a rose-wood table, upon which are lying several *Literary Gazettes*, containing notices of the *Improvisatrice*, a poem; the *Lost Pleiad*, a poem; the *Venetian Bracelet*, a poem; others containing the poems of the *First and Last Flower*, the *First and Last Captive*, &c. &c. The room crowded to suffocation by above a dozen ladies and gentlemen. *Doodlah's Dry Nurse* sitting in a pensive attitude, by the side of *Doodlah*, listening to her while she is talking blank verse to a lovely poodle, which looks in her face with evident delight and astonishment. At the further end of the room *Noodlah* has just taken her seat by the side of a Lady, known as the authoress of an *Ode to a Blue-bottle*, beginning "Oh thou beauty! how thou buzzest!" her father having conducted her there that "kindred spirits might be known to each other."

Mr. Oxford (approaching *Noodlah*, and bowing). Let me address thee in the language of our immortal bard:

At first and last, the hearty welcome!

I have a word in season, too, for thee (to the lady who wrote the *Ode to a Blue-bottle*), from that witty wight Dan Prior:

Say, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
 A fly upon the chariot pole
 Cries out—What *blue-bottle* alive
 Did ever with such fury drive?

[The lady, who takes this for a sneer, and is moreover piqued at the compliment paid to *Noodlah*, replies promptly from *Revela-*

tions: "That old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world."]

Mr. Oxford. Thou art as caustic as *Doodlah*.

Noodlah. *Doodlah*! dost thou know *Doodlah*? Oh that I could once see her and hear her, that I might worship her!

Mr. Oxford. Wouldst thou like to be introduced to *Doodlah*?

Noodlah. I would give half my existence!

Mr. Oxford. There she sits. (*Pointing to Doodlah, who has turned her conversation from the poodle to her Dry Nurse.*)

Noodlah (*starting up and rushing across the room*). Do I then breathe the same air as *Doodlah*. Do I behold her? Can that be the surprising she? Oh, *Doodlah*! (*Noodlah falls at the feet of Doodlah, kisses her knees, and goes into hysterics. Doodlah's Dry Nurse weeps, and wipes his spectacles.*)

Doodlah (*surveying the prostrate Noodlah*). Aye, 'tis ever thus!

Woman's fond heart must have an object—

A flower, a dry nurse, or a poodle.
 I am now this being's idol. And, for
 That the honied strains of sweet poesy
 From my mellifluous lips have warbled
 In many a dulcet note, behold, she
 Breathes this balmy incense to the
 soul of

Doodlah! *Noodlah*—*Noodlah*! I honour thee!

* * * *Cetera desunt.*

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

P A R T VII.

A KING that is the slave of his mistress is sure to become the dupe of his weakness. Those sweet and sacred feelings which a real affection inspires is never felt in these *liaisons*. The atmosphere of a court is too gross. Love cannot live amidst the throng of passions which royal favouritism engenders. The restless workings of ambition—of pride—of self-interest—in the lady-elect, are too potent for the purer affections to cope with, and they accordingly soon retire and leave the field free to dissimulation and intrigue. Henry the Fourth could have put his seal to this truth—as might every other monarch. Sully had no sooner left Sillery sole arbiter, than his services were called for in an affair of far greater moment. He was despatched to Paris to inquire into a conspiracy that was found to be carrying on against the throne, and plotting a revolution in the government.

The Marchioness of Verneuil, had never got over the bitter feelings of mortification and disappointment occasioned by the marriage of Henry with Mary of Medicis, while the ink was scarcely dry which had written the promise of marriage, on the ultimate fulfilment of which she had fully relied. Hating the queen with a perfect hatred, she had associated herself with her father, the Count d'Entragues, the countess her mother, her uterine brother the Count d'Auvergne, in a confederacy against the person and government of the king. Sully had obtained accurate information of all that was going forward. The Count d'Auvergne

was discovered to be in close connexion with the king of Spain, and a treaty had been secretly concluded between them, by which the king bound himself to assist the count with troops and money, to enable him to place Henry, his sister's son by Henry the Fourth on the throne, and who in the treaty was styled Dauphin of France, and lawful heir to the kingdom.*

Sully was commissioned by the king to wait on the Marchioness of Verneuil, and to hear what she had to say as to the crime of which she stood accused, and he accordingly repaired to her residence—she had no doubt previously prepared herself for this visit—"I found," says he, "a woman whose humiliation had abated nothing of her pride, and who far from submitting to ask pardon, or to excuse herself, talked as if she were the party who had suffered wrong." She even proposed the conditions upon which she would consent to retire, which were, that the king should settle upon her an estate in lands of at least a hundred thousand francs. This absence of all fear as to the result of her trial, which was soon to commence, and the high tone which she assumed throughout, would seem to arise, either from an intrepid disdain of her accusers, or from a consciousness of her innocence. It arose from neither. Henry had privately assured her that in any event, she should receive a pardon. In fact to save her from the disgrace of being put upon her trial, as well as to avoid so partial an exercise of the royal clemency in the face of the queen, had

* Amelot de Heressaye, (who is the more worthy of credit as the Count d'Auvergne, and the marchioness his sister intrusted the original treaty with his grandfather, Eugene Chevellard, postmaster-general, and their intimate friend,) informs us that Chevellard being involved in the disgrace of the Count d'Auvergne, was arrested and committed to the Bastille, but he kept this treaty so well concealed in the skirts of his coat, that no one discovered it. Finding that he was to be tried as a state criminal, and fearing the evidence that was about his person, he contrived to eat up both the treaty and the ratification of it by the court of Spain, swallowing parts of it from time to time in the soups and other victuals that were brought to his table. The count had so much dependance on the fidelity of Chevellard, that when examined on his trial he said with the utmost confidence, "Gentlemen, produce but a single line of my writing to prove that I ever entered into any treaty with the king of Spain, or with his ambassador, and I will instantly write the sentence of my death under it, and condemn myself to be quartered alive."—*Notes sur les Lettres du Cardinal D'Ossat.*

she been found guilty, several months, as previously concerted, being permitted to elapse without the attorney-general finding any evidence against her, she was by the king's order declared innocent of the crime of which she was accused.*

Her father and brother were condemned to be beheaded, but this punishment was afterwards changed into perpetual imprisonment. The countess, her mother, was conducted under a strong guard to the abbey of Beaumont near Tours, and with this religious sisterhood she passed the remainder of her days.

So strong was the hold which the marchioness had on the mind of the king, that after all her treasonable practices had been made fully manifest, still the ardour of his affection for her, though cooled, was not extinguished. She was recalled to court, and would probably have regained all her former ascendancy, had not Henry become enamoured of the Princess de Condé, which put an end to her influence.†

It was impossible for Henry not to perceive that the affairs of the government were suffering essentially under the various interruptions which his personal concerns had occasioned, and he therefore began, in concert with his minister, to resume the inspection of the finances, and to decide on the means which it would be necessary to adopt towards recruiting the public treasury, without imposing fresh burdens on the people. Conceiving it his duty to notify publicly his intention on this head, as likewise to explain its necessity, he assembled a council extraordinary, composed of the deputies from the supreme courts of Paris, the chief members of

the council, and of the heads of the administration of justice, the revenue, and the police. When the members of the council were assembled, the king took his seat, and in a clear, plain-spoken address represented to them that the civil wars had so much reduced the revenues of the kingdom, that the annual receipt was barely sufficient to meet the annual expenditure. That it had become, therefore, necessary to resort to the best means for improving the different sources of income. That not only ought the inquiries and prosecutions to be continued, which had already produced so much benefit to the state as considerably to diminish the public debt, but that new funds should be created to provide for emergencies, such as the event of a foreign war, or other unforeseen occasions of expense. That the nation was then at peace, and that a state of peace was the proper time to make such improvements as it would be difficult if not impossible to carry into effect in a time of trouble—that the means necessary for this purpose were, the extinction of such revenue grants as had been obtained on various pretences—the reimbursement of offices—and the resumption of crown lands unadvisedly alienated.

Such was the substance of Henry's speech to his council extraordinary.‡ His majesty, however, took but little by his motion. This senate in its wisdom, did not fail to furnish arguments in abundance against the proposed plan of reformation. The king was guided by motives of conscience and duty, but it is not easy to inoculate these principles on any council extraordinary, nor indeed on any political assembly of any kind. The following are Sully's re-

* Henry the son of the marchioness by Henry IV., was afterwards created Duke of Verneuil, and died without children in 1682. This imperious woman appears to have resented the Count d'Auvergne's conduct in the confederacy as betraying a lamentable want of secrecy and prudence. It was under the influence of this conviction that she is reported to have said, while the state prosecution was pending, that all she asked of the king was—"A pardon for her father, a halter for her brother, and justice for herself."—*Vide Dictionnaire Universel, Historique, &c. Tit. Verneuil.*

† Mademoiselle d'Entragues, Marchioness of Verneuil, was the daughter of Francis d'Entragues, governor of Orleans, and Mary Touchet who had been a mistress of Charles IX. According to the president Henault, she had been goaded into the conspiracy against Henry by her confessor, a Capuchin monk. The marchioness had persuaded her spiritual guide that she would never have surrendered herself to the desires of the king but in consideration of the solemn promise of marriage which he had given her, and the holy man conceived that her future salvation depended on her making Henry fulfil the pledge he had thus given. She died in 1663, at the age of 54 years.

‡ *Vide Mémoires de Sully, vol. iii. p. 497.*

marks upon the present occasion: "It appears to me that councils of this description are not to be condemned even when they tend merely to keep up a form in other respects useless enough, since they serve to notify in a manner somewhat less absolute, to the persons appointed to act in the government, the will of the prince, already decided upon in a more private consultation. The present assembly did not escape this reproach, and the object which Henry proposed before them, although useful, praiseworthy, and urgently called for, was not on these accounts the more approved. I know not what the advocates of popular authority may say to this, but for my own part, it appears to me from this and a variety of other instances, that the views of a good and wise prince ought not on all occasions, and in every conjuncture, to be the same with that of his people. The considerations which govern the people, are almost always influenced by some particular interest or passion, and seldom, if ever, do they look beyond the moment. Even the most reasonable among them, misled by their own individual interest, are each employed—although they will not acknowledge and perhaps do not perceive it—in forwarding their own views regardless of the consequences."*

This intelligent prime minister appears here to have been misled by that fallacy in reasoning so usual with men in power, and which consists in transferring the reproach of ignorance and selfishness from themselves to the people, and thence arguing that their will ought to be disregarded, and their opinion to go for nought. They assume that all that there is of wisdom in the community is concentrated in the government of which they form a part, and that there is no clear judgment or pure disinterestedness but in their trustworthy selves. Those already in high office under the crown, and those who are looking up to its favour—the sinecurists in possession, and the placemen in expectancy—those who divide all the power and enjoy all the emoluments of the state—these are the persons, and these alone, who are endowed with adequate information, on all questions of

public interest, and whose rectitude of intention ought never to be challenged. The rest of the nation cannot judge of what they want, and are besides this, weak, corruptible, incompetent, and unfit to be trusted. The rulers of the state are always guided by enlarged and liberal views—while the people at large are almost always influenced by some particular interest or passion, and seldom, if ever, look beyond the moment. It follows, of course, from this account of the matter, that the people have, at no time, any thing to fear from injustice, impolicy, or oppression on the part of the government. Their only duty is to be grateful to the government for its care in not suffering them to injure, mislead, or oppress themselves. So manifest does all this seem, that could even the animal world be made to reason they would no doubt readily be brought to acknowledge its justice, and the horse, careless of his liberty, and forgetful of the whip of his rider, would be truly thankful for the care with which he fitted the bit, and the security with which he strapped on the harness.

Henry, perceiving the backwardness of the members of his council to facilitate his schemes for regenerating the finances, applied himself to Sully, upon whose advice he could always govern himself with safety, and upon whose cooperation he could at all times depend. This faithful minister drew up a concise and specific statement of the abuses by which the revenue was most injured, at the same time suggesting the appropriate remedy. Under this system, such official agents as had misapplied the money they had received, and passed them in their accounts as handed in to the Exchequer, although not a penny of it had found its way there, were to be called to account. The embezzlements practised by receivers-general and the agents concerned in the management of the finances, were to be investigated, and the defalcations recovered. The abuses in the alienation of the crown lands were to be developed, and the alienations resumed. The corruption which prevailed in the different public offices and employments was to be checked, and, as far as possible, removed, and the persons in possession compelled

to pay up their arrears, and all useless offices were to be suppressed. These, and certain other measures of reform, it was calculated would, if skilfully and prudently proceeded in, bring into the king's coffers in no long space of time, a sum of two hundred millions of livres or about one million sterling. Had Sully told us nothing as to what became of these earnest endeavours to serve the public, there is hardly any reader who could not readily have filled up the blank. There is, however, no occasion for conjecture. He informs us of the issue. "The inquiries, says he, which I had proposed to institute against delinquencies in the revenue and public offices, were afterwards carried into effect by the erection of a Chamber of Justice; but as undue influence and intercession could not be prevented, no real good was produced, and the usual result ensued: the chief criminals escaped, and the minor offenders suffered all the severity of the law." Sully, however, congratulates himself, and with reason, as having produced at least one good effect, which was, that the eyes of the public were opened; a light had been thrown into those recesses of corruption where all had hitherto been concealment and darkness, and abuses began to be treated with less reverence.—"Those unlawful gains," says he, "by which France had been so much impoverished, and the managers of the revenue so much enriched, were treated, without ceremony, as so much robbery and pillage, and Honesty began to raise her head in a sanctuary where she had never been seen before."*

Sully likewise turned his attention, at this time, to the improvement of commerce; and, among other things, planned a canal for joining the Seine to the Loire, which projected canal was far advanced; but after three hundred thousand crowns had been expended upon it, it was discontinued, owing to the malicious opposition of his enemies in the government. According to Mezerau, it was a change in the ministry which put a stop to its progress. But this does not

vary the cause, it merely points out the mode of its operation, and shows that they were alike jealous of his reputation when they came into power, as when they were out of it.†

The coin of various nations being at this time current in France, Sully issued a prohibition against the circulation, within the kingdom, of all foreign coin except that of Spain. He resolved, at the same time, to rid France not only of foreign money but of foreign manufactures: he issued an edict forbidding their importation, and more especially of stuffs wrought with gold and silver. It must not be imputed as a fault to Sully that he was not skilled in the science of political economy; a science till very lately but ill-understood, even with the accumulated experience of two centuries. This great minister no doubt did most unwisely to tamper thus with the circulating medium, and the evil which he brought upon commerce, and the embarrassment which he occasioned to the trading part of the community, by this interference, was very considerable. The sudden disappearance of the foreign money could not fail to perplex all the operations of commerce. It is indeed difficult to conceive by what train of reasoning a minister of such superior good sense could have been brought to enforce a measure so impolitic. It should seem obvious to the slightest reflection that the rate at which the foreign coins were received in the market, would be apportioned to their metallic value, and that so long as they passed with facility, they were just as useful in commerce as if they had been struck in the national mint; and that thus to withdraw a currency that had long effectually served all the purposes of exchange, and which was applicable to every purpose for which a money circulation is at all required, must materially influence the price of all merchandise, must affect all payments, and by producing a sudden scarcity of money, be productive of great injury to individuals, and great loss to the state.

Equally ill-judged was it to prohibit

* *Mémoires*, v. iii. p. 508.

† This great work was resumed and completed in a subsequent reign; and the historian, De Thou, bestows great praise on the Duke of Sully as having been the original projector.

the importation of foreign manufactures. A foolish jealousy of the prosperity of other states, combined with a desire to discourage the consumption of the higher branches of manufactures, as tending to introduce a luxury and love of expense unfavourable to that soldier-like spirit, and to those martial and manly habits which at this time were considered as the only true foundation of national security, no doubt led to this prohibition. Sully's want of acquaintance with those principles which govern the prosperity of commerce, as connected with the circulating medium, induced him, about two years afterwards, to resort to a measure which greatly increased the distress he had already occasioned to the trading part of the community. The more effectually to check the export of the gold and silver coin he issued an ordinance, raising the nominal value of the *écu d'or*, or gold crown, of 60 sous, to 65, and the franc, of 20 sous, to 21½, and the rest in proportion. He assigns as a reason, that he found this expedient "more

prompt and less severe than penalties and confiscations, since there could be no other reason for carrying the specie out of the kingdom, but that it would pass for more in other countries than at home." Just as wise would it have been to put a stop to all foreign trade, because the articles exported fetched a higher price abroad than at home. The result of this ordonnance was to transfer all foreign commerce, to disjoin the exchange, to ruin private credit, to embarrass all payments, and, after introducing all this confusion, and much more, the price of commodities rose to a level with the new standard, while the coin having passed through the melting-pot, found its way out of the kingdom in the shape of bullion, and left the evil to be remedied just the same as before. Thus it is, that in the same manner that Love laughs at Locksmiths, the ingenuity of self-interest is always an overmatch for the cunning of the financier.

S.

MODERN BLUE-STOCKINGS.

WE have frequently heard very amiable and talkative young ladies denominated "Blue-stockings," because they occasionally published what they wrote, and we think a more accurate definition of that animal will be acceptable to our fair readers.

It is not enough that a lady should write poetry and be praised in the reviews, but she should have all the modern poems at her tongue's tip, be able to gabble about their faults, and moreover, be an enthusiast.

It is not enough that she attend the *soirées* of an editor or two, and be pointed out as the author of *Whim Wham*, a poem, or *Huncabunca*, a drama, but she should fasten herself on some clever pretender of the masculine tribe at every such party, and not let him go until some more notorious individual of the order make his appearance.

It is not enough to be vain of her own writing, while she affects to think it inferior, but she must enter the arena as a reviewer, and deal according to her prejudices and partialities with the

writings of others, at least when her friends have no interest.

It is not enough that she be acquainted with half-a-dozen booksellers, but she should offer her services to extol their works, and then use her influence with various periodicals to get her notices admitted.

It is not enough that she write for some of the annuals, but she should afterwards review them, and particularly speak well of her own articles.

A letter, from which the following is an extract, was received in the common course of "tit for tat" business, by an editor from a celebrated Blue-stocking, who had contributed some gratuitous papers. It is an amusing illustration of what may be called the reciprocity system of reviewing:

"I have promised Mr. Reynolds a friendly notice of 'The Keepsake,' (which I am sure it will richly deserve) in your Mag. I am rather a considerable contributor to his book," &c.

"Perhaps you would not object to allowing me to write the review myself."

From another Blue, the following was received by an editor who, because he had been indulgent, was expected to prostitute his pages:

"Mrs. Watts has sent me the New Year's Gift, to which I am a contributor. I should like to review it."

A modern Blue-stocking belongs to a

circle among the members of which these reciprocity letters float about in profusion, and although there is not a clever writer among them, their scribbling undertakings, are praised and pushed forward, to gull the silly public, who having no opinion of their own, are ready to adopt the first they read.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

IN what rich vein, Love, didst thou find the gold,
To form those twin bright tresses? from what thorn,
Those roses pluck? that snow so pure, so cold,
Where didst thou find, my loved one to adorn?
Why gavest thou life to charms inanimate,
Promethean godhead? kindling with thy voice,
The living pearls that fringe her lip: the choice
Of charms that crown her brow with regal state?
What winged angels' harps, or seraphs' lyres,
Taught their blest music to her gentle tongue?
And say what distant orb in æther hung,
Supplied her bright eyes with those living fires;
Whose magic dictates war and peace in turn,
At once inflame and chill, and freeze and burn?

E.

THE CANTING BUSY-BODY.

THIS specimen is of a numerous and persevering class, nearly allied to that of genuine hypocrites. It has not been determined whether the masculine or feminine gender predominates, but it is generally supposed the latter is the most numerous.

The principal characteristics are as follow:

1st. A strong disposition to sigh and groan, as if in deep tribulation, while they are in fact as happy as their neighbours.

2d. A constant habit of professing that they are fallen wicked creatures, who cannot be saved, though they practise all the cardinal virtues, if they *have not* faith; and that they can and will be saved, though they are loaded with sins, if they *have* faith.

3d. A determination to convince other people, that they ought to feel the same conviction.

4th. An opinion, that while they own their sins, and proclaim themselves the

most wicked of the sons of men, they are in reality exceedingly good people.

5th. A belief that the rest of the world, whom they pretend to admit are better than themselves, are in fact infinitely worse, and a strong disposition to convert them.

6th. An affected abhorrence of being happy on a Sunday, or seeing others so, and a condemnation of every species of recreation or relaxation from every thing but sighing and looking miserable, while they indulge themselves in their own way to their heart's content.

7th. A total banishment of all decorum in their process of converting their fellow-creatures,—evinced by obtruding themselves upon private families, especially under the mask of assisting them, and in the most shameful appeals to the sick, whom they profess to comfort, but in truth often frighten or worry to death, having a strong objection to allowing people to die quietly.

8th. A blindness to all their marvellously great and confessed sins, and an eye that can see the wickedness of others glowing in horrible colours. They despise a dealer who gives short weight or measure while they charge things twice over themselves. They condemn card-playing, and gamble with dominoes. They abhor working on Sundays, but make their servants slave. They forswear lying *in toto*, and deceive by shrugs and looks and evasions.

This class will not easily be confounded with any other of the tribe, their meddling is the more disagreeable, as it is with the affairs of the next world, affairs, by the way, which we dislike to trifle with in print, and which we only notice to put our friends upon their guard.

They attack the infant as soon as it can lip, teach it to speak the most sacred names without knowing their import, cry up the babe as a prodigy of piety before the elect people of their order, dress up the miracle for their magazine, and thus publish to the world the simplest occurrence as an instance of divine interference.

They attack the growing youth, and especially if in delicate health, prey upon his nerves and spirits by horrible pictures of a future world, work the little victim into a proper tone of mind as they call it, for *their* purpose, and then mould the conversation, the manner, and the conduct of the half-idiot, to what shape they please; that he may finish his career in the precise mode which they point out, and in fear and trembling pronounce sentences which they have crammed into his mouth, that they may hold the deluded child up to their friends as a saint.

They attack the adult under the plea of affording assistance, which they only give as the price of conformity to their

will. If he be not of a right frame of mind, they point out all the objects that can make him wretched. The picture of helpless and destitute children, or aged and dependent parents in all the states of misery which their fertile imagination can draw, will affect the stoutest heart, and when they have accomplished the first step of making him unhappy, they commence doling out the comfort, and this they call charity.

They attack the aged on his death-bed, and if they find him approaching the close of life with a placid smile of conscious rectitude, with a belief that he has fought the good fight, and is about to rest from his labours, that he has set his house in order and awaits with patience the coming of the guest, they rush to the onset with an appetite for mischief of which a fiend might feel ashamed: they break through the calm reflection of the dying man, by recalling his attention to things around him, they disturb his communion with his Maker by indecent appeals to his past actions, they ruffle the peaceful disposition of his soul by affected prayers which apply not to his state, they worry their victim on the very brink of the grave, and rob him of the most precious of all Heaven's bounties, a calm and happy close to his mortal life.

This they accomplish to a great extent among the poorer classes, the right of plaguing whom, they purchase by some paltry apology for almsgiving—for the receipt of a sixpence from their bountiful hand, gives them free admission as the directors of the household, confers the right of lecturing its inmates at all hours, and throws into their hands the power of propagating hypocrisy in its worst form, and exercising tyranny in its most malignant shape—such is a Canting Busy-body.

Q. Q.

THE GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.

THIS emanation of folly and avarice, of empty heads and empty pockets, is making another struggle to entrap the living into a speculation upon the dead. In consequence of the expected arrival of the cholera morbus, a meeting has

been held during the present month, of its Undertakers, at which Lord Milton presided. His lordship is not remarkable for wisdom; but it is just possible he has lent his authority to the project, in the same spirit that the *Times* has

lent its columns to puff it, because the wise projector is a proprietor of the *Times* newspaper.

The "General Cemetery Company," as it is now called, is a legitimate descendant of the bubbles of 1825. In the month of May, in that year, it was started as the "Economic Funeral Society," (the original prospectus of which is now lying before us), with a capital of 150,000*l.* in 6,000 shares of 25*l.* each. The "Economic Funeral Society" was to be a sort of "cheap and nasty" association, for burying people at so much a head, under the superintendence of "sympathetic officers, men of superior address and mildness of manner," who were to have "a handsome remuneration" for their trouble. The "foundations of the Society" were declared to be then "laid," (*i. e.* in May, 1825); "funeral carriages, horses, feathers, and an extensive timber-yard," for the manufacture of coffins, were upon the point of being provided; and the "profit to the shareholders, after deducting all expenses," was estimated, at the lowest calculation, at "fifteen per cent.," notwithstanding the undeniable circumstance that a man requires to be buried only once in his life; a circumstance, by the by, which the learned projector, in his prospectus, endeavoured to soften by the following luminous elucidation: "It is said, *in common*," quoth he, "that the circumstance happens but once; this error is too general to remain unnoticed; a man indeed can die but once; but how is it with the head of a numerous family?" Why, of course, they can die as often as they like. And yet, metaphorically speaking, men have been known to die more than once—*cowards, for example*. But it is certainly true, as the prospectus of the "Economic Funeral Society" gravely states, a man cannot die more than once in right earnest, whatever privilege of dying over again may belong to his "family."

It seems the "Economic Funeral Society" did not take; for, in October the same year (1825), it changed into the "General Burial-Grounds Association,"

with a capital of 300,000*l.*, instead of only 150,000*l.* The prospectus of *this* scheme, dated from the "Temple," is also lying before us, and a most amusing specimen of impudence and ignorance it is, be the writer of it whom he may. Its motto, "*Salus populi suprema lex!!*" is an instance of blundering stupidity for which any lad who had thumbed his accidence* only a month would have deserved to be reminded of his own latter end. Finding that people did not care to provide themselves with cheap graves for the benefit of the disinterested persons who undertook to sell them at 15 per cent. profit, the attempt was now made to frighten them, with a terrible account of "deleterious gases" which exhaled from dry bones; the danger of "leadern coffins made too thin" to confine the said deleterious gases; vaults where penny candles would not burn; "the incredible fact, that in this enlightened age the dead were secured only by a wooden coffin," through which all the "deleterious gases" would, of course, reek and fume like a steaming dunghill; with sundry other things equally horrible. "We," said the kind-hearted souls who wanted to get hold of the 300,000*l.*, "have no resentments to gratify; yet we think ourselves bound to caution the public, who cannot be aware of the extent of the evil. Convinced of the *veracity* of our statements, however, men for their own sakes will become our warm supporters. It is, in truth, a labour of love!"

But it would not do. The "labour of love" turned out to be "Love's Labour Lost." The evil of thin leadern coffins, and the "incredible one" of thick wooden ones, were endured by the so-tenderly-cautioned-public, who laughed at the projector as a person whose head partook wonderfully of both qualities. The pathetic allusion to "robust health and vigorous constitutions," which would be the consequence of letting the "General Burial-Grounds Association" have a monopoly of graves, did not catch a single stray deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.*: nay, the inviting assurance that the association could get seventy or eighty

* Perhaps, like Taylor, the Water-Poet, the writer of the Prospectus might have said,
"I do confess I do want eloquence,
And never yet did learn mine accidence."

acres, "upon the rise of a hill," if they could get the money to pay for them, was made in vain. The thing was so palpably absurd, disgusting, and selfish, that even in 1825, when a joint-stock company for establishing steam carriages to the moon would have succeeded, it was received with contempt.*

From that time till 1830, nothing more was heard of these grave-mongers, and it was supposed they were themselves dead and buried; when lo! they made their re-appearance under a new name,—“The GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY, for providing places of interment secure from violation, inoffensive to public health and decency, and ornamental to the metropolis.” Having first spread their nets for 150,000*l.*, then for 300,000*l.*, they now resolved to try for something between the two,—200,000*l.* This is the grand fudge-foodlum affair which has the advantage of Lord Milton's countenance, and which will be as prosperous, we doubt not, as its two elder brothers, “The Economic Burial Society,” and “General Burial-Grounds Association,” of the bubble year 1825.

The first consideration that strikes us in looking at this attempt to carry on a mercantile speculation in graves, is the revolting indecency of the thing; for as to the pretended anxiety of the speculators about the public health, it is as rank balderdash as the cant in the former prospectus respecting its being a “labour of love.” It is a scheme for putting money into the pockets of the schemers; and to do them justice, they do not affect to disguise their object. “And why should they not?” it may be asked by some. Our answer to this interrogatory shall be given in the language of that great man, Sir Henry Spelman, in whose treatise, “*De Sepultura*,” published in 1641, we find the following observations.

“The grave,” says he, “is the only inheritance that we are certainly born to; the inheritance which our grandmother the earth hath left to descend in gavelkind among all her children. Shall one enter, and hold another out,

or drive him to pay a fine *pro adeunda hereditate*, as they say in the feudal law, or *pro ingressu habendo*, as we in the common law? Is our tenure base, like a copyhold, *ad voluntatem domini*, and not rather noble by *franche Almoigne*, and not rather noble by *franche Almoigne*, free from all payments and services? How do the dead rest from their labour, if they be vexed with payments? How go they to their graves in peace, if they pay for their peace? *Laborat ære alieno qui debito tenetur*, and his peace is not worth thanks if he must pay for it. He payeth for his peace if he payeth for the place where his peace cannot otherwise be had: he payeth for his rest, if he cannot enjoy it without payment: he payeth for his inheritance, if he cannot enter into it without a fine, *pro ingressu*, his inheritance settled upon him by the great charter, *terram dedit filiis hominum*: a royal gift, but as it is used, *male collocatum*, ill distributed. The poor man, alas, hath nothing of all this for his portion, but his grave, and may not now have that unless he pay for it. Well, to whom should he pay? Reason answereth, if to any, to the owner of the soil. True, but the owner of the soil was the founder of the church, and he, out of piety, zeal, and charity, gave the church freely for prayer, the churchyard freely for burial, *absque ullo retinemento*, without any rent, any service, any reservation. Nor could he (if he would) have done otherwise, for the canons would not suffer him; nor, though he were the absolute owner, yet if he had reserved but a peppercorn out of a grave, it had been not only void, but execrable. A peppercorn! what talk we of a peppercorn? No ground in the kingdom is now sold so dear as a grave. That poor little cabinet, that is not commonly above five feet long, and a foot and a half in breadth, where is no room to stir either hand or foot, and the roof, as St. Bernard saith, lieth so low that it toucheth the nose; this silly cabinet is sometimes in the churchyard sold to the poorest man for sixteen pence, sometimes for two shillings and eightpence, sometimes three shillings, sometimes six shillings; in the church itself,

* The following note, in the original Prospectus, disclosed the mercenary views of the parties.—“The revenue arising from ‘Père-la-Chaise’ is IMMENSE, although the poor are buried for nothing.”

at ten shillings, twenty shillings, forty shillings, three pounds, four pounds, &c.; in the chancel, at twenty shillings, forty shillings, three pounds, four pounds, five pounds, yea, ten pounds: and yet the purchaser hath no assurance of it, but is constrained to hold it *ad voluntatem domini*, or as a tenant for seven or ten years, within which term he is oftentimes cast out, and another put into his room, and no writ of *quare ejecit infra terminum* lieth for him. Shall I tell what I was ashamed to hear? *A grave or burying-place let to farm at twenty shillings a year*, the rent being duly paid for divers years; and being then behind, the parson threatened to uncase the corpse by pulling down the monument if it were not satisfied: and shame was so far from him as he spared not to defend it even before the commissioners. Strange things to me,—what to others I know not."

If Sir Henry Spelman thought and wrote thus indignantly of the ordinary fees claimed by the church for covering up our ashes, what would he have said to a joint-stock company subscribing its twenty-five pounds a-piece as a profitable investment of capital? He would have scorned those who could seek such revolting gains; but he would have spurned at them when he saw that they pretended to cloak their sordid object with pretences of public good. "Declare yourselves," he would have said, "an associated body of undertakers, sextons, grave-diggers, bell-ringers, coffin-makers, shroud-makers, and offer to serve the public upon such terms as may tempt them to employ you: but do not seek to make your money by the gross cheat of fine feelings and patriotic desires. Let your fellow-creatures rot as they have rotted, if you have nothing better to offer, for providing them with rotting places, than the rottenness of your own selfish ends. What care you for public health, or public decency, supposing (which is not proved) that the one is endangered and the other violated, so as you can get hold of the public money? Then doff your mask; and be content, like other traders, to attract customers for your commodities by showing that they are cheaper and better, or as cheap and as good, as those offered by your neighbours."

But the sages of the "General Ceme-

tery Company" have discovered that it is a "dangerous practice" to bury in churches and churchyards. Where is their evidence? We defy them to produce any, except their own ignorant and interested assertions. London is crowded with burial-places; but London is one of the healthiest capitals in Europe. Is there one medical man, one scientific man, in the country, who will venture to affix his name to an opinion declaratory of the fact that diseases are engendered by decaying bodies underground, or deposited in vaults? Who that has walked through a churchyard thick with graves, ever perceived any thing in the air indicative of mephitic exhalations? Who that knows any thing of the quick process of decomposition, or has seen a grave opened where mouldering bones alone remain after a few years, would expect they should spread disease? And where is the proof that disease **EVER** HAS been communicated to the living by the buried dead?

Then as to the moral influence of churchyards being contiguous to churches. Surely, the living, when they approach the temple of the Deity to be reminded of those duties which in their performance take the sting out of the arrow of death, and rob the grave of its victory, are not the less prepared for receiving such admonitions by beholding around them the memorials of those who have already gone to their dread account? The solemnity of the churchyard is no unbefitting preparation for the solemnity of the church. It speaks to every heart; forces itself upon every mind; tells us emphatically what we are and what we must become; it is a teacher whose voice we may disregard indeed, but which we cannot refuse to hear. The practice of every age,—of those ages when piety, and religion, and virtue, were something more than mere names,—by surrounding the house of prayer with the sad receptacles of mortality, proves more eloquently than a thousand pens could do, the connexion in the spirit of man between this world and the next. Our ancestors had none of that spurious sensibility which is made the pretext now for veiling from our eyes the evidences of our common lot, and converting into a country jaunt the visit to ornamental sepulchres on the sunny side of a rural hill.

Let it not be imagined from what we have said, that we are opposed to any judicious, simple, and *English* plan for providing adequate burial-places for our increased and increasing population. But the plain fact is, such places are *sure to be provided*, till the time arrives when there shall be a general taste for leaving our dead unburied; and we stand in just as much need of a general dining company, or a general sleeping company, to induce people to eat and drink, or go to bed, as a general cemetery company to encourage burying. Divested of its character as a contrivance to make money, it becomes ridiculous.

Nor is this tom-foolery less ridiculous when viewed as a piece of cockney sentimentality, for pensive publicans, tender tailors, sympathetic sempstresses, maudlin men-milliners, rural relations, and pastoral plebeians, to weep and wander amid flower-decked graves and gaudy tomb-stones. "The grounds," says the prospectus, "*will be laid out and planted after the celebrated cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, surrounded with an ornamental inclosure, &c.*" and in order that the children of sensibility who have never sighed in the pathetic shades of Père-la-Chaise at Paris, may know how that place is "*laid out and planted,*" a "document" is circulated with the prospectus of the General Cemetery Company, from which we extract the following touching passages:

Here may be seen every possible device in the least applicable to so solemn a subject. On one side behold *pure and unaffected simplicity courting you* to read the last memorial to departed worth; whilst at no great distance, *grandeurexhibited even in the tomb commands an inquiry—to whom it can belong?* The tablet will, probably, unravel the mystery, and declare the author of so magnificent a work more prominent, perhaps, than the name of him whose virtues, or whose fame, it is intended to record. So, on either side of the *finely coloured gravel walk, neatness and gaudiness* alternately attract the attention of the visitor. There stand the stately marble pillars, here the *superb and chaste temple*; the portal is open, and the stranger is tempted onwards by some *beauteous flowers preserved under glasses*, secured by a light iron railing, from a *ruthless hand*—the guardian, also, of the precious remains contained within its precincts. Tombs of marble of *every hue*, and tombs of stone, carved according to the skill

of the most able workmen, with *sepulchral urns and vases of every shape and every fashion*, are not amongst the least remarkable of the ornaments of this place.

In the midst of all this solemn splendour, are the humble and unobtruding monuments of the less wealthy. What fortune denies, nature furnishes in abundance: *stately trees*, with finely shadowing foliage, *interspersed here and there, cover the walks from the piercing beams of the glorious sun, and serve as a canopy to the superior monuments*; but the *smiling flowers of the parterre, respondent to the unceasing care bestowed upon them*, grow in rich luxuriance around the more humble tombs, gladdening the sight—the poor man's consolation. Some, however, an emblem both of the shortness and the casualties of life, well befitting the occasion, lie heaped together, cut from the parent plant, there to *wither and to fade*; yet, again, the watchful attention of friends has conveyed thither the works of the *most skilful florist* to make a *perpetual Spring*, and to render imperceptible the decay in nature; and artificial flowers in proud triumph are ingeniously placed among the tombs, interwoven with the natural foliage, so as to be taken by a casual observer as actually the gift of the goddess Flora herself!!

The irregularities of nature are a surprising feature in the *tout ensemble* of this pious design, and add peculiar beauty to the scene: laid out upon a *hill of uneven surface, sandy minor elevations, as well as lower grounds*, have afforded the artist the greatest possible field for embellishment, and given scope for the most admirable arrangement!!

* * * * Perhaps, in some secluded spot a devout husband, a pious wife, or children urged by filial love and affection, may be adding to the interest of the whole, whilst perceived, yet scarcely seen, in fervent prayer, they are, according to the principles of their faith, making intercession for some dear friend, who has already entered into "the valley of the shadow of death," and with solemn looks, "each speaking in his heart, only his lips moving, but his voice heard not," they breathe forth an ardent expectation that their supplications are not in vain. Through the thick foliage of the trees, and the high-raised Cenotaphs, may now and then be seen a figure pressing forward in some well-known path, with perturbed looks and downcast eyes, wishing to elude observation. Who can view this daughter of affliction and weep not, or feel at least some rising sympathy?

Is not this a beautiful picture? Is it not just worthy of a people, whom Voltaire described—(and let the events of the first revolution declare how truly)

as a compound of the "monkey and the tiger?" Is it not precisely what we might expect from a people who, during that revolution, committed in cold blood, the most disgusting, the most execrable, the most hideous and revolting outrages upon the grave, upon the dead, upon every affection, feeling, and principle which dignify or endear the ties of social and domestic life?

But what have Englishmen, what have Englishwomen, to do with such nummeries? Our matrons, our wives, our daughters, our sisters, mourn for those of whom they are bereaved, not after this fantastical fashion. They want no finely-coloured gravel walks, no flowers preserved under glasses, no artificial ones, no decorated graves, to bespeak their sorrow. They are not mourners in public, to show a well-turned elbow, while they hold the cambric handkerchief to eyes, "unsullied with a tear." Their grief is the grief of nature; and nature in her tribulation seeks solitude and the deep retirement of silent thought. We do not dress our face in wo at stated intervals, and bend over the sepulchre of those we loved, in a studied attitude of theatrical despair. It is alien to our nation; foreign to our character. We are as far removed from all this coxcombray, this dandyism of feigned affliction, as we are from the shrugs, and grimaces, the kissings and

huggings, of the half-monkeys, half-tigers, by whom they are practised. An honest John Bull would only laugh at the knavish fool whom he saw blubbering and groaning over a grave stuck with daffadowillies, in the English Père-la-Chaise, between pastoral Paddington and the rural road to Harrow.

We will not now descend into the particulars of the scheme of the "General Cemetery Company." When we see reason to believe that there are fifty persons of ordinary common sense seriously engaged in promoting it, then—they shall hear from us again. Meanwhile, we shall content ourselves with finally observing, that in whatever light it is viewed, it is equally open to ridicule and reproach. To reproach, as an odious speculation for making money under false and hollow pretences of public good, though the public are really no more interested in the design than they would be in a project for removing the catacombs of Egypt to the top of Primrose Hill: and to ridicule, as a piece of un-English foppery, well suited to the capacity of the projector, but incapable of being engrafted upon the plain, manly, and sober qualities of the English character, in all things abhorrent of frippery, and in nothing more so than in what concerns the best affections of the human heart.

G.

THE SILENT MEMBER'S LETTERS TO THE KING.

We recur to these bold productions of a confirmed "Church and Monarchy" man, for we have received a third edition of the First, and a second edition of the Second Letter.

It would be superfluous to enter again upon the merits of these pamphlets, after the opinions we have already recorded; but as a proof that the author has his eye upon passing events, and is alive to what he considers the dangerous measures which are engendered in sheer ignorance, and supported by popular clamour, we need only give the preface to the last edition.

It is the language of an experienced politician, the warning of one who looks beyond the present moment, the advice of a man, be he whom he may, accustomed to calculate on the consequences of innovation; and whether he be regarded by those who can alone arrest the progress of the mischief, or despised as an alarmist, few who read will deny that his arguments are yet unanswered, while many will pronounce them unanswerable.

MOTTO.

"May every man who has a stake in the country, whether from situation, from character, from wealth, from his family, and from the hopes of his children—may every man who has a sense of the blessings for which he is indebted to the form of Government under which he lives, see that the time is come at which his decision must be taken, and, when once taken, steadfastly acted upon—for or against the institutions of the British Monarchy! The time is come at which there is but that line of demarcation."—*Canning's Speech at Liverpool in 1820.*

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SECOND LETTER.

Eight years were required to bring Charles I. to the scaffold. Let a reformed House of Commons have eight years to work with; and if the year 1840 do not exhibit to the world the British Monarchy, the Established Church, and the British Empire, in a condition lamentably changed from what they now are, human nature itself must be changed, and human passions, vices, motives, and desires, must cease to be what they have been in all ages of the world.

At no period of our history, since that great and glorious epoch when the Barons demanded the GREAT CHARTER from an imbecile King, have the Peers of England been called to such a task as now awaits them. **THEY AND THEY ALONE CAN SAVE THE COUNTRY.** There is, there can be, no hope from a House of Commons elected (DELEGATED it might be said), specially for the purpose of giving the effect of law to a measure which thousands of their fellow subjects believe to be subversive of our ancient institutions.

WILL the Peers of England do their duty? This is a question upon every tongue. It is the question alike of those who fear, and those who pray, they will have firmness enough to grapple with the danger at once.

Heretofore they have stood as a barrier *between* the "mad multitude" and the throne; as a stronghold of defence, beating back the turbulent waves of democracy; but thanks to the men by whom we are now governed, this is no longer their position. If they do their duty, they must endure to be told, by those who have brought us into so fearful a jeopardy, that they are not the King's friends—for, the King is himself a reformer!—There is a startling novelty in this, sufficient to paralyse the actions of men not prepared to look steadily at a great crisis, and having taken the dimensions of the peril that is before them, sternly to summon their energies for a struggle with it. But a calmer examination will shew its fallacy. The friends of the Monarchy *cannot be the enemies of the Monarch*; the friends of the Country *cannot be the enemies of the Monarch*; the friends of the Constitution *cannot be the enemies of the Monarch*; the friends of the Church *cannot be the enemies of the Monarch*; the friends of those civil and religious institutions which have made England what she is, *cannot be the enemies of a King of England.*

Here then is the ground marked out, from which they may hurl back with scorn the base calumny which it will be attempted to fasten on them. Let their proud answer be this:—"We stand for the Monarchy; we stand for the Country; we stand for the Constitution; we stand for the Church; we stand for those Civil and Religious Institutions which have made our country what it is, and before God we declare our solemn conviction that they are all in danger. You may tell us we are no friends to our King. We say, seeking the preservation of the things we do, we are his best friends. You may tell us, the King is a reformer. We answer, in the language of our birthright, We are the King's Counsellors, bound to advise him with fearless honesty, when he is ill-advised. We are not here to register his will against the clearest dictates of our judgment. We have a duty paramount to our loyalty (if the time be indeed come, when loyalty to the throne means only submission to a rash, innovating, and incapable ministry)—a duty to our country, a duty to our children, a duty to ourselves, in the intrepid discharge of high functions transmitted to us by our fathers; and if, through your pernicious measures, we cannot perform this duty without being arrayed against our Sovereign, rather be it so, than that the fear of what *may* follow should deter us from doing that which can alone arrest what *must* follow."

Would to God we could feel assured this will be the language of the House of Peers! It would bring the question to a short and decisive issue. A storm might ensue, and probably would; but it would be a mere summer gathering of the clouds, compared with that tempest which is preparing for us, the extent of whose ravages no one can foretell. Admit there is danger in coming to an open conflict with a radical House of Commons—is there no danger in crouching to its menaces? Away with the traitorous timidity! Go forth, and meet it at once, instead of waiting till it comes howling to your doors. Crush the infant Hercules! It will be wiser than standing by its cradle to watch its growth, and preparing to wrestle with it, when, in the fulness of time, its brawny strength dilates to gigantic proportions, beneath which you will be crushed yourselves.

We know that among many persons such sentiments are unpopular, and we think it possible that the publicity which we give them among the highest class of females, may offend the friends of reform; but let them point out to us any "address to the Sovereign" which argues as powerfully in *behalf* of the sweeping measure in question, and they will find us equally ready to do justice to the writer, and give the cause which he supports all the benefit of our circulation.

"GEMS" FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.*

WE have, on more than one occasion, expressed our sentiments upon the character, genius, and writings of Jeremy Taylor, anxious to excite in our readers a taste for his masculine thoughts, clothed in the rich garb of a lofty and exuberant imagination. It would be superfluous to repeat those sentiments; but in aid of them, and in furtherance of our desire, we shall, from time to time, as the volumes of Mr. Valpy's *Divines of the Church of England* appear, devote a few pages of the *Royal Lady's Magazine* to such extracts from his works as must create in those who have any pretensions to taste or judgment themselves, an absolute longing to possess the volume whence they are taken. We do not know how we can better act up to our profession, that of "raising the female mind of England to its true level," or better promote the interests of an undertaking which has our warmest approbation; and we shall only add, that we could not feel flattered by the approbation of any of our readers, who could pass over, as uninviting, the specimens we propose to lay before them from one of the master spirits of the olden time.

FALLACIOUS DENOTEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

"But if we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such alloys and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm, and ruddy under a poor and thin garment, when, at the same time, an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapped about a sickly and an uneasy soul."

THE SPIRITUAL FRUITS OF ADVERSITY.

"Do not trouble yourself by thinking how much you are afflicted, but consider how much you make of it; for reflex acts on the suffering itself can lead to nothing but to pride, or to impatience, to temptation, or apostacy. He that measures the grains and scruples of his persecution, will soon sit down and call for ease, or for a reward; will think the time long, or his burden great; will be apt to complain of his condition, or set a greater value on his person. Look not back on him that strikes thee, but upward to God that supports thee, and forward to the crown that is set before thee; and then consider if the loss of thy estate hath taught thee to despise the world; whether thy poor fortune hath made thee poor in spirit; and if thy uneasy prison sets thy soul at liberty, and knocks off the fetters of a worse captivity. For then, the rod of suffering turns into crowns and sceptres, when every suffering is a precept, and every change of condition produces a holy resolution, and the state of sorrows makes the resolution actual and habitual, permanent and persevering. For, as the silk-worm eateth itself out of a seed to become a little worm, and there feeding on the leaves of mulberries it grows till its coat be off, and then works itself into a house of silk; then casting its pearly seeds for the young to breed, it leaveth its silk for man, and dieth all white and winged in the shape of a flying creature; so is the progress of souls. When they are regenerate by baptism, and have cast off their first stains, and the skin of worldly vanities, by feeding on the leaves of scripture, and the fruits of the vine, and the joys of the sacrament, they encircle themselves in the rich garments of holy and virtuous habits; then, by leaving their blood, which is the church's seed, to raise up a new generation to God, they leave a blessed memory and fair example, and are themselves turned into angels, whose felicity is to do the will of God, as their employment was in this world to suffer it."

THE DUTY OF CONSOLING THE AFFLICTED.

"And certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater for which God made our tongues, next to reciting *his* praises, than to minister

* From the second volume of his works, forming No. XIV. of the *Divines of the Church of England*.

comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who, with his dreary eyes looks to Heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eye-lids close together? Than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen to light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and, by little and little, melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell there is joy within; and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer: so is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter: he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons."

PROFANE JESTING.

"But above all the abuses which ever dishonoured the tongues of men, nothing more deserves the whip of an exterminating angel than profane jesting; which is a bringing of the spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man, as if it were not enough for a man to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into those horrible scenes. He that makes a jest of the words of scripture, or of holy things, plays with thunder, and kisses the mouth of a cannon just as it belches fire and death; he stakes Heaven at spurn-point, and trips cross and pile, whether ever he shall see the face of God or no; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest; nay (which is the horror of all), he makes a jest of God himself, and the Spirit of the Father and the Son to become ridiculous. Some men use to read scripture on their knees, and many with their heads uncovered, and all good men with fear and trembling, with reverence and grave attention. 'Search the scriptures, for therein ye hope to have life eternal;' and, 'All scripture is written by inspiration of God, and is fit for instruction, for reproof, for exhortation, for doctrine,' not for jesting; but he that makes that use of it had better part with his eyes in jest, and give his heart to make a tennis-ball. And that I may speak the worst thing in the world of it, it is as like the material part of the sin against the Holy Ghost, as jeering of a man is to abusing him; and no man can use it but he that wants wit and manners, as well as he wants religion."

WHY SHOULD WE NEED PERSUASIVES TO VIRTUE?

"It is not necessary that a commonwealth should give pensions to orators, to dissuade men from running into houses infected with the plague, or to entreat them to be out of love with violent torments, or to create in men evil opinions concerning famine or painful deaths. Every man hath a sufficient stock of self-love, on the strength of which he hath entertained principles strong enough to secure himself against voluntary mischiefs, and from running into states of death and violence. A man would think that this I have now said were in all cases certainly true, and I would to God it were; for that which is the greatest evil, that which makes all evils, that which turns good into evil, and every natural evil into a greater sorrow, and makes that sorrow lasting and perpetual: that which sharpens the edge of swords, and makes agues to be fevers, and fevers to turn into plagues; that which puts stings into every fly, and uneasiness to every trifling accident, and strings every whip with scorpions—you know I must needs mean sin—that evil men suffer patiently, and will not suffer themselves to be divorced from it."

COMPULSORY RESIGNATION.

"Many men leave the world when their fortune hath left them; and they are

severe, and philosophical, and retired for ever, if for ever it be impossible to return; but let a warm and prosperous sunshine warm and refresh their sadnesses, and make it but possible to break their purposes, and there needs no more temptation; their own false heart is enough."

THE SEEMING CONSTANCY OF HAPPINESS.

"The son of Sirach did prudently advise concerning making judgments of the felicity or infelicity of men. 'Judge none blessed before his death; for a man shall be known in his children.' Some men raise their fortunes from a cottage to the chairs of princes, from a sheep-cote to a throne, and dwell in the circles of the sun and in the lap of prosperity; their wishes and success dwell under the same roof, and Providence brings all events into their design, and ties both ends together with prosperous successes; and even the little conspersions and intertextures of evil accidents in their lives are but like a feigned note in music, by an artificial discord making the ear covetous, and then pleased with the harmony into which the appetite was enticed by passion and a pretty restraint; and variety does but adorn prosperity, and make it of a sweet relish and of more advantage: and some of these men descend into their graves without a change of fortune. *Eripitur persona, manet res.*"

WHAT CAN A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE DO?

"I shall end this first consideration with a plain exhortation: that since repentance is a duty of so great and giant-like bulk, let no man crowd it up into so narrow room, as that it be strangled in its birth for want of time, and air to breathe in; let it not be put off to that time when a man hath scarce time enough to reckon all those particular duties which make up the integrity of its constitution. Will any man hunt the wild boar in his garden, or bait a bull in his closet? Will a woman wrap her child in a handkerchief, or a father send his son to school when he is fifty years old? These are indecencies of providence, and the instrument contradicts the end; and this is our case. There is no room for the repentance, no time to act all its essential parts; and a child who hath a great way to go before he be wise, may defer his studies, and hope to become learned in his old age, and on his death-bed, as well as a vicious person may think to recover from all his ignorances and prejudicate opinions, from all his false principles and evil customs, from his wicked inclinations and ungodly habits, from his fondness of vice and detestation of virtue, from his promptness to sin and unwillingness to grace, from his spiritual deadness and strong sensuality, on his death-bed (I say), when he hath no natural strength, and as little spiritual; when he is criminal and impotent, hardened in his vice and soft in his fears, full of passion and empty of wisdom; when he is sick, and amazed, and timorous, and confounded, and impatient, and extremely miserable."

THE ADVANTAGES OF A BAD MEMORY.

"He that had an ill memory did wisely comfort himself by reckoning the advantages he had by his forgetfulness; for by this means he was hugely secured against malice and ambition; for his anger went off with the short notice and observation of the injury; and he saw himself unfit for the businesses of other men, or to make records in his head, and undertake to conduct the intrigues of affairs of a multitude, who was apt to forget the little accounts of his own seldom reading. He also remembered this, that his pleasures in reading books were more frequent, while he remembered but little of yesterday's study; and to-morrow the book is new, and, with its novelties, gives him fresh entertainment, while the retaining brain lays the book aside and is full already. Every book is new to an ill memory, and one long book is a library, and its parts return fresh as the morning which becomes a new day, though by the revolution of the same sun. Besides these, it brought him to tell truth for fear of shame, and in mere necessity made his speech little, and his discoursings short; because the web drawn from his brain was soon spun out, and his fountain grew quickly dry, and left running through forgetfulness."

EDITOR'S ROOM.

If we, like our neighbour of the *Literary Gazette*, could review books from reading the title-pages, we need not apologise for arrears, which have sadly accumulated. We have, however, in preparation for our next Number, a Paper on "*Boswell's Life of Johnson by Croker*," a review of Mr. Galt's *Lives of the Players* (we beg pardon for mentioning both in the same paragraph), and somewhere about thirty notices of Periodicals, Prints, and New Music. We have this month room only for the following:

1.—*Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man, &c. &c. adapted to the French. By N. G. Dufief. 2 vols. 1831. Twelfth Edition, enlarged and improved.*

2.—*Family Classical Library. No. XIX. Juvenal and Persius.*

1.—Among the many causes at work to produce those momentous changes in the very elements of society that are now coming rapidly upon us, may be reckoned the multiplied facilities for communicating knowledge. When a small portion of the community thought and acted for the rest, the latter were content to move along in their assigned sphere; but now, when every man fancies he can think and act for himself, his first desire is to question the authority by which others presume to do it for him. It remains to be seen, however, how a nation of philosophers, or what is practically the same thing, a nation of would-be philosophers, will manage their affairs. We dare say with much the same harmony that half-a-dozen rival shop-keepers carry on their business in one street. What Johnson said sarcastically, but not wholly without cause, of the Scotch, is becoming, or rather has become, our own case: we have all of us a mouthful, but none of us a bellyful, of learning.

In our review of M. Klattowsky's *Deutsches Handbuch* (see vol. i. of *R. L. M.* p. 246), we expressed our opinion of those mountebank systems of tuition, by which it is pretended to teach languages thoroughly in some ten or twenty lessons; and though we are very far from intending to insinuate that M. Dufief's plan comes under this description, we say unhesitatingly that he has exposed himself to the suspicion of it, in the following statement:

Among several facts in proof, (i. e. of the efficacy of M. Dufief's mode of instruction) I related the following: A countryman of mine, totally unacquainted with the English language, went some time since into one of the principal wholesale and retail shops of this great metropolis, in order to purchase various articles of taste and fashion. He addressed in French the master of the shop who, not understanding a word of the language, turned towards one of the young men in attendance and said, "I know that you are a member of the Mechanic's Institution, and that you have attended the French class there (taught by M. Dufief); they tell me that you are so fond of that language that you talk it in your sleep; now let us see whether the whole is any thing but an empty dream? come and *parlez-vous* with this gentleman."—The young man, who had never received any other instruction in French than that afforded in the theatre of this institution, and who never before had had an opportunity of conversing in that language, approached the foreigner with a modest confidence: he addressed him and was perfectly understood. The articles wanted were laid before him; they were approved of and purchased. The Frenchman, deceived by the facility, and, above all, the *exact pronunciation* with which he spoke, asked the young man a question which perhaps has been seldom put to an Englishman: *How long he had been in England? Toute ma vie, all my life*, replied the youth. The foreigner who had all the time *taken him for a young Frenchman* sent here by his friends to learn the mode in which the London tradesmen carry on business, was struck with surprise.—*Pref. p. v.*

Fudge! as Mr. Burchell exclaimed at the end of Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs' rhodomontades. And we can tell M. Dufief, that had we here closed his volumes (as we were somewhat inclined to do after meeting with such a sample of rank empiricism), we should have classed him, at once, with those mountebank teachers, who gull fools out of their money by pretending to drive a language into their heads, as a drill-serjeant makes a soldier of a clodpole.

But we are happy to say, M. Dufief, though evidently an enthusiast, and sometimes, like the great Katterfelto, "wondering at himself," is a person of a very different description. His system has sterling and valuable properties in it; though

we are convinced it will never accomplish all he expects, for this plain reason, that it goes upon the principle of supposing a perfect equality of mind in his pupils, than which nothing can be more fatally erroneous. It has not, and it cannot have, any adaptation of means, corresponding with the diversity of intellectual ability which is to be acted upon. He takes, for instance, a class, consisting of one or two hundred persons, all of whom receive their instruction by a uniform process; and that process, consequently, must of necessity be imperfect in relation to some of them. There is no subsequent examination of individuals, to ascertain what each pupil knows; no variation of plan, to accommodate it to those who are capable of learning in an hour more than others can learn in a day. They all move on together, the quick and the dull, the attentive and the idle, the strong memory and the weak one, and each of course gets just as much as he can or as he chooses. The teacher is a sort of *flugelman*, and the class, his awkward squad, who go through their exercises in the best way they are able: some will naturally be more expert than others, but the whole act under one impulse, and that impulse mechanical rather than mental. We are aware, and quite willing to allow, that a portion of this defect is inherent in all teaching by numerous classes, whatever may be the thing taught; but *à fortiori* it is so in classes where one of the things to be taught is the accurate pronunciation of a foreign language, and where the pronunciation of words and sentences takes place simultaneously by a crowd of voices. We should like to know what ear would be capable of detecting a false pronunciation; and even if that were possible, how the teacher could pitch upon the particular pupil out of one or two hundred who had committed the blunder?

It is not, however, because a system is imperfect, or because it professes to do what is morally impracticable, that we should reject what it can do, when it can do much that is good. We have no hesitation, therefore, in saying, that M. Dufief's plan of tuition contains many excellent properties; that it simplifies the acquisition of languages by the adoption of philosophical principles, derived, as he truly professes them to be, from the example of nature; and, that steadily persevered in by masters and pupils, both will have abundant reason to be satisfied with it. We do not believe that if employed alone it will make proficient in any language; but it will certainly lead a student, by easy and certain steps, to that point of general acquaintance with a language, from which, if it be his desire to take a wider range, he will find himself well prepared for his excursion. Finally, we have no hesitation in declaring, that whatever may be the advantages of this system with regard to teaching many, at one and the same time, they will be found to be tenfold when it is applied to individual tuition. We shall only add, that the volumes contain a valuable mass of information of every description relating to the French language.

2.—The “Juvenal” of this volume is translated by Dr. Badham; the “Persius” by the Right Honourable Sir W. Drummond. Of the former, the translator himself observes, that the first edition, published many years ago, “is scarcely known perhaps to the public at all, or at any rate not much beyond the circle of the author's friends, (are they the public?) except by a critique on it which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*; and which, although as unjust, to my apprehension, in many of its remarks, as I consider it to have been discourteous and arrogant in its general tone, could not, considering the talent embarked in that publication, but materially affect its success.” “I do not, however,” he continues, “appeal to the reader of the present work from the remarks on the former, they are too materially different to make such an appeal altogether legitimate;” whence we are to infer that the present edition has had the benefit of every improvement which the translator could bestow. We do not think we can more fairly characterize the pretensions of Dr. Badham, than by borrowing a sentence from his Dedication to Sir Henry Halford: “As sensible, I hope, as any person need to be, of his own defective powers to interpret so great and pregnant an original, but yet unwilling to believe that protracted assiduity and much consideration can have been wholly unsuccessful, I will only say, that I desire for the work, now again presented to the public, in certainly a much improved state, no better fortune than that it should obtain the approbation of a gentleman so well qualified to judge of it.” The truth is, it is a work of

care and labour, with very little, if any, of that congenerous talent, which imparted such extraordinary vigour to many portions of the translations of Dryden and Gifford. We have the dry meaning of Juvenal without his fire, his felicities of style, his terseness, or his grandeur. We shall only further observe, that Dr. Badham's own style is frequently disfigured by affectation and pedantry. "Where," for example, will he find an authority for the following use of the verb to *peruse*, in any good prose writer? "Models of architectural antiquities are often constructed on a scale which preserves their exact proportion, yet none, I will venture to say, have ever apprehended even the beauty, not to say the power, of the originals, by *perusing* them." Milton and Shakspeare both employ this word, with poetical licence, for observing or examining; but who talks of perusing a landscape or a plan? In what English writer, too, will Dr. Badham find "pretextatised?" (p. 25.) We shall only observe, in conclusion, that this translation of Juvenal, as forming part of a *Family Classical Library*, is very properly truncated in the sixth satire, and veiled in the ninth.

Sir William Drummond's Persius has long since received its meed of praise from competent critics, as at once elegant, faithful, and vigorous. The "*Translator's Prologue*," a metrical dialogue, between the Poet and his Friend, is full of beauty and tenderness. We cannot resist transcribing the following portion of it:

P. As time speeds on, and years revolve, my friend,
 I grow too idle or too old to mend.
 While yet a youth, my pure descriptive lays
 The learn'd could suffer, and the partial praise:
 Her brilliant tints imagination threw
 O'er the wild scenes my artless pencil drew;
 Soft numbers fell unstudied from my tongue,
 Fancy was pleas'd, and Judgment yet was young;
 Gay Hope then smooth'd the wrinkled brow of Time,
 Love wav'd his torch, and Youth was in its prime.
 But soon the tempest gather'd o'er my head,
 Health lost her bloom, and faithless pleasure fled;
 Friendship retired, and left me to decay,
 And love desponding threw his torch away.
 'Twas then, when sickness and when sorrow drew
 Their sable curtain o'er my clouded view
 When lost to hope, I wander'd, wan and pale,
 O'er Cintra's rocks, or sought Vacluse's vale,
 That left in distant climes to droop and pine,
 The Muse's converse and her art were mine:
 Nor less belov'd has been the tuneful lay,
 Since fortune smil'd, and fate restor'd my day.

And yet for me the muses still have charms,
 Their light yet guides me, and their fire yet warms;
 For me the sylvan world has beauties still,
 The shaded valley or the sun-clad hill.
 Nor yet unwelcome does the hour draw nigh
 Which leaves me free from busy crowds to fly;
 The hour which warns me to renew the oil,
 The poet's pleasure and the student's toil.
 Nor undelighted does my mind recal
 Its infant joys in yonder Gothic hall;
 Where still the legendary tale goes round
 Of charms and spells, of treasures lost and found;
 Of fearful goblins and malicious sprites,
 Enchanted damsels and enamour'd knights;
 Or led by fancy back to ancient times,
 To fairer regions and to milder climes,
 I love through all the Muses' haunts to rove,
 On Hybla's hill, or in th' Aonian grove;
 Or seek those fabled scenes by poets sung
 Where his fam'd lyre the Thracian artist strung;

Where Phœbus sighing o'er the shepherd's tomb ;
 Bade the sweet flower of Hyacinthus bloom ;
 Where with young Zephyr Flora lov'd to play,
 And hid her blushes in the lap of May :
 Where Dian nightly woo'd a blooming boy,
 And, veil'd by darkness was no longer coy ;
 Where erst when winter's stormy reign began
 A purple fountain changed Adonis ran,
 Her annual tears desponding Venus shed
 And the wave redden'd as the hunter bled.

PROVINCIAL MUSICALS.

YORK.—Provincial concerts are very odd affairs: there is always sure to be something to make them appear ridiculous. The end aimed at, is far above what can be attained by the means at command; the compositions are ill-assorted, the singers take songs beyond their compass or power of voice, and the band undertake pieces which they can no more perform than they can fly. One or more of these incidents happen to a certainty. During the late assizes a hash of this description was got up at York by Mrs. Atkinson, who is the resident *prima donna* of the county, and was formerly known in London as a singer of some pretensions, under the name of Miss Goodall. The room in which the concert took place is one of the finest we ever saw—an oblong square of ample dimensions admirably built for sound, though we had augured otherwise on seeing a line of beautiful Corinthian columns which extend along each side of the room. But to the concert. Of the heterogeneous nature of the selection we can convey no adequate idea, except by giving a list of the composers' names: here it is,—Gyrowitz, Webbe, Rossini, Dr. Boyce, Beethoven, Röhner, Bishop, Mozart, Boieldieu, Bridgewater, Dr. Cooke, Niedermeyer, and Piatamida. Here was variety enough at any rate, but how was it with regard to performers? Out of twelve vocal pieces Mrs. Atkinson's name appears to *seven* of them, three out of the remaining five being glees. The other two songs were sung by Mr. Horncastle. The compass of Mrs. Atkinson's voice is not so extensive as it was, added to which her execution from want of practice, if from no other cause, has wofully fallen off: and yet she had the folly, for we can call it nothing else, to attempt "Ah perfido spergiu" (Beethoven). Such a hotch-potch we never witnessed, Mrs. A. and the band, appeared to emulate each other in setting time, tune, and expression at utter defiance. In the midst of the confusion we detected the lady, burlesquing a chromatic descent: it was for all the world like an audible yawn, and if she intended it as a piece of humour, it was one of the best things effected in the course of the evening. Having completely exhausted herself after her sixth performance, the seventh was omitted.

The ludicrous vagaries of the band are not to be described: many of them laboured in vain to get their instruments in tune. We espied a double-bass player in sad perplexity, as to which way he was to turn his pegs, and anxiously watching his principal on the other side of the orchestra to set him right in this particular. The first trombone who was blaring away at a great rate, suddenly appeared to be very ill at his ease, and no wonder, for his partner every now and then thrust the long shifting movement of his instrument into the other's side. After this was remedied the second trombone could not get on at all, and finding he had been playing out of the wrong copy, wandered about the back of the orchestra, looking over several vacant stands, till he fixed upon one on which was lying a copy which he fancied would suit him better. A young lad with a bassoon as long as himself, grunted out a few notes as the humour of the moment might suggest: sometimes he put the other wind instruments out, but that mattered little, as they in their turn put out the stringed instruments, and they again, the singers, so that a persevering uniformity in this respect was pretty well maintained from beginning to end. Mozart's Overture to Figaro afforded a fine illustration of orchestral scrambling: it was an alternation and occasional combination of scratching and groaning.

Horncastle finding he had no rival near the throne, bawled away most gloriously, which accounts for the remark of a York critic which appeared a day or two afterwards: "Mr. H." says he, "has a considerable portion of the 'splendid execution of Braham!'" This is a piece of news we think our London friends should know of, for if Braham really has transferred his gallery roaring to Mr. Horncastle, they will certainly be gainers by it. The same paper, in reference to a bassoon player, speaks of "thunders of astonished applause."

Dr. Camidge, who, we believe, is a clever man, led the band; he must have had a hearty laugh in his sleeve.

Miss Byfield has been starring it at the theatre, and is certainly improved since we heard her in London; she has some rich tones in her voice, but it still wants considerable cultivation. In the concerted pieces she can hardly keep her countenance, owing to the discordant noise produced by the other singers, assisted by the fiddlers.

The cathedral service is very well performed during the reparation of the minster, in the Belfry Church, so called because it has no belfry. The Dean, who is a man of refined taste, takes care that the musical service shall not be neglected. A young lad belonging to the choir, bearing the distinguishing name of John Smith, has one of the finest voices we ever heard, and sings well in tune.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE audiences at this place have been very thin of late, owing, no doubt, in some degree, to the exhibitions which are going forward on the political stage. It cannot have been caused by any want of novelty, for we have to record the appearance of another new opera, from the pen of Donizetti. The title of it is *Anna Boleyn*, and the story consists in a version of the history of that unhappy lady after she had become the wife of that paragon of kings and husbands, Henry the VIIIth. There are divers inconsistencies in the incidents and situations, as there generally are in all operas: for instance, the king is at times on the stage, when it is quite clear, that the other personages would never have said what they are now made to say, except in his absence. But what is to be done when the composer requires the aid of the *primo basso*? whether he be king or cobbler it matters not, he must be brought before the lamps. The part of the *Queen* was of course sustained by Pasta, for whom it is said to have been written by the composer, as well as that of *Lord Percy* for Rubini. The *Eighth Harry* is personated by Lablache, and a more able representative, both as regards the *vocale* and the *personnel*, could not have been found. A Madame Gay filled the part of *Jane Seymour*.

The music of *Anna Boleyn* is of a very mediocre kind; it indicates a very limited knowledge of harmony, or at least of the

grand effects which it is capable of producing,—effects which the action of the latter part of the opera certainly demanded. If Signor Donizetti is a young man, better things may be expected from him; if not, he will merely rank with that host of composers who are unacquainted with the resources of their art. The great proportion of the airs, particularly in the first act, will assimilate well with the swarms of moonlight songs which swell out the portfolios of young ladies. The choruses and other concerted pieces lack design, and are, consequently, confused and heavy: some are undoubtedly better than others, and we would particularize a chorus of women, in the second act, as being among the best specimens of the opera; also a chorus, with a good bass subject, admirably led off, in the introductory symphony, by Dragonetti.

After what we have often said of Madame Pasta, it would be useless even if it were possible, to add fresh encomiums on her all-surpassing powers. Her performance of *Anna* is like all her performances, perfect; by turns dignified, tender, resentful, and humble: at one time striking terror into all by her looks and the almost awful grandeur of her action, and at another awakening the liveliest sympathies, by the sweet and enchanting expression of her countenance when, overwhelmed with her misfortunes, her wandering imagination

leads her to fancy she is still in her glory. In this particular she reminded us of her *Nina*, and again, in the scene with Jane Seymour, when about to curse her, we thought of the Medea with her children, when she cries out "Fuggi, fuggi." But though the scenes are so similar, there is a difference which the genius of Pasta depicted with the nicest discrimination. As the queen, she shows the hatred of one woman towards another, who she supposes has injured her, and suddenly relents, without that total abandonment (if we may use the word) which possessed the mother for fear her hatred towards *Giasone* would, in the end, force her to sacrifice her children. Another capital scene is that in which she upbraids the king; a scene which would have made the bluff Harry himself tremble. Pasta's exquisite singing made Donizetti's tame music go down, as gilding does a pill: not that we mean to say all the music is tame, but where it is not, it is apt to be noisy, confused, or vulgar. We will not omit this opportunity to mention that Madame Pasta never once introduced the long *forte piano* shake, against which we had entered our protest.

Rubini has less to do than we expected, and what is more, is much quieter in what he has to do. In the prison he sings an aria with great feeling and expression, and without that superabundance of ornament he is so

fond of. A great deal of the effect of the opera depends on Lablache, and he exerted himself with eminent success. His size, figure, and dress, render him by no means unlike the portraits of our wife-killing monarch. Speaking of dress, nothing could be more appropriate than Pasta's; her appearance in the first act is as superbly regal as can be conceived, while in the last a simple black robe, without any head-dress or other ornament, leaves her natural beauty supreme.

Madame Gay is one of the most awkward creatures that ever stalked across the stage. She is a bad singer and a worse actress, if possible. Still we would cheerfully take her in lieu of Castilli, who from very long experience we know to be incurable. We could live for a season or two in the hope that Madame Gay might improve. De Angeli, instead of looking like the queen's brother, looked like a footman kept on board wages, and De Ville had all the appearance of one who had just escaped from the hulks.

The ballet of Kenilworth has been exhibited over and over again with the dancing *left out*. Taglioni has at last fairly hopped away, and the manager has now judiciously reproduced the popular ballet of Massaniello.

The season is rapidly drawing to a close.

English Fashions.

GENERAL REMARKS.

It affords us great pleasure to observe the manifest change which has taken place in the dress of our fair countrywomen, during the present season. The good sense and elegant taste of the English ladies, encouraged by the example so conspicuously set them by our gracious Queen, have given proofs that they have at length rejected Parisian absurdities, and that they have found talent and taste among those long-neglected beings, English dress-makers and milliners. The ladies of this country are well qualified to lead: why should they be contented to follow those confessedly their inferiors? Fashion alone could have solved the query at any period.

There is much and very general

alteration in the style of female costume, since the commencement of the spring season. Dresses are worn with very little in the way of trimming on the skirts for morning and carriage costume. But for all descriptions of evening dress, the make and ornaments are very elaborate. We have seen several which were truly beautiful, but our press of other matter will not allow us to describe them. The skirts of dresses are quite as full as last month, but more sloped at the top, and rather longer. Sleeves are still worn very large at top, but not near so tight to the arm as in the early part of the season. The *corsage* for morning dress is generally made plain, and over it the light and elegant *canezou* is seen, in numberless varieties

of form and texture, at once rich and graceful. Bonnets for morning and carriage dress are mostly of the cottage shape, than which none is more becoming to an English face; though some of our belles seem to prefer those of the gipsy form; but whatever be the shape of the bonnet, the trimming of it is very moderate. Blonde caps, of a simple form, are favourites for morning wear. Dinner dresses are much worn of rich British silks. They are generally much trimmed, both bodies and skirts; and, with the splendid coiffures worn with them, present a magnificent *tout ensemble*. For evening and ball costume, there is an almost endless variety of forms and materials, but richly embroidered crape or *tulle* is the general favourite. The hair, for evening dress, is always dressed so as to rise very high on the crown of the head, and is almost invariably ornamented with a high comb at the back. Very young ladies have their hair simply braided across the forehead, and finished with two or more *coques* at the top. Flowers, for head-dress, are not so much in favour as in our last; those worn are of the most lively colours, and form the most striking contrast with the luxuriant tresses they adorn. Since the introduction of that lion of violinists, Paganini, we have been expecting some striking changes in opera dress, but there is really less of novelty in this than in any other resort of the *beau monde*. The eternal opera head-dress, so unreasonable in its dimensions, seems determined to make a stand here, in despite of all that good taste, not to say good nature, would do to replace it with something more moderate, and, perhaps, as graceful, at all events more pleasing. But we think another opera season will exhibit a great alteration. The most admired colours are celestial blue, lilac, pink, bright green, and white. Jewellery is extremely rich and massive, and among the gems worn by our belles, the beautiful chrysoprase holds a pre-eminent place.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

Promenade dress of English chintz muslin. The skirt is made without trimming, but very ample in dimensions, and set in full entirely round the waist. Sleeve very full at the top, and not quite so close at the lower part as they have been worn for some time past. The cor-

sage is plain at top, and slightly full at bottom. An elegant *canezou* of *moirée*, colour, the evening primrose, and edged with a rich silk fringe is worn with this dress. *Collerette* of *tulle*, interspersed with rays of gauze ribbon, the same colour as the *canezou*. *Chapeau à la reine* of primrose-coloured *moirée*. The hair is open, and of moderate size, with *rayons* and *mentonnières* of blonde, and gauze ribbon. The crown is low on the right side, and ornamented with pointed *feuilles* of *moirée*, bound with satin, and edged with blonde: small sprigs of purple heath-flowers are mixed with the trimming of the crown. *Agraffe* and bracelets of gold and amethysts; gloves and boots of lilac kid.

FIG. 2.

Evening dress of celestial blue crape, superbly embroidered in white floss silk, worn over white satin. The sleeve short and very full, finished with a band of embroidery. The *corsage* is cut quite plain, and is richly worked at the upper part of the bust. A brace of worked crape crosses the bust, and terminates in an acute point, a little below the *ceinture*. The skirt is very full, and has a splendid border of work at some distance from the bottom, but not so high up the skirt as in our last. The hair is parted in front, and arranged in full curls on each temple. The back hair is disposed in four *coques*, and a broad Grecian plaid, on the crown of the head. A comb of tortoiseshell inlaid with gold, is placed at the back, and a double row of pearls, with an *agraffe* of pearls and rubies crosses the fore part of the head. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, of pearls and rubies; shoes of white satin.

PLATE 2, FIG. 1.

Ball dress of pink gauze over a pink satin slip. *Corsage à la Donna Maria*, with a full tucker of blonde net, headed by a narrow trimming of blonde, and a small *rouleau* of pink satin. Sleeve of blonde, set in a band of satin, and finished with a fall of blonde. An *epaulette* cut in double scallops, reaches halfway down the sleeve. Three *nauds* of satin ribbon are placed on the *epaulette*, and from each descends a band of ribbon which meet at the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt is of the usual width, and has a light and graceful garniture running round the top of the hem, which is moderately deep; it is composed of deeply

serrated leaves of satin, forming a serpentine over seven small *rouleaux* of the same. The hair is simply braided in front, and arranged in three *coques* at the top of the head. A coloured gold comb, with a very high gallery, supports the *coques*, and a delicate gold chain, with a small ornament of gold and chrysoprase, is placed rather low on the forehead. Shoes of pink satin.

(We should recommend this graceful costume as one peculiarly adapted for a very youthful votary of Terpsichore.)

FIG. 2.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Dress of emerald green satin, made high. The *corsage* is made in an entirely novel style. It is cut in points from the shoulder to the waist, the points becoming smaller as they descend, and partially displaying a chemisette of white *crêpe lisse*, laid in very close plaits over the bust. The points of the *corsage* are held together from the throat to the waist by small enamelled buttons. The sleeve is full at top, and the fulness extends further down the arm than those

lately worn. It is terminated at the waist by a pointed cuff of satin, confined by a bracelet of plain gold. An *epaulette*, composed of five pointed leaves, fastened on the shoulder with a bow of satin, forms an elegant ornament of the brace kind, and displays a fine shape to very great advantage. The skirt has a beautiful trimming of bell-shaped ornaments, terminating in obtuse points at the top of the hem. A very elegant bonnet accompanies this dress; it is made of lilac *gros-de-Naples*, and straw-coloured satin. The front, which is rather open, is lined with straw-colour, and has a deep fall of blonde, set on full. The crown is low, and flat at the top, sloping a little forward, and trimmed on one side with a light garniture of indented leaves of straw-colour edged with lilac, and relieved with bunches of the Chinese aster. The hair is arranged in soft ringlets, which fall rather low at the sides. Boots of green silk; gloves of straw-coloured kid.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

ON Saturday, the 21st May, their Majesties received visits from the Duchess of Kent and the Prince of Leiningen.

In the evening his Majesty gave a grand dinner to the *Nalli Secundus* Club, established by the late Duke of York, when Commander of the Coldstream Guards, of which regiment, and of officers who have formerly belonged to it, the club is composed. About eighty sat down to dinner, including Lord Saltoun, of the first Grenadier Guards, and Colonel Bowater of the Scotch Fusiliers.

The Princess Augusta entertained her Majesty, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Hanoverian Minister, and Earl and Countess Howe, at dinner, at the residence of her Royal Highness in St. James's Palace.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a dinner party at Gloucester House.

The Duchess of Kent had a dinner party at Kensington Palace.

Prince Leopold returned to town from his seat at Claremont.

On Sunday, the 22d, being the birthday of the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the King and Queen, and several members of

the royal family, dined together at Bushy Park, to celebrate the event. Their Majesties, accompanied by the Landgravine, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and family, attended by the Earl and Countess of Errol, Baroness Stein, and Lady Mary Taylor, left St. James's Palace soon after ten o'clock, and arrived at Bushy about twelve. The royal party attended divine service, which was performed by the Rev. John Merewether, her Majesty's Chaplain in Ordinary. A *déjeuner* was served at two o'clock, after which their Majesties, with their royal visitors, drove into the Park till the hour of dinner, when they were joined by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The Marquis and Marchioness of Ely, and the Rev. John Merewether, had the honour of dining with the royal party.

At nine o'clock their Majesties and visitors left Bushy for town.

Divine service was performed by the Dean of Chester, at Kensington Palace, before the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

On Monday, the 23d, his Majesty gave

audiences to the Hanoverian Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Cassillis.

The Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia partook of a *déjeuné* with the Queen.

In the evening their Majesties entertained the Duke of Cumberland and a select party at dinner.

Prince Leopold had an interview with Earl Grey at the Treasury.

On Tuesday, the 24th, her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria completed her twelfth year. In the morning the Duchess of Kent and the Princess received visits of congratulation from her Majesty, the Duke and Prince George of Cumberland, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Sophia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda, Prince George of Cambridge, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the Duchess of Northumberland. The Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Cumberland were prevented visiting her Royal Highness through indisposition. The foreign ministers, and the nobility and gentry in town, left their names at the Palace for the Duchess of Kent and the Princess. The Princess received presents from their Majesties and the members of the royal family; also a pair of beautiful ponies from the Duchess of Gordon.

The Duke of Gloucester visited their Majesties this afternoon.

His Majesty gave audience to Earl Grey and Lord Hill.

The Princess Augusta entertained their Majesties, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duchess of Gloucester, at dinner, at her Royal Highness's residence in St. James's Palace.

In the evening their Majesties gave a ball to the juvenile branches of the nobility and gentry, in honour of the Princess Victoria's birth-day. The ball-room and adjoining drawing-room were prepared for dancing, which consisted of quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopadés. The visitors began to assemble about half-past seven o'clock. At twenty minutes past eight, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and the Prince of Leiningen arrived, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Baroness Lehzen, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, and Sir John Conroy. At half past eight their Majesties, accompanied by all the members of the royal family, entered the ball-room, when the band commenced "God save the King." His Majesty was dressed in a Field Marshal's uniform. The Queen wore a dress of white lace and silver, over white satin, a tiara of diamonds, with a wreath of roses. Dancing commenced

with a new set of quadrilles, in which the Princess Victoria danced with Prince George of Cumberland; her Royal Highness afterwards danced with Prince George of Cambridge, Prince George Lieven, Prince Paul Esterhazy, and the Marquis of Granby. His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and his royal sisters, occasionally promenaded through the state rooms, and conversed with the friends of the juvenile visitors. Dancing ceased at eleven o'clock, and supper, which was laid out for two hundred and sixty, was served in the banqueting-room. Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge, sat on each side of the Princess Victoria. Their Majesties and the royal family supped in the Queen's room. After supper the party returned to the ball-room, when the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria retired, the band playing "God save the King." The company broke up shortly after. The dancing was superintended by Madame Bourdin, and Mr. Henry Kendon, professors to their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria and Prince George of Cumberland.

THE KING'S LEEVE.

On Wednesday, the 25th, the King held a levee at St. James's Palace. His Majesty gave audience to the Field Officer in waiting, and the Colonels of the Guard.

Earl Munster was introduced to his Majesty by Lord Hill, and kissed hands on his advancement to the peerage.

Vice Admiral Foote was introduced by Sir George Naylor, on his being appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Winchester, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir W. Freemantle.

In the evening his Majesty gave a grand dinner at St. James's Palace to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron, the Vice-Chancellor, Judges Vaughan, Bosanquet, Park, James Parke, Garrow, Taunton, Bolland, Bayley, and Littledale, the Attorneys and Solicitors General to the King and Queen, the Right Hon. Manners Sutton, Mr. Sergeant Pell, the Treasurer and the Master of the Household.

The Princess Augusta entertained the Queen, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, at dinner this evening. Her Majesty afterwards honoured the performance of the Concert of Ancient Music with her presence.

The Duke of Cumberland honoured the Archbishop of York with his company at dinner, at his residence in Grosvenor-square. His Royal Highness afterwards accompanied his Grace to the Concert of Ancient Music.

Almack's grand ball, this evening, was the most numerous one of the season, there being upwards of five hundred present.

On Thursday, the 26th, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia visited their Majesties at St. James's Palace.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and the Hanoverian Minister.

Viscount Combermere had an audience of the King, and presented two standards which were taken at the capture of Bhurtpore.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a grand dinner to their Majesties, the members of the royal family, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and a select party of the nobility and gentry.

On Friday, the 27th, Earl Bathurst entertained the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and a distinguished party at dinner.

The Marquis of Londonderry arrived in town this evening from Seaham Hall.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

On Saturday, the 28th, the Queen held a drawing-room, in celebration of his Majesty's birth-day, which was more numerously attended than on either of the preceding occasions, there being between two and three thousand persons present. The company began to assemble soon after twelve, and had not all arrived till nearly five o'clock.

The members of the various orders wore their collars.

At a quarter to two, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady Thynne, Sir Howard Douglas, and Colonel Higgins, entered the Palace, and at two o'clock the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Prince of Leiningen, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, Hon. Mrs. Edward Cust, Lady Conroy, Baroness Lehzen, Sir John Conroy, and General Wetherell, arrived, escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards, and were received with military honours by the King's Guard in the Colour Court. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, accompanied by Prince George, and attended by Lady Sophia Lennox, Miss Cooper, the Baron de Linsingen, Colonel Poten, and the Preceptor to Prince George, came in state, and entered the Palace by the garden gate. The Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, and the Lord Chancellor, also came in state.

Soon after two o'clock, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Chichester, Lichfield and Coventry, Bangor, Llandaff, Chester, Bristol, Rochester, Durham, Sodor and Man, and Quebec, were admitted to the King's closet, and delivered a congratulatory address to his Majesty. Their Lordships then proceeded to the Queen's private residence, and presented an appropriate address to her Majesty.

Shortly after, their Majesties entered the drawing-room, and received the congratulations of their loyal subjects. The Queen was attended by Earl Howe, her Majesty's Chamberlain, the ladies in waiting, and the maids of honour. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Prince Leopold, Princess Sophia Matilda, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Princess George of Cumberland and Cambridge.

His Highness Prince Esterhazy was presented to their Majesties by Prince Paul Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador.

The following persons were then presented to the Queen:

Count Michael Woronzow, by Prince Lieven, the Russian Ambassador; Count de Mortara, Chamberlain and Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness the Duke of Lucca, by the Chevalier de Zea Bernudez, the Minister from the Duke of Lucca; Mr. Benjamin Morel, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, by the Prince de Talleyrand, the French Ambassador; Countess Mortara, by Lady Edward Hamilton; Madame du Plat, by Baroness de Bulow; the Countess Morel, by the Countess of Beauchamp; Captain du Plat, by the Baron Ompteda; the Chevalier de Zayas, by the Spanish Minister.

Their Majesties then received the *entrée* company.

LADIES PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Abingdon, countess of; Acland, lady; Albemarle, countess of; Aldis, lady; Aldridge, Mrs., by lady Hartwell; Amherst, countess; Amphlett, Mrs. J.; Annesley, lady J.; Annesley, hon. Mrs.; Ansley, lady W.; Anson, viscountess; Archer, Mrs. C.; Archer, Miss; Armstrong, Mrs. Col.; Arundell, Mrs.; Astell, Mrs.; Astell, Miss L.; Astley, dow. lady; Astley, Miss.

Backhouse, Mrs.; Backhouse, the two Misses; Bagot, lady H., by the hon. Mrs. Howard; Bailie, Mrs. H.; Baker, lady E., by lady Isabella de Chabot; Baker, Miss, by ditto; Baker, Miss G., by ditto; Baker, Miss M.; Balfour, lady E.; Bandon, countess of; Banks, lady, by Mrs. W. Jolliffe

Barlow, Miss M.; Barne, Mrs.; Barne, Miss; Barrington, viscountess; Barton, Mrs., by the marchioness Wellesley; Barton, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Barton; Bassett, hon. Miss; Bastard, Mrs. J.; Bateman, Mrs., by Lady Moseley; Bathurst, countess of; Bathurst, lady C.; Bathurst, lady G.; Bayley, Mrs. B.; Bayley, Mrs. H.; Bayley, Miss; Baynham, Miss, by the countess of Fingall; Beauchamp, countess of; Beauclerk, Mrs., by the dowager duchess of Richmond; Beauclerk, Miss, by ditto; Beaumont, Miss K., by ditto; Beaumont, Mrs.; Beaumont, Mrs. W.; Beaumont, Miss; Beaumont, Miss S., by Mrs. Beaumont; Bedford, duchess of; Benyon, Miss; Benyon, Miss L.; Beresford, lady A.; Beresford, lady J.; Beresford, Miss, by her aunt, lady A. Beresford; Beresford, Miss A., by lady S. Sydney; Beresford, Miss H.; Berkeley, lady; Bernal, Mrs.; Bernard, lady H.; Bertie, lady C.; Bethell, Mrs., by the countess Howe; Bethell, Miss, by ditto; Birch, Miss; Blackburn, Miss; Blackburn, Miss H.; Blackford, lady I.; Blackwood, lady; Blackwood, Miss; Blayne, hon. Miss; Bloomfield, hon. Miss; Bloomfield, hon. Miss G.; Blunt, Mrs.; Blunt, Miss; Bolingbroke, viscountess, by lady Mildmay; Bolingbroke, lady; Borough, Mrs.; Borough, Miss J.; Bouverie, Mrs. A., on her marriage, by the countess of Radnor; Bouverie, Mrs. E., by lady B. Bouverie; Bouwens, Mrs.; Bouwens, Miss F., by her mother, Mrs. Bouwens; Bouwens, Miss M., by ditto; Boyle, lady L., by the countess of Errol; Brabazon, lady T.; Braybrooke, lady; Bridgewater, countess of; Broadhead, Mrs.; Broadhead, Miss; Brooke, Miss; Brown, lady L.; Browne, Mrs., by lady C. Underwood; Browne, Mrs. P., by lady Radstock; Brownlow, dowager lady; Bulkeley, Mrs.; Buller, lady A.; Buller, Miss; Buller, Miss G.; Burdett, Miss; Burdett, Miss C.; Burdett, Miss J.; Burke, lady, by the countess of Radnor; Burnaby, Mrs.; Bernal, Miss; Burton, hon. Mrs.; Burton, Mrs.; Bushe, hon. Mrs. G.; Butler, Miss, by lady Hartwell; Butler, Miss R., by ditto.

Calvert, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. Calvert; Calvert, Mrs. N.; Calvert, Miss; Campbell, lady, by the countess Amherst; Campbell, hon. Mrs. G.; Campbell, Mrs. J.; Campbell, Miss, by the countess Amherst; Campbell, Miss C.; Campion, Mrs., by Mrs. R. Williams; Campion, Miss F., by ditto; Campion, Miss M., by ditto; Carden, Miss; Carew, lady H., by lady Rodney; Carew, Mrs., by lady Brownlow; Carew, Miss F. A. P., by the hon. Mrs. P. Carew; Carew, Miss C. P., by ditto; Carew, Miss H., by lady H. Carew; Carlisle,

countess of; Carr, Mrs.; Carr, Miss; Carr, Miss F.; Case, Miss, by lady M. Cotes; Cates, Mrs., by ditto; Cathcart, Miss; Cathcart, Miss E. S.; Cavan, countess of; Cave, Mrs. O.; Cave, Miss H. O.; Cavendish, lady C.; Cavendish, hon. Mrs. C.; Cavendish, hon. Miss; Cavendish, Miss E.; Challenor, Mrs. B.; Chambers, lady; Champion, hon. Mrs.; Chandos, marchioness of, by the countess of Bridgewater; Channon, Mrs.; Chantrey, Mrs.; Charteris, lady J.; Charteris, lady L.; Chetwynd, viscountess; Chetwynd, lady; Chetwynd, Miss; Chetwynd, Miss G.; Chichester, dowager countess of; Chichester, Miss, by lady Constable; Christie, lady; Clare, dowager countess of; Clare, Miss; Clayton, Miss G., by Mrs. H. Dawkins, jun.; Clayton, Miss F., by ditto; Clayton, Miss L., by ditto; Clinton, Miss A. M.; Clinton, Miss M.; Clitheroe, Mrs.; Clive, lady H.; Clive, Miss L.; Cochrane, hon. Mrs.; Cochrane, Miss; Cochrane, Miss C.; Cockburn, lady, by the hon. lady Cockburn; Cockburn, Miss; Cockburn, Miss A., by lady Cockburn; Cocks, Mrs. T. S., by Mrs. W. Stuart; Cocks, Miss J. A., by Mrs. T. S. Cocks; Codrington, lady; Codrington, Miss; Colston, Mrs. Col., by lady Philipps; Collett, Mrs. J.; Colleton, Miss G.; Colleton, Miss S. G., by her mother, La Comtesse Morel; Collins, Mrs. Gen., by lady Hardinge; Collins, Mrs. W., by ditto; Colthurst, Miss; Conroy, Miss; Constable, lady; Cooke, lady H., by the marchioness of Hastings; Cooke, Miss, by the marchioness of Downshire; Cooke, Miss J., by ditto; Cooper, lady A.; Cooper, Mrs. C.; Cooper, Miss C.; Corbett, Mrs., by lady L. Clive; Cornwallis, marchioness of; Cornwallis, countess of; Cornwallis, lady; Cornwallis, lady E.; Coventry, Miss, by her aunt, the hon. Mrs. Westenra; Coventry, Miss E., by do.; Cowell, Mrs. S.; Cox, Mrs.; Crawford, Miss L.; Croft, Mrs. J.; Cunningham, Miss B., by viscountess Allen; Cunningham, Miss C., by ditto; Cunningham, Miss L., by ditto; Curzon, hon. Mrs. T. R., by the countess of Erroll; Cust, hon. Mrs. W., by the dowager lady Brownlow; Cust, Miss; Cuthbert, Mrs.

Damer, Mrs. D.; Daniell, Mrs. Col.; Darlington, countess; Dashwood, lady, by marchioness of Ely; Davison, Miss; Dawkins, Mrs. H.; De Dino, duchess; De Dunstanville, lady; Delap, Mrs., by lady Moseley; Delasse, Mrs.; De Montmorency, hon. Miss, by the dowager lady Kilmaine; Denbigh, countess of; Dennison, Miss, by lady Horne; De Ponthieu, baroness; De Raigerfeldt, baroness; Deriaz, Mrs.; De Ruthvyn, baroness Grey; De Ruthvyn, lady P. G.; Desheas, countess of; Des Voeux, lady; Des Voeux, Miss

C.; Digby, Mrs. S.; Disbrowe, hon. Mrs. G.; Disbrowe, Miss; Donovan, hon. Mrs.; Dormer, Miss; Douglas, lady I.; Douglas, lady S.; Downshire, marchioness of; Doyle, lady; Doyle, Miss S.; Drake, lady E.; Drake, Miss A. E., by viscountess Gage; Duckett, lady; Duckett, Miss; Duncan, viscountess, by the countess of Albemarle; Duncan, hon. E., by viscountess Duncan; Duncan, hon. Miss, by ditto; Duncombe, lady; Duncombe, Miss; Duncombe, Miss H., by Mrs. H. Dawkins, jun.; Dymoke, hon. Mrs.; Dymoke, Mrs.; Dymoke, Miss.

East, lady, by Mrs. W. Jolliffe; Eastmont, Miss, by Mrs. S. Hall; Edmonstone, hon. lady; Edmonstone, Miss, by her mother, the hon. lady Edmonstone; Egerton, lady C.; Egerton, Mrs. Gen.; Ellenborough, dowager lady; Ellice, Mrs. R.; Ellison, Mrs.; Ellison, Miss; Ely, marchioness of; Erskyne, hon. Mrs. T., by the countess of Wemyss; Eustace, Mrs., by lady Seymour; Euston, countess; Exeter, marchioness of.

Fardell, Mrs. H.; Farnborough, lady; Farnham, Mrs.; Farnham, Miss; Farquhar, lady; Farquhar, Miss; Feilden, Mrs. R. M., by Mrs. C. Pole; Fellowes, lady, by lady S. Sydney; Fellowes, Mrs. Herbstreuer, on her appointment, by ditto; Ferguson, hon. Mrs.; Ferrand, Mrs. W., by the countess of Tyrconnel; Fisher, Miss, by lady Mallet; Fitzclarence, lady F., by the countess of Erroll; Fitzgerald, Mrs.; Fitzroy, lady L.; Fitzroy, lady M.; Fitzroy, Miss; Flaurey, Miss; Flint, lady, by lady Maryborough; Flint, Mrs., by lady Flint; Foley, hon. Mrs. C.; Foley, hon. Mrs. G.; Foley, Mrs. J.; Forester, Miss; Fountain, Miss; Fountain, Miss E.; Frankland, Mrs., by lady Colville; Fraser, hon. Miss; Frere, Mrs. W., by dowager lady Astley; Fullen, lady; Fyler, Mrs. T. B.

Gage, viscountess; Galway, dowager viscountess; Gardener, Mrs.; Gardener, Miss L.; Garland, Mrs., by Mrs. H. Bayly; Garrard, Miss D.; Garvagh, lady; Gascoyne, Mrs., by the marchioness of Salisbury; Gibbs, lady; Gibbins, Miss; Gifford, lady, by Mrs. Howley; Glynn, lady; Godsal, hon. Mrs.; Gordon, duchess of; Gordon, Mrs., by the countess Bathurst; Gordon, Miss, by ditto; Gore, Miss; Gore, Miss C. K., by Mrs. Browne; Grange, Mrs.; Grange, Miss, by Mrs. R. Grange; Grant, hon. Mrs.; Granville, Mrs. B., on her marriage, by lady Parker; Graves, hon. Mrs. C.; Gray, hon. Mrs. J. A., by her mother, lady Gray, of Gray; Gray, Mrs.; Gray, Miss; Gray, Miss A.; Grenfell, Miss C.; Granville, lady C. N., by lady Braybrooke; Grey, hon. lady; Grey, lady, of Greby, by the countess of Wemyss and March; Grey, lady; Griffith, Mrs. D.;

Gurney, lady H.; Gurney, Mrs., by lady H. Gurney.

Haggitt, Mrs.; Haggitt, Miss; Haggitt, Miss L.; Hahn, Mrs., by her sister, the lady mayoress; Hale, Mrs.; Hall, Mrs. S., by the hon. Mrs. Cochrane; Halifax, Mrs.; Halifax, Miss; Hamilton, duchess of; Hampden, viscountess; Hancock, Miss; Hammer, Mrs.; by countess Grosvenor; Hammer, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Hammer; Hardinge, lady; Hardinge, lady E.; Hare, hon. Miss C.; Hartland, lady, by lady H. Cooke; Hartwell, lady; Hartwell, Miss; Harvey, Miss; Hash, Miss H.; Heneage, hon. Mrs. C., by lady Clinton; Herbert, hon. Mrs. G.; Herbert, Miss M.; Herries, Miss; Hertford, dowager marchioness of; Hervey, Mrs.; Hewitt, hon. Miss; Hill, lady; Hill, lady D.; Hill, Miss J., by the marchioness of Downshire; Hipplesey, lady; Hipplesey, Miss; Hoare, Mrs. J.; Hoare, Miss; Hobhouse, Miss; Hobhouse, Miss J.; Holden, Mrs.; Holden, Miss; Holford, Miss G.; Hope, Mrs., by the duchess of Gordon; Hopkins, Miss L. N.; Hopkins, Miss N.; Hornby, Miss E.; Horne, lady; Horne, Miss; Howard, Mrs., by the countess of Fingall; Howard, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Howard; Howley, Miss; Howley, Miss H.; Hughes, Mrs.; Hughes, Mrs. B.; Hulse, Miss; Hulton, Mrs.; Hulton, Miss; Hunloke, Miss, by the countess of Albemarle; Huntingdon, countess of.

Imhoff, lady; Inge, Miss, by lady Graham; Ingestrie, lady S.; Ingilby, lady A., by the marchioness Wellesley; Inglis, lady, by lady Acland.

James, Miss, by lady Fellowes; James, Miss M., by ditto; Jenkinson, lady C.; Jenkinson, lady L.; Jenner, Mrs. R.; Jenner, Miss; Jerningham, Mrs.; Jerningham, Miss; Jerningham, Miss G.; Jersey, countess of; Jervis, Mrs. S., by lady Northesk; Jodrell, lady, by the dowager lady Astley; Jolliffe, Mrs. W.

Kennedy, lady; Kenyon, Mrs.; Kenyon, Miss; Kerr, Miss, by lady S. Douglas; Kerr, Miss E., by ditto; Kilderby, lady; Kilmaine, lady; King, Mrs. R. H.; King, Miss, by viscountess Anson; Kinlock, lady dowager; Kinnaird, hon. Mrs. F.; Kinnaird, hon. Miss; Kinnoull, countess of; Knight, Miss J.; Knowles, lady; Knowles, Miss G. H., by lady Knowles; Kynaston, Miss.

Lambert, lady, by the viscountess Gage; Lambton, hon. Miss; Lansdowne, marchioness of; Law, hon. Mrs. C.; Law, hon. Miss; Law, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. Perceval; Legge, lady; Legge, lady C.; Legge, lady M.; Legh, Mrs.; Leigh, Mrs. J.; Leigh, Miss A.; Leigh, Miss F.; Lennard, Mrs. B., by the countess dowager of Mor-

ton; Lennard, Miss B., by ditto; Lethbridge, Miss L., by lady Lethbridge; Ley, lady F.; Ley, Miss; Lev, Miss M.; Liddell, Miss E.; Liddell, Miss L.; Lifford, viscountess; Limerick, countess of; Lindsey, countess of; Listowell, countess; Littledale, Mrs.; Littledale, Miss; Lloyd, Mrs.; Lloyd, Miss, by Mrs. Lloyd; Lloyd, Miss C.; Long, Miss; Lonsdale, countess of; Lowth, Mrs., by lady Rodney; Lowth, Miss C., by ditto; Lowth, Miss S., by ditto; Loyth, Miss S.; Lumley, hon. lady; Lumley, lady S.; Lyndhurst, lady.

Macdonald, Mrs.; Macdonald, Miss; Macfarlane, lady; MacLaine, Mrs. Col., by lady I. Wemyss; Macleod, Mrs., of Macleod, by the duchess of Gordon; Macleod, Miss, by ditto; Macleod, Miss F., by the marchioness of Hastings; Magens, Mrs. D., by viscountess Middleton; Mallet, lady; Manners, lady; Marshall, Mrs., by lady Graham; Marshall, Miss; Marshall, Miss C., by lady Graham; Marshall, Miss S., by ditto; Martin, lady; Martin, Miss; Martin, Miss E.; Marton, Mrs.; Mash, Miss; Meade, hon. Mrs.; Meade, Miss T., by her aunt, the countess of Meath; Meath, countess of; Mengden, countess; Mercer, Miss J.; Meynell, Miss; Mildmay, lady; Mildmay, Miss; Milnes, Miss, by lady Moseley; Mitchell, Miss; Montagu, lady; Montagu, Miss J.; Montagu, Miss M.; Moore, Mrs. Gen.; Morel, countess; Morier, Mrs.; Morris, Miss; Morritt, Miss; Mortara, Countess of; Mosley, Miss C.; Mountnorris, countess of; Munday, Mrs.; Mundy, Mrs. C., by the countess Howe; Mundy, Mrs. W., on her marriage, by the marchioness Lansdowne; Mundy, Miss; Mundy, Miss S., by countess Howe; Monro, Miss; Munster, countess of; Murray, lady H., by the dowager countess of Chichester; Musgrave, hon. Mrs.; Musgrave, Miss; Muttleberry, Mrs. G., by lady Taylor.

Nayler, lady; Nayler, Miss; Neave, hon. Mrs.; Nelson, countess; Nesbit, hon. Mrs. W. A.; Norman, Miss C.; Norton, Mrs.; Nugent, lady, by lady Constable.

Offley, hon. Mrs. C.; Ommanny, lady; Onley, Mrs. S.; Orde, Miss; Orford, countess of, by the hon. Mrs. G. Ponsonby; Ormsby, lady, by lady M. Fox; Otway, lady; Otway, lady R.; Ouseley, Miss E.

Paget, lady E.; Paget, Miss M.; Parker, lady H.; Parker, Mrs. adm. G., by the hon. lady Murray; Paul, Mrs.; Paul, Miss; Pendarves, Mrs. W., by lady A. Milbank; Perceval, Mrs.; Perceval, Mrs. S.; Pery, lady C. A.; Pettigrew, Mrs.; Phillips, hon. Mrs.; Phillimore, lady; Phillimore, Mrs.; Phillips, lady; Phillips, Miss, by the viscountess Anson; Plymouth, countess of; Poland, lady, by the countess of Glengall;

Pole, Mrs. C.; Pole, Miss; Ponsonby, Mrs. G.; Portal, Mrs. J.; Portman, lady E., by the countess Poulett; Portman, hon. Mrs.; Poulett, dowager countess; Poulett, countess, by the countess of Darlington; Poulett, lady; Poulett, lady A.; Powell, Mrs.; Powell, Mrs. W., by lady Martin; Praed, Mrs., by the marchioness of Chandos; Pratt, Miss, by the dowager lady Astley; Pratt, Miss M., by ditto; Preston, Mrs. H.; Puleston, lady; Pynn, lady.

Quentin, Miss.

Ramsden, lady; Ramsden, Miss; Ramsden, Miss C.; Ravenscroft, Miss, by the hon. Mrs. D. Damer; Reeves, Mrs. col., by the right hon. lady Howden; Reeves, Miss, and Miss A. Reeves, by their mother, Mrs. colonel Reeves; Reynardson, Mrs. B., by dowager lady Brownlow; Reynardson, Miss B., by ditto; Reynell, lady E.; Ribblesdale, lady; Rice, lady; Richmond, dowager duchess of; Ridley, lady; Ridley, Miss; Rivers, lady; Rivers, Miss; Roberts, Mrs.; Roberts, Miss, by Mrs. M. Burgoyne; Roche, Miss; Rochfort, Mrs.; Rodd, Mrs.; Rodes, Mrs. R.; Rodney, lady; Rolle, lady; Rosemerry, Miss; Rossmore, lady; Round, Mrs. J.; Rous, Miss; Rowley, Miss; Rowley, Miss G.; Russell, Mrs.; Russell, Mrs. W., by dow. lady Arundell; Russell, Miss W., by Mrs. W. Russe; Rycroft, Miss; Rycroft, Miss H.; Ryder, hon. Mrs.

St. Albans, duchess of; St. John, hon. Miss; St. John, Miss; St. John, Miss M., by her mother, the hon. Mrs. F. St. John; St. Maur, lady; St. Maur, lady H.; Salisbury, dowager marchioness of; Salisbury, marchioness of; Saltoun, lady; Sandford, Mrs., by lady C. Bathurst; Sandford, Mrs. A.; Sandon, lady F.; Saye and Serle, lady; Scarborough, countess of; Selkirk, countess of; Selsey, lady; Selsey, lady S., by the countess of Albemarle; Selwin, Mrs.; Seton, lady, by the hon. lady Edmonstone; Severn, Mrs., by lady Rodney; Severn, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Severn; Sharp, Mrs. J. by viscountess Maynard; Sidney, lady; Simpson, Miss C., by the countess of Scarborough; Simpson, Miss C. B.; Simpson, Miss G. B., by the countess of Scarborough; Sitwell, lady dowager; Smith, Mrs. by lady Home; Smith, Mrs. G.; Smith, Mrs. J.; Smith, Mrs. W.; Smith, Miss; Smith, Miss E.; Smythe, Miss; Snodgrass, Mrs., by the countess of Amherst; Somerset, lady F.; Sparke, Mrs. H., by her mother, the dowager lady Astley; Sparke, Miss; Spencer, hon. Mrs., by lady Clinton; Spottiswoode, Miss, by the dowager countess of Morton; Spring, lady T.; Stackpoole, Mrs. H.; Stackpoole, Miss; Stafford, marchioness of; Stanhope, honourable Mrs. L., on her marriage;

Stanley, lady, by the countess of Scarborough; **Stanley, Miss**, by her mother, **lady Stanley**; **Stephenson, lady**; **Stephenson, Miss E.**; **Stepney, lady**; **Stewart, lady S.**; **Stewart, Miss**, by lady Blackwood; **Stradbroke, countess of**, by the marchioness Cornwallis; **Stronge, lady**; **Stronge, Miss**; **Stratt, Miss**; **Stuart, lady J.**; **Stuart, lady S.**; **Stuart, Mrs. W.**; **Stuart, Miss**; **Sullivan, lady**, by the hon. Mrs. B. Paget; **Suffield, lady**; **Summer, Mrs. C.**; **Sutton, Mrs. Manners**, by her aunt, the countess of Scarborough; **Sutton, Miss A. M. Manners**; **Sutton, Miss F. M.**; **Sutton, Miss K. Manners**; **Swettenham, Mrs.**, by countess Amherst; **Swettenham, Miss**; **Sydney, lady S.**

Talbot, lady C.; **Taylor, Mrs.**; **Taylor, Mrs. W.**; **Thornby, Miss L.**; **Thorold, lady**, by the marchioness of Hastings; **Tierney, lady**; **Tierney, lady G.**; **Tierney, Miss**; **Tower, Miss**, by lady Petro; **Tremayne, Mrs.**; **Trollope, lady**; **Trollope, Miss**; **Trotter, Mrs.**; **Tucker, lady**; **Tullmore, lady**; **Turnour, lady C.**, by her mother, the countess of Winterton.

Vansittart, hon. Mrs.; **Vansittart, Mrs.**, on her marriage, by the hon. Mrs. Vansittart; **Venables, Mrs. Alderman**, by the marchioness of Downshire; **Venables, Mrs.**, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; **Verschoyle, Mrs.**; **Vyse, Miss**; **Vyse, Mrs. H.**

Walker, Mrs.; **Walpole, lady M.**, by the countess of Orford; **Walpole, Miss**, by ditto; **Walpole, Miss S.**, by ditto; **Walrond, lady**; **Walsh, lady J.**, by the countess of Wemyss; **Warburton, Mrs.**, on her marriage, by lady Warburton; **Warcliffe, lady**; **Warren, Mrs. F.**, by the hon. F. Warren; **Watson, Miss**; **Wauchope, Mrs.**, by the marchioness of Lothian; **Waymouth, Mrs.**; **Webb, Miss**, by lady C. Wood; **Wedderburn, lady F.**, by the dowager duchess of Richmond; **Wemyss and March, countess of**; **West, lady M.**, by the countess of Oxford; **West, hon. Mrs.**, by the countess of Wemyss; **West, Miss**, by the hon. Mrs. West; **Westenray, hon. Mrs.**; **Wharcliffe, lady**; **Wheatley, lady**; **Wheatley, Miss**; **Whitbread, Mrs. S.**, by the marchioness of Tavistock; **Whitmore, Mrs.**; **Whitmore, Miss**; **Whitshed, lady H.**; **Whitshed, Miss H.**; **Wilbraham, lady A.**; **Williams, lady M. H.**, by lady A. Wilbraham; **Williams, Mrs. R.**; **Williamson, Miss**, by her sister, Mrs. Gascoyne; **Winchester, marchioness of**; **Windsor, hon. Mrs. H.**; **Winterton, countess of**, on accession to title, by countess Amherst; **Wood, lady**; **Wood, lady M.**; **Wright, Mrs.**, by the countess Howe; **Wright, Miss**, by Mrs. C. Archer; **Wright, Miss S.**; **Wrightson, Mrs. B.**, by lady G. Cavendish; **Wyatt, lady M.**; **Wyke, Miss**; **Wykeham, Miss**; **Wynford, lady**; **Wynnes, the two Misses**.

GENTLEMEN PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Abingdon, earl of; **Aboyne, earl**; **Acland, sir T.**; **Adair, right hon. R.**; **Adye, col. c.b.**, by the master-gen. of the Ordnance; **Agar, commander**, by Mr. Ellis; **Aldis, sir C.**; **Aldridge, Mr.**, by sir F. Hartwell; **Alen, lieutenant-col. c.b.**, by the earl of Mayo; **Allise, lieutenant-col.**, by lieutenant-gen. sir H. Campbell, **k.c.b.**; **Allix, lieutenant-col.** by ditto; **Amherst, earl**; **Anderson, lieutenant-col.**, by the duke of Gordon; **Anderson, capt. J.**, deputy-lieut. of Essex; **Anson, vis.**; **Argyll, duke of**; **Arnold, col.**; **Astley, sir J. D.**

Backhouse, capt., by maj.-gen. lord F. Somerset; **Backhouse, Mr.**; **Bacon, Mr.**; **Bagot, hon. Mr.**; **Baillie, col. H.**; **Baillie, capt.**; **Baker, sir H. L.**; **Balfour, Mr.**; **Bamfylde, sir G.**; **Banks, sir E.**; **Banks, Mr. D.**, by his father, sir E. Banks; **Barham, lord**; **Baring, Mr. B.**; **Baring, Mr. F.**; **Barne, col.**; **Barnett, capt. F.**; **Barnsby, Mr.**; **Barrington, vis.**; **Barrington, hon. capt.**; **Barron, Mr.**; **Barton, Mr.**; **Bathurst, gen.**; **Bayley, Mr.**; **Bayley, Mr. H.**; **Bayley, Mr. W. B.**; **Baynes, capt., r.n.**; **Beauchamp, earl of**; **Beauleclerc, capt. G.**; **Beaumont, Mr.**; **Beaumont, Mr. W.**; **Beatty, sir W.**, on receiving the honour of knighthood, by sir J. Graham; **Beddingfield, sir H.**; **Bentinck, col.**; **Bentinck, rev. W. H. E.**, by the bishop of St. Asaph; **Berehaven, vis.**; **Beresford, vis.**; **Beresford, lord G.**; **Beresford, adm. sir J.**; **Bernard, vis.**; **Bernal, Mr.**; **Bexley, lord**; **Biddulph, Mr. T. M.**, by the hon. col. Lygon; **Bigge, capt.**, by vis. Beresford; **Birch, gen.**; **Birch, Mr. ald.**; **Blackwood, adm. sir H.**; **Blackwood, capt. H.**, **r.n.**, by hon. sir H. Blackwood; **Blake, commander. P. J.**, by lord Clinton; **Bolingbroke, vis.**, by the earl of Radnor; **Bonham, cornet. H. F.**, by lord Garvagh; **Booth, Mr. F.**, by sir C. Thornton, **k.c.b.**; **Bourke, maj.-gen.**, on his appointment, by vis. Goderich; **Bouverie, maj.**, by the earl of Radnor; **Bouverie, rev. A.**, on his marriage, by earl Howe; **Bowater, col.**; **Bowler, sir T.**; **Bowles, capt. W.**, **r.n.**; **Boyle, vis.**, by the earl of Cork; **Brabazon, lord**; **Brande, Mr.**; **Brander, Mr. R. B.**, by lord Rodney; **Brecknock, earl of**; **Bremer, commander J.**; **Brent, Mr.**; **Brereton, Lieut. G. r.n.**, by the duke of Richmond; **Brodie, Mr. B. C.**; **Broke, commander**, by col. sir C. B. Vere; **Brooke, Mr. J. C.**, by lord Saltoun; **Broughton, Mr.**; **Brown, capt. 79th**, by col. Douglas, **a.d.c.**; **Browne, hon. R. H.**, by sir H. Taylor; **Browne, capt. A. C.**; **Brudenell, col. lord**; **Buchan, gen. sir J.**; **Blunt, Mr.**, by the earl of Munster; **Bulkeley, sir R.**; **Bulkeley, capt. C.**, by col. the hon. E. P. Lygon, **c.b.**; **Bull, lieutenant-col.**, by the master-gen. of the Ordnance; **Buller, col.**; **Bullock, hon. capt. S.**; **Burdett, sir F.**; **Burgoyne, Mr.**;

Burgoyne, capt., by Mr. Burgoyne; Burnaby, capt.; Burke, sir J.; Burnett, sir W., medical com. of the navy, by sir J. Graham; Burton, capt. R., r.n.; Burton, Mr. m.p. for Beverley, by the hon. A. C. Bradshaw; Butler, Mr. T. F.; Byron, lord.

Cadogan, hon. capt.; Caldwell, col.; Calcraft, capt. G.; Calcraft, Mr.; Camden, marquis of; Campbell, lieutenant-col. P., late chargé d'affaires to Columbia, by earl Howe; Campbell, hon. capt. G.; Campbell, capt. J.; Campbell, Mr.; Campbell, Mr. J., m.p. for Stafford, by sir J. Searlet; Canning, right hon. sir S.; Capel, Mr., by col. Trench; Carew, Mr. P.; Carleton, capt., r.n., by sir A. D'Este; Cathcart, rev. hon. Mr.; Cavan, earl of; Cavendish, col.; Cavendish, Mr. C.; Challoner, Mr.; Chantrey, Mr.; Charteris, lieutenant., r.n., by his grace the duke of Montrose; Chester, bishop of; Chetwynd, vis.; Chichester, bishop of; Christie, col. sir A.; Christie, capt.; Clarke, field-mar. sir A.; Clarke, capt. S., by the right hon. R. Grant; Clarke, Mr.; Clifton, gen.; Clive, vis.; Cockburn, gen. sir J.; Cockburn, sir G.; Cockburn, Mr. J., by maj.-gen. sir J. Cockburn; Cockraue, Mr. C.; Cockrane, Mr. G.; Codrington, vice-adm. sir E., c.c.b.; Cole, rev. Dr.; Colston, col.; Conroy, sir J.; Cooper, sir A., bart.; Cooper, Mr.; Corbet, Mr., by lord Hill; Cornwallis, earl of; Corry, vis.; Courteney, rev. Mr., by the bishop of Winchester; Coventry, Mr. T. D., deputy-lieut. of Buckinghamshire; Cowell, lieutenant-col. S., Coldstream Guards, by the earl of Munster; Cox, Mr.; Crawford, Mr. H.; Crozier, commander, r.n., by the earl of Errol; Cunningham, rear-adm., by earl Manvers; Curry, capt., r.n.; Curtis, rev. J. T., by sir W. Curtis; Curtis, Mr. J. H.; Curzon, hon. com. T. R., by lord Yarborough; Curzon, hon. lieutenant. E. R., by ditto; Curzon, hon. A.; Cust, hon. capt.; Custon, Mr. H.

Dakins, rev. Dr., by col. Higgins; Dalling, capt., r.n.; Daniell, col.; Daniell, Mr.; Dashwood, sir G., by the marquis of Ely; De Dunstanville, lord; Delamere, lord, by lord Combermere; Delap, col.; Denbigh, earl of; Denniss, rev. E., by the rev. lord A. Fitzclarence; Dering, Mr.; De Starck, capt., r.n.; D'Este, sir A.; Des Voeux, sir C.; Des Voeux, Mr.; Devereux, hon. H. C., by vis. Hereford; Diaceto, count; Dick, col.; Dickinson, rev. W. H., by the very rev. the dean of Carlisle; Dickson, com. sir W., r.n., by lord A. Beauchamp; Digby, Mr.; Digby, Mr. S.; Dillon, capt. W. H., r.n.; Disbrowe, col.; Doherty, maj., by sir W. Lumley; Donne, vis.; Donovan, Mr., by the duke of Richmond; Dottin, Mr., by earl Howe; Douglas, sir H.; Douglas, col.; Downshire, marquis of; Drake, sir T. F. E., bart.; Duff,

capt. N., r.n.; Dunboyne, lord; Dundas, hon. rear-adm. G. H. L., c.s.; Dundas, Mr. R., by the marquis of Winchester; D'Urban, capt., by sir W. Gordon; Durack, lieutenant. F., by lieutenant-gen. Wetherall; Dwyer, lieutenant-col., by the earl of Munster.

Edmonstone, sir A.; Egerton, sir P. Grey; Egerton, gen.; Egerton, Mr. W. T.; Eliott, capt. H. A., r.n.; Ellice, Mr., by earl Grey; Elphinstone, Mr. H., by the attorney-gen.; Elwood, col.; Ely, marquis of; Enbank, capt.; Ennismore, vis.; Errington, Mr., by his father, sir T. Stanley, bart.; Erskine, hon. T., by the lord chancellor; Escott, Mr., dep.-lieut. of Surrey, by vis. Lorton; Euston, earl of; Evans, com. G., r.n.; Everington, Mr.; Exeter, marquis of.

Fainborough, lord; Fairlie, Mr.; Fairlie, Mr. J. O., by sir H. Taylor; Farrant, sir G.; Fellowes, sir J. dep.-lieut. of Hampshire; Ferrand, Mr. W.; Fincastle, vis.; Finch, col.; Fitzclarence, lord F.; Fitzclarence, rev. lord A.; Fitzmaurice, hon. capt., by lord Loughborough; Fitzroy, lord J.; Flint, sir C., by earl Howe; Foinnes, hon. Mr.; Foley, Mr. E.; Foley, Mr. J.; Foote, vice-adm. sir E., on being promoted, s.c.b.; Forrester, lord; Fountain, Mr. A.; Frampton, Mr. H., by the marquis of Lansdowne; Fraser, lieutenant-col. sir J., by the earl of Uxbridge; Frost, Mr., f.s.a.; Fuller, com., by sir T. F. E. Drake; Fuller, capt., r.n., by the duke of Richmond; Fuller, Mr. R. F.; Fyler, Mr.; Fyler, Mr. J. B.

Gage, vis.; Gambier, com.; Gape, capt., Scots Greys, by the earl of Verulam; Gardiner, gen.; Gardiner, Mr.; Gardner, lord; Garvagh, lord; Geary, sir W., by E. C. Deriving; Gibbes, sir O.; Gill, Mr. G.; Gilmour, gen.; Glasgow, earl of; Glenlyon, lord; Glover, capt. J. G.; Goddall, Mr.; Gordon, hon. com., r.n., by the earl of Aboyne; Gordon, Mr.; Gore, adm. sir J.; Gough, Mr. J., by the duke of Richmond; Gower, lord Leveson; Grace, capt., r.n.; Grafton, duke of; Grame, Mr. A. S.; Grant, gen. sir C.; Grant, capt. sir R., r.n.; Grantham, lord; Granville, Dr.; Green, capt. B., r.n.; Greenfell, Mr. C.; Grenville, hon. Neville; Greville, gen. sir C.; Grey, lord, of Grosby, by the earl of Stamford and Warrington; Grey, gen. sir H.; Grey, col.; Grey, Dr.; Griffiths, Mr. D.; Guise, maj.-gen., c.s., by lord Ducie; Gulston, Mr.; Gurney, Mr.; Gurney, Mr. D.

Hair, Dr.; Hale, Mr. R.; Halifax, Mr.; Hallward, rev. Mr. J.; Hamilton, adm. sir E.; Hamilton, commander, W. P., r.n., by sir H. Blackwood; Hamilton, col. sir R.; Hamilton, rev. Mr. F.; Hamilton, Mr., by sir G. Anson; Hamond, Mr. H., by the hon. col. Lygon; Handley, Mr. H.; Hamner, sir J.; Hamner, col.; Hamner, lieutenant. W. E., on promotion, by lord Hill; Harden-

burg, count; Hardy, rear-adm. sir T. M., bart., *k.c.b.*; Hardinge, sir H.; Hardyman, adm.; Hare, col.; Hark, capt., *r.n.*; Harris, lord, by lord Howden; Harrison, rev. Dr.; Hart, capt., *r.n.*, by the earl of Chichester; Hartland, gen. lord; Harvey, col. sir J., aide-de-camp to the King, on his arrival from Ireland; Harvey, capt.; Hawker, lieutenant-col., by the earl of Munster; Hawker, ensign, by lieutenant-gen. Hawker; Head, capt. C., Queen's Royal regt., by sir J. Kempt; Heneage, Mr. C.; Herries, lord, by lord Howden; Herries, Mr.; Hervey, rev. Mr. H.; Hesketh, Mr. R., his Majesty's consul at Maranham, by earl Howe; Hewlett, rev. Mr. J., *b.d.*; Higgins, col.; Higginson, col.; Hildyard, col.; Hill, sir D.; Hoare, Mr.; Holmesdale, vis.; Hope, capt. D., *r.n.*; Hope, Mr. G. W.; Hornby, Mr.; Horton, adm.; Horton, Mr. W.; Hotham, lord; Hotham, adm. sir W.; Howard, capt.; Howden, gen. lord; Hudson, lieutenant; Hudson, Mr. J.; Hughes, col.; Hulton, Mr.; Hungerford, Mr., by lord Howe; Hungerford, Mr. H., by lieutenant-gen. Mundy; Hyde, major.

Ibbotson, sir C.; Imhoff, gen. sir C.; Ingestrie, vis.; Ingilby, sir W. A.; Inglis, gen. sir W.; Irby, Mr. W.; Irvine, Mr.

James, Mr., by the lord chamberlain to the Queen; Jekyll, capt., *r.n.*; Jenkins, Mr. C. E.; Jerminham, hon. C.; Jersey, earl of; Jervis, Mr., King's counsel, by the lord chancellor; Johnson, gen.; Jolliffe, Mr., by earl Howe.

Keane, gen. sir J.; Keane, commander, by lieutenant-gen. sir J. Keane, *k.c.b.*; Keats, adm. sir R.; Keeper, rev. Dr.; Kelly, Mr., by col. Bushe; Kennedy, maj.; Kenyon, hon. L.; Keppel, hon. maj.; Kerr, adm. lord M.; Kerr, capt. A. R., *r.n.*; Keyt, lieutenant-col., *c.b.*, on his return from Jamaica, by sir J. Keane; Kilmorey, earl of; King, hon. maj.-gen., by vis. Anson; King, col.; King, Mr. A., by lord J. O'Brien; Kinnoull, earl; Knatchbull, Mr.; Knightley, sir C., by sir W. Freemantle; Knowles, adm. sir C.; Knox, Mr. B.; Kuper, lieutenant, *r.n.*; Kynaston, sir E.

Lamb, right hon. sir F.; Lambert, sir H., by vis. Gage; Landers, capt. G., *r.n.*; Lascelles, Mr. A.; Lascelles, Mr. R.; Laurie, sir P.; Laurie, lieutenant. A., *r.n.*; Law, hon. C.; Legh, Mr.; Legh, Mr. J.; Lennard, sir T. B., by earl Howe; Lennard, Mr. B., by sir T. B. Lennard; Liford, vis.; Linsingen, baron; Littleton, Mr.; Liverpool, earl of; Llewellyn, col., by lord J. O'Brien; Lloyd, Rev. T., Chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland; Lloyd, lieutenant, by lord A. Hill; Lloyd, Mr. R. M., deputy lieutenant of Denbigh, by vis. Melbourne; Lloyd, Mr.; London, bishop of; Londonderry, marquis of; Lorraine, lord; Lorton, vis. gen.; Lyndhurst, lord.

M'Arthur, maj.; M'Cleverty, capt., by sir J. Campbell; M'Crea, lieutenant. R. B., by Mr. Brande; Macdonald, sir J.; Macdonald, gen.; Mackenzie, gen. H.; Mackenzie, capt., by lieutenant-gen. Mackenzie; Maclean, gen. sir F.; Maclean, gen. sir I.; Macleod, Mr., of Macleod, by the duke of Gordon; Mainwaring, commander; Maltby, rev. Dr.; Maltby, rear-adm., by sir J. Graham; Manning, lieutenant. G., *r.n.*; Mansel, commander G.; Mansfield, earl of; Murrable, Mr.; Marshall, Mr. sheriff; Marshall, Mr. W., by the lord chancellor; Marton, col.; Marston, Mr.; Martin, adm. sir G.; Martin, sir H.; Mash, Mr.; Maude, command. hon. F., *r.n.*; Mawley, gen.; Mayo, earl of; Meade, hon. lieutenant-gen.; Meek, commander, by earl Howe; Meek, Mr.; Mercer, col.; Merewether, rev. Mr. J.; Meynell, capt., *r.n.*; Middleton, sir W.; Mildmay, capt. E., by the marquis of Winchester; Mildmay, capt. E. St. John, by the marquis of Winchester; Milne, adm. sir D.; Milne, commander, *r.n.*; Mitchell, Mr.; Mitchell, Mr. G.; Molyneux, lieutenant-gen., by lord F. Somerset; Money, col.; Montague, lord; Montague, col.; Morel, count; Morgan, sir C.; Mortara, count; Mosley, Mr.; Mulcaster, capt., *r.n.*; Mundy, Mr. C. T. H., by earl Howe; Mundy, Mr. W., on his marriage, by ditto; Munster, earl of; Murray, Mr. A. K.; Murray, Mr. C. R.; Muttelbury, col.

Naylor, sir G. (Garter); Neave, Mr.; Newberry, capt., by the rev. Dr. Blomberg; Newton, major W. H.; Nicholay, general; Nicholay, ensign; Norris, Mr., deputy lieutenant of Southampton, by the earl of Northesk; Norris, Mr.; Nugent, Mr. T.

Oakes, Mr., by lord Howden; O'Brien, lord J., on nomination as grand cross of the Guelphic order; Octavius, capt.; Offley, Mr. C.; Ogilvie, ensign sir W., bart.; Oldmixon, lieutenant. *r.n.*; O'Malley, col.; O'manney, sir F.; Onley, Mr. S.; Orger, rev. W., by sir W. H. Richardson; Ormsby, sir T., by lieutenant-colonel Fox; Otway, admiral sir R.

Paget, rear-admiral sir C., on his return from the coast of Ireland; Parry, Mr. B., by the earl of Maclesfield; Paul, sir J. Dean; Paulet, lord W.; Payne, col.; Peachy, gen.; Peacock, gen. sir W.; Pearson, major-gen., by lieutenant-gen. sir W. Gordon; Pegus, rev. Mr. P. W.; Pelham, Mr. A., by lord Yarborough; Pell, Mr. sergeant, by the lord chancellor; Pendarves, Mr., by the lord in waiting; Pendarves, Mr. W.; Penn, governor; Penn, Mr.; Pepys, Mr., *r.c.*; Pettigrew, Mr.; Phillips, sir T.; Phillips, lieutenant. B. T., on his return from India, by vis. Combermere; Phillips, lieutenant. J. H. Bengal army, by the marquis of Chandos; Phillips, Mr.; Phillott, capt., *r.n.*; Pitt capt.; Plampin, adm.; Plymouth, earl of; Poland, sir W. H.; Pollock, Mr.; Ponson,

by, hon. J., by lord Duncannon; Ponsonby, Mr. G.; Portman, Mr., by the earl of Sheffield; Poter, col.; Powell, Mr. W., New Forest Yeomanry, by sir H. Martin; Præd, Mr. J. B., by the earl of Mayo; Price, sir R.; Prideaux, major, by lord F. Fitzclarence; Pulesten, sir R.; Palman, Mr.; Puston, Mr.; Pynn, Mr. H.

Quebec, hon. and rev. the lord bishop of, by vis. Goderich; Quentin, gen. sir G.

Radnor, earl of; Randon, earl of; Ranclagh, vis.; Rayley, commander; Read, capt., by lord Dufferin; Reynardson, lieutenant-gen. B., by sir C. Brooke Vere; Reynell, gen. sir I.; Ribblesdale, lord; Richardson, capt., R.N., by sir J. Campbell; Ridley, sir M.; Rivers, sir H.; Roberts, Mr.; Robe, lieutenant. F.; Roberts, Mr. E.; Roche, Mr.; Rochester, bishop of; Rodd, admiral; Roebuck, Mr. W.; Ross, Mr.; Rosson, Mr., by the lord chamberlain to the Queen; Round, Mr. J.; Russell, lord, by lord Tavistock; Russell, Mr. F. W., by lord Melbourne; Russell, Mr. G.; Russell, Mr. W.; Russon, Mr.; Ryall, gen.

St. John, gen. the hon. F., by vis. Bolingbroke; St. John, rev. W., by his father, gen. the hon. F. St. John; St. John Baker, Mr.; Salisbury, marquis of; Salisbury, bishop of; Salmon, gen.; Salmond, lieutenant-colonel, by marquis Wellesley; Saltoun, lord; Sandon, lord; Sandwich, earl of; Sanford, Mr., by major-general Bathurst; Savage, colonel; Schomberg, rear-admiral; Scarlett, sir J.; Selwin, Mr.; Seton, sir H.; Severn, Mr.; Sharp, capt. J., on his marriage and change of name; Shee, sir G.; Shee, sir M. A.; Sheridan, gen. sir W.; Shiffner, Mr. T.; Sidmouth, vis.; Sidney, vis.; Sidney, sir P.; Sitwell, Mr. H.; Smith, capt. H. W., R.N.; Sodor and Man, bishop of; Somerset, lord F.; Sparke, rev. Mr. J. H.; Sparshott, commander, R.N., by capt. Bowles, R.N.; Sparshott, capt., R.N.; Spencer, hon. capt., by vis. Althorp; Spink, colonel; Stanhope, sir E. S., by the marquis of Chandos; Stanley, sir E.; Stanley, sir T., by the lord in waiting; Stanley, Mr.; Stephenson, Mr.; Stevenson, Mr.; Steward, capt. C., R.N., by sir J. Campbell; Stewart, sir M. S.; Stewart, Mr. C.; Stewart, Mr. M., by the right hon. sir J. Sinclair, bart.; Stockwell, capt., by admiral Taylor; Straton, rev. G., by the hon. captain Hay; Stronge, sir J. bart.; Stuart, admiral; Stuart, Mr. W.; Suffield, lord; Sugden, sir E. B.; Sullivan, sir C.; Swettenham, Mr.

Tait, captain J. H., R.N.; Talbot, earl; Taylor, general sir H.; Taylor, major P.,

captain-commandant of the Lynton troop of South Hants yeomanry cavalry; Taylor, Mr. W.; Temple, Mr.; Thackwell, col.; Thomas, Mr. M.; Thomas, Mr. R. J.; Thompson, D., commissioner of the navy board; Thornton, colonel sir C. W.; Thorold, sir J., by earl Brownlow; Tierney, sir M.; Tinney, Mr. W., as king's counsel, by the lord chancellor; Tomline, Mr., by the right hon. sir G. Ouseley; Torrens, lieutenant-colonel, by admiral sir P. C. Darnley; Tottenham, Mr.; Trant, Mr.; Travers, captain, R.N., by sir J. Graham; Tremheere, colonel; Treslove, Mr., one of his majesty's counsel, by the lord chamberlain; Trevor, hon. colonel R.; Trotter, captain; Tucker, sir E.; Tudor, Mr.; Tulamore, lord; Turner, Mr.; Turnor, Mr., of the South Lincoln militia, by earl Brownlow; Tyrwhitt, sir T.

Valletort, viscount; Vansittart, admiral; Vansittart, Mr., on his marriage, by lord Auckland; Venables, Mr. alderman; Verney, sir H., by earl Howe; Vernon, hon. G. J.; Vernon, captain G. H., R.N.; Verschöyle, Mr.

Urquhart, Mr., by sir H. Taylor; Uxbridge, earl of.

Wadden, Mr., by the lord mayor; Walker, admiral; Waller, sir W.; Waller, captain, 96th regiment, on his return from abroad, by sir H. Taylor; Walsh, sir J.; Walsh, general; Webb, colonel, R.N., by lord Ducie; Wedderburn, sir J.; Westmoreland, earl of; Wesphal, captain sir G. A., R.N.; Wharnccliffe, lord; Wheatley, sir H.; Whitbread, Mr. S.; White, general; Whitmore, Mr.; Whitshed, admiral sir J.; Wigram, sir R., deputy-lieutenant of Essex; Wigston, captain, R.N., by the right hon. lord Byron; Wilbraham, hon. R.; Wilbraham, Mr.; Wildman, major J., by the earl of Stamford and Warrington; Williams, sir J. H., bart., by the earl of Belfast; Williams, Mr. C. F., one of his majesty's counsel; Wilson, Mr. M., by sir B. Stephenson; Winchelsea, earl of; Winchester, bishop of; Winchester, alderman, by earl Howe; Windsor, hon. Mr. H.; Winterton, earl; Wodsworth, Rev. C., A.M., prebendary of St. Paul's, by viscount Palmerston; Wood, Mr.; Wood, Mr. A.; Wood, Mr. C.; Woolmore, captain; Wright, sir J., bart.; Wright, Mr. S.; Wrightson, Mr. B.; Wrottesley, major; Wrottesley, sir H.; Wrottesley, sir J.; Wyatt, colonel sir H.; Wyatville, sir J.; Wyke, Mr.

Yarborough, lord; Young, commander Sir G.

The dresses were magnificent and varied, but our notice must be confined to those of the Royal Family.

HER MAJESTY.

A beautiful silver tissue dress, the body and sleeves richly ornamented with diamonds, and the skirt with a wreath of silver flowers; train of the same material, lined with white

satin, and trimmed with a silver border. (The tissue was presented to her Majesty by the Spitalfields' Weavers.) Head-dress, feathers and a tiara of diamonds.

THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURG.

A robe of blonde lace over white satin, body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde, sabots of blonde, manteau of white ducape moire, lined and trimmed to correspond with dress. Head-dress, feathers, lace lappets, and diamonds en suite.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A sprigged gold lama dress, over white satin; garniture composed of a splendidly embroidered gold wreath; corsage and sleeves trimmed with broad blonde lace; a rich brocaded manteau of gold. Head-dress, a toque of gold, with feathers, diamonds, and amethysts.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA.

A gold lama dress over white satin, trimmed with borders of gold lama; train, brocaded tissue, trimmed with gold fringe. Head-dress, feathers and jewels.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A white crape dress, embroidered in silver, over white satin.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

A British blonde dress over white satin; train of white gros de Naples brocaded in gold. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

A white tulle dress, embroidered in silver lama, blonde mantille, and epaulettes. Train of green watered silk, trimmed with silver. Head-dress, feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

A dress of silver lama tulle, embroidered in the form of a wreath, with a montant of the same, sleeves of silver blonde séduisantes; a blue satin train, embroidered with silver tissue. Head-dress, diamonds, and a beautiful tiara.

After the Drawing-room, their Majesties entertained the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent (attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson), the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, at dinner.

On Sunday, the 29th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and Prince George of Cambridge, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service was performed by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, the sub-dean.

Sir George Smart, and Mr. Stafford Smith presided at the organ.

After the sermon, their Majesties, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh, and several of the nobility and gentry present, received the Sacrament. Lord James O'Brien was in attendance on the King, as Lord in Waiting, and Earl How, as Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

Divine Service was performed before the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria and their Royal Highnesses' household, at Kensington Palace, by the Dean of Chester.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland attended Divine Service, at their residence, in St. James's Palace. Their Royal Highnesses' chaplain officiated.

Their Majesties left the Palace about four o'clock, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and family, the Countess of Errol,

Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Andrew Barnard, the Lady in Waiting, Colonel and Mrs. Fox, Mr. Wood; Mr. Hudson, and others of the Royal suite, and arrived at Windsor soon after seven.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 30th, his Majesty gave audience to Baron Ompteda, who after partaking of some refreshments, departed for town.

The Duke of Richmond, the Earl and Countess of Munster, Lords Adolphus and Augustus Fitzclarence, Earl and Countess Grey, Earl and Countess Howe, and the Earl of Albemarle, arrived at the Castle this afternoon.

Their Majesties entertained a numerous party at dinner this evening, which was served in the grand dining-room. Her Majesty's chamber musicians were in attendance.

LONDON.

The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Princess Augusta, honoured the Marchioness of Cornwallis with their company at dinner.

Dinner parties were given by the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Montrose, Earl Brownlow, and the Earl of Limerick.

The Hon. Mrs. Cunliffe Offley gave her second grand ball.

WINDSOR.

On Tuesday, the 31st, at a quarter past twelve, their Majesties and visitors left the Castle for Ascot. The Royal *cortège* consisted of eleven carriages and four, and upwards of sixty out-riders in their state liveries. The first carriage contained his

Majesty, attended by the Duke of Richmond, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Albemarle. Her Majesty occupied the second carriage, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and her two sons; and the rest of the company followed in the other carriages, proceeding through Windsor at a walking pace.

Their Majesties and suite left the course at six o'clock, and arrived at Windsor soon after seven.

In the evening their Majesties entertained their numerous visitors at dinner, in St. George's Hall.

LONDON.

The Duke of Cumberland honoured the Catch Club with his company to dinner at the Thatched-House Tavern.

WINDSOR.

On Wednesday, the 1st of June, Prince Leopold, the Dukes of Dorset and Richmond, the Earl of Albemarle, the Lords Fitzclarence, and Lord Althorp, left the Castle for Ascot this morning.

In the afternoon the King, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the Countess Grey, drove out in the Queen's landau. Her Majesty rode on horseback, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge and several ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite. Their Majesties and visitors dined this evening in the grand dining-room.

On Thursday, the 2d, at half-past twelve, their Majesties and suite left the Castle for Ascot, attended in the same manner as on Tuesday. The King was accompanied by Prince Leopold, the Earl of Albemarle, and Sir A. Barnard. In her Majesty's carriage were the Queen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, her two sons, and Prince George of Cambridge. Nine carriages followed, containing some of their Majesties' visitors, and the remainder rode on horseback.

Their Majesties left the course soon after six o'clock, and returned to the Castle at half-past seven.

Friday, the 3d, their Majesties and suite took an airing this morning in the Great Park.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent, and Princess Victoria, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, Lady Conroy, Baroness Lehzen, and Sir John Conroy, honoured with their presence Mr. J. B. Sale's concert at the Hanover-square Rooms. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Archbishop of York.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 4th, their Majesties and visitors partook of an early dinner afternoon, and left the Castle soon

after six o'clock, in six pony phaetons, to attend the Eton Grand Regatta. A Royal salute announced the arrival of their Majesties, and was also the signal for starting. The vessels (seven in number) afterwards returned and, again passed their Majesties on the way to Surley Hall, followed by the Royal Party, who were present at the banquet, during which the healths of the King and Queen were separately drunk with four times four. At eight o'clock their Majesties left for Windsor, and the gentlemen returned to their boats. The fire-works commenced at nine, and were witnessed by their Majesties from the old terrace of the castle. The bridge and both islands were brilliantly illuminated, and the bands of the two regiments were in attendance till ten o'clock, when the fire-works ceased.

On Sunday, the 5th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and their distinguished visitors, attended Divine Service this morning at St. George's Chapel. The Rev. Mr. Long officiated.

This being the birth-day of the Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness received visits of congratulation from the Duke of Sussex, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold. The Russian Ambassador, and Princess Lieven came from their residence at Richmond to pay their respects to the Royal Duke. The Duke and Duchess entertained the members of the Royal Family, with the Prussian and Hanoverian Ministers, at dinner, in a tent on the lawn. The band of the Horse Guards was in attendance, and performed several pieces of sacred music.

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria attended Divine Service at Kensington Palace. The Dean of Chester officiated.

On Monday, the 6th, their Majesties and visitors took an airing in Windsor Great Park, from three till five o'clock. The King went in a close carriage, and the Queen and attendants on horseback.

The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta, at her residence in St. James's Palace.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

The Duke of Cumberland honoured Mr. Greenwood with his company at dinner, at Brompton Park. The Duke of Gordon, Sir George Warrender, and a select party, were present to meet his Royal Highness.

The Countess of Bridgewater gave a grand dinner to the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and a large party of nobility and gentry.

On Tuesday, the 7th, their Majesties and visitors took an airing in Windsor Great Park nearly three hours.

On Wednesday, the 8th, his Majesty left

Windsor Castle about ten o'clock for St. James's Palace.

At one o'clock, her Majesty, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Prince George of Cambridge, and the young Princes of Saxe Weimar, attended by the Duke of Dorset, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ely, Lord Valletort, Sir Andrew Barnard, Lady Taylor, Lady and Miss Gore, and Miss Wilson, left the Castle for Virginia Water, where an elegant repast was served in the Fishing Temple. The royal party afterwards visited China Island, and Belvidere, and then returned to the Castle by the way of Cumberland Lodge.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

His Majesty arrived at St. James's Palace from Windsor about one o'clock.

At two o'clock his Majesty held an investiture of the most honourable Order of the Bath, when their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, the Duke of Gordon, Viscount Beresford, General Lord Hill, General Lord Howden, Lord Combermere, Field Marshal Sir Alured Clarke, Admiral Sir George Martin, Sir H. Clinton, Sir J. Doyle, and Sir James Kempt, were presented to his Majesty by G. B. Beltz, Esq., Gentleman Usher, Sir G. Naylor, Garter, Genealogist of the Order, Algernon F. Greville, Esq., Bath King-of-Arms, and Captain Michael Seymour, Registrar and Secretary.

Sir Henry Trollope was then introduced, when his Majesty was graciously pleased to invest him with the Order of a Knight Grand Cross, in the room of the late Sir William Johnston Hope.

The Hon. Sir Robert Stopford was introduced, and invested as a Knight Grand Cross, in the room of the late Earl of Northesk.

Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew was invested as a Supernumerary Knight Grand Cross.

His Majesty then held his *entrée* Levee, when the following distinguished persons had audiences:—

The Count St. Martin d'Aglie, Sardinian Minister, to deliver credentials from his new Sovereign.

Mr. M'Lane, American Minister, to take leave, on his being appointed to the American Cabinet as Finance Minister.

Prince Esterhazy, to deliver a letter from his Court.

Mons. Tellier de Blauriez, Chief Secretary to the French Embassy, was presented by the Prince de Talleyrand, the French Ambassador.

There were also present the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Gloucester (attended by Colonel Higgins), Prince Leopold, Prince Esterhazy,

the Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Russian, Spanish, Danish, Sardinian, Neapolitan, American, Bavarian, Mexican, Hanoverian, and Buenos-Ayreal Ministers; the Count de Hardenberg, Grand Master of the Court of Hanover; Mr. Washington Irving, Secretary to the American Embassy; the Lord President, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Foreign and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Commander of the Forces, the Master-General of the Ordnance, Viscount Combermere (Gold Stick in Waiting), the Vice-Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, the Master of the Hounds, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Lord Registrar of Scotland.

After the Levee his Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey, Viscount Althorp, Viscount Combermere, Viscount Palmerston, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Hill, Sir W. Fremantle, and Sir J. Graham.

His Majesty then held a Privy Council, at which two new seals were agreed upon, viz., a cachette for Scotland, and one for the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The Hon. William Bathurst attended as Clerk of the Council.

Lord Byron and Sir H. Blackwood were the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

About six o'clock his Majesty left the Palace for Windsor.

Almack's ball this evening was attended by upwards of six hundred fashionables.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 9th, the King took an airing to-day in an open carriage, and her Majesty rode into the Park on horseback.

On Friday, the 10th, their Majesties took an airing in the Great Park to-day, his Majesty in his carriage, and the Queen and attendants on horseback.

On Saturday, the 11th, his Majesty took an airing in his pony phaeton, accompanied by the Queen and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar on horseback.

On Sunday, the 12th, at ten o'clock, the Life and Foot Guards assembled in the Quadrangle of the Castle, and passed in review before their Majesties, the band of each regiment playing alternately. Their Majesties and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar afterwards proceeded in a close carriage to St. George's Chapel, where Divine Service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford, assisted by one of the Minor Canons. In the afternoon their Majesties took an airing in the Great Park. Both

bands were in attendance at the New Terrace, and played from two till six o'clock.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Princess Augusta, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Divine Service was performed at Kensington Palace before the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, by the Dean of Chester.

Prince Leopold entertained the Commissioners from Belgium and the Cabinet Ministers at dinner.

On Monday, the 13th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, left Windsor this morning, and arrived at St. James's Palace about half-past one. Her Majesty shortly afterwards received visits from the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

At three o'clock, the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, visited the Bazaar at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the benefit of the distressed Irish.

In the evening, the Princess Augusta entertained their Majesties, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and a select party, at dinner.

This evening her Majesty gave her third grand ball, which was as numerous attended, and the arrangements on the same grand scale as on the preceding occasions.

On Tuesday, the 14th, his Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey, and Lord Holland.

Sir Wathen Waller and Baroness Howe gave a grand *fête* to-day at their residence, Pope's Villa, which was honoured by the presence of their Majesties, and all the Members of the Royal Family, with the exception of the Duchess of Kent. The silver cup, which is usually given on the 1st inst., was reserved for this occasion, and was won by a Twickenham waterman named Gildon. The dinner was served in the great gallery and the library; in the former were three tables of twenty-four covers, and in the other four tables of one hundred and fifty covers. The party did not break up till nearly ten o'clock.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 15th, the king held a Levee to-day, previously to which, Vice Admiral Sir Charles Ekins was introduced by Sir George Nayler to his Majesty, who was pleased to invest him with the order of the Bath.

His Majesty then received the following distinguished persons having the privilege of the *entrée*, viz.:

The Duke of Brunswick; the Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the American, Prussian, Danish,

Spanish, Sardinian, Neapolitan, Mexican, Hanoverian, and Wirtemberg Ministers; the Envoy Extraordinary from the Netherlands; the Brazilian *Chargé d'Affaires*; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the Bishop of London; the First Lord of the Treasury; the Secretaries of State for the Foreign and Colonial Departments; the First Lord of the Admiralty; the President of the Board of Control; the Master of the Horse; the Lord Steward; the Groom of the Stole; the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners; the Captain of the Yeomen Guard; the Commander of the Forces; Viscount Combermere, (Gold Stick in Waiting); the Vice-Chamberlain; the Treasurer of the Household; the Master of the Ceremonies; Garter-King-of-Arms; the Judge Advocate-General; the Attorney-General; the Common Serjeant; General Grant; the Governor of Trinidad; Sir James M'Gregor, Director-General of the Army Medical Department.

His Majesty then gave audiences to the Duke of Brunswick, Marquis Wellesley, Marquis of Winchester, Earl Grey, the Earl of Beverley, Viscount Goderich, Lord Combermere, Lord John Russell, and Sir William Freemantle. Lord Byron and Sir Joseph Whitley were the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

The various members of the Royal Family visited the Duchess of Cambridge, to congratulate her Royal Highness on her arrival in this country.

In the evening their Majesties entertained the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Princess Augusta, and a select party, at dinner.

The Duchess of Kent had a large dinner party.

Almack's grand ball this evening was attended by nearly six hundred fashionables.

On Thursday, the 16th, the Duchess of Cumberland and the Duke of Gloucester visited their Majesties to-day, and partook of a *dejeuner* with the Queen.

Her Majesty and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar visited the Princess Sophia and the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Duchess of Kent.

In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cambridge, and Earl Grey, dined with their Majesties.

On Friday, the 17th, the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, paid a visit to the Duchess of Cumberland.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, visited her Majesty.

The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg visited the Duchess of Cumberland.

Their Majesties entertained a large party in the evening.

On Saturday, the 18th, his Majesty gave audience to Earl Grey, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Sefton, and Lord Kinnaird.

The Queen visited the Duchess of Cambridge, at Cambridge House.

The Princess Sophia, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, visited her Majesty.

The Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland left town for Kew.

The Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Leiningen, and a select party, dined with their Majesties. In the evening the Queen and the Duchess of Cambridge honoured the Opera by their presence.

The Duke of Wellington gave a grand dinner to his Majesty and about seventy of the officers who were present at the battle of Waterloo. In the morning his Majesty presented the Duke with a most splendid sword, which was conveyed to his Grace by the Earl of Munster.

On Sunday, the 19th, their Majesties, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal. The King was attended by Lord Byron and Sir Joseph Whitley, as the Lord and Groom in waiting. The Queen was attended by Earl Howe, her Majesty's Chamberlain.

Divine Service was performed before the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, at Kensington Palace, by the Dean of Chester.

The Duchess of Cambridge partook of a *déjeuné* with her Majesty at St. James's Palace. In the afternoon their Majesties, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, visited the Zoological Gardens.

On Monday, the 20th, his Majesty held a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, for the purpose of electing his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick.

His Majesty held a Privy Council, when the King's Speech, to be delivered on opening the Session of Parliament, was taken into consideration, and agreed upon.

His Majesty then gave audiences to the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquis of Cholmondeley.

A grand entertainment was given by Lord and Lady Ravensworth, at Fulham, to their Majesties, the Princesses Augusta and So-

phia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland, the Princess Victoria, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Duke of Brunswick, the Countess of Errol, Lords Frederick and Augustus Fitzclarence, and a large party of nobility and gentry.

The Earl and Countess of Normanton entertained the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and a distinguished party at dinner.

The Countess of Jersey gave a grand dinner to the Duchess of Cambridge and a large party of fashionables.

On Tuesday, the 21st, about two o'clock his Majesty went in state to open the Session of Parliament. The King's Guard were on duty in the principal court-yard of the Palace, with the band in their state uniforms. A guard of honour, composed of the Royal Horse Guards, was also in attendance. His Majesty wore a purple velvet mantle with a deep ermine collar.

His Majesty returned to the Palace about ten minutes past three.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Earl of Albemarle, the Marquis of Winchester, and the Judge-Advocate General.

Their Majesties entertained a select party at dinner in the evening.

On Wednesday the 22d, his Majesty held a Court at St. James's Palace. At a quarter before two o'clock a numerous assemblage of Peers, headed by the Lord Chancellor in his state robes, arrived at the Palace to present an Address from the House of Peers. The Lord Chamberlain having announced that his Majesty was ready to receive the Address, the deputation was ushered into the royal presence by Mr. Mash. His Majesty was seated on the throne, dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform.

The Lord Chancellor then read the Address of the House of Peers to the King, in answer to his speech from the throne on the opening of Parliament, to which his Majesty made a most gracious reply.

The Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; Marquisses Cleveland, Lansdowne, and Wellesley; Earls Charlemont, Fife, Gosford, Grey, Mulgrave, Radnor, and Shaftesbury; Viscount Goderich; Lords Auckland, Belhaven, Craven, Ducie, Lilford, Plunkett, Rossie, and Suffield, attended the presentation.

His Majesty afterwards held a *Levee*, which was very numerously attended.

His Majesty afterwards gave audiences to Prince Leopold, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Grey, Viscounts Combermere, Granville, Melbourne, Palmerston, Lord Erskine, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Stanley.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, visited the Queen's Bazaar.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

Almack's grand ball this evening was attended by upwards of five hundred fashionables.

On Thursday the 23d, the Speaker of the House of Commons, accompanied by a numerous assemblage of Members, preceded by the Messengers in their State Badges, arrived at the Palace about two o'clock, to present an Address from the House of Commons. The Members were ushered into the Throne-room, when the Speaker read the Address, to which his Majesty returned a most gracious answer; after which the Speaker had the honour to kiss hands.

The Queen, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, visited the Bazaar at the Hanover-square Rooms.

In the evening her Majesty honoured the performance at the Italian Opera House with her presence.

On Friday the 24th, the Queen held her last Drawing-room for the season at the King's Palace, St. James's.

The Guard of Honour was taken from the regiment of Royal Horse Guards, and was attended by their band in State uniform; the band of the King's Guard also mounted their State dresses. The Yeomen Guard occupied the Guard-room, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners lined the Presence Chamber.

A little before two o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came with their suite, in State, in three carriages, attended by Colonel Higgins, Sir Howard Douglas, and Lady J. Thynne, escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards. Soon after, the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, attended by Lady Charlotte St. Maur, and Sir John Conroy, came in State, in two carriages, escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards.

Their Majesties entered the State Rooms about two o'clock, attended by the Officers of State; Earl Howe attended the Queen as Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Shoemack and the rest of the Queen's pages were in attendance on her Majesty, and Mr. Halse, the State Page, attended the King.

Their Majesties were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and her son, Prince William, the Prince of Leiningen, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Prince George of Cumberland, Prince George of Cambridge, the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Duke of Brunswick.

At the Entrée Assembly, the following had the honour of being presented to the Queen:

General Bode, by Count Matouschevitz, the Russian Minister.

Don Salvador de Zea Bermudez, first Secretary to the Spanish Embassy at Paris, by the Chevalier de Zea Bermudez, the Spanish Minister.

Monsieur Moreno, Chargé d'Affaires from Buenos Ayres, by Sir Robert Chester, his Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies.

The Netherlands Ambassador, and Madame Falck, Princess Lieven, the Austrian Ambassador, the Spanish Minister, and Madame Bermudez, the Swedish Minister, and Countess Bjornstjerna, Baroness Bulow, the Lady of the Russian Minister, the Neapolitan Minister, Countess Ludolf, the Sardinian, Danish, and Wirtemberg Ministers, the Buenos Ayrean and Brazilian Chargés d'Affaires, Count Matouschevitz, Envoy Extraordinary from Russia, Count Hardenberg, Grand Master of Hanover, Mons. Bourke, Secretary to the Danish Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, the President of the Board of Control, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Steward, the Groom of the Stole, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Commander of the Forces, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Vice Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, the Secretary of State for Ireland, Viscount Combermere, Gold Stick in Waiting, Mr. Baron Garrow, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Clerk Marshal, and Garter-King-of-Arms.

St. John's being a Collar-day, the Knights of the various Orders wore their respective Collars.

The Duke of Brunswick had a long audience of the King.

Soon after the conclusion of the Drawing-room their Majesties left town for Windsor.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 25th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, took an airing in the Great Park for two hours.

The Duke of Sussex visited their Majesties. His Royal Highness, after partaking of some refreshment, left for Kensington Palace.

The Duke of Brunswick, the Dowager Duchess of Leeds, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lord and Lady Falkland, and Miss D'Este, arrived at the Castle to-day.

On Sunday, the 26th, at eleven o'clock their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick, and others of the Royal suite, proceeded to St. George's Chapel, where Divine Service was performed by the Rev. W. Long.

Admiral Sir John, Lady, and Miss Gore, Sir W. Gomme, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and the Field Officers of that Regiment, had the honour of dining with their Majesties.

On Monday, the 27th, the King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the Dowager Duchess of Leeds, took an airing in a close carriage for about two hours. Her Majesty, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, rode out on horseback for nearly four hours.

On Tuesday, the 28th, his Majesty took an airing this morning in his pony phaeton for about two hours.

At three o'clock, their Majesties, attended by the whole of their visitors and suite, took an airing in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water and Belvidere for nearly two hours.

On Wednesday, the 29th, their Majesties left Windsor about ten o'clock, and arrived at the Palace about half-past one.

At two o'clock, Don Pedro, Ex-Emperor of the Brazils, and suite, arrived at the Palace, in two of the King's carriages, and entered through the Garden Gate, which is reserved for the Royal Family. The Ex-Emperor appeared in a very splendid uniform of green and scarlet, and wore a number of orders. His Chamberlain and other attendants were also very richly attired. Don Pedro was received by Lord Falkland, the Lord in Waiting, who conducted him to the King's closet, where he had an audience of his Majesty for nearly half an hour. The King was accompanied by the Duke of Sussex and Prince Leopold.

The Convocation of the Clergy, which assembled, as usual at the meeting of a new Parliament, arrived at the Palace at half-past one o'clock, from the Jerusalem Chamber, for the purpose of presenting an Address. The procession was preceded by the Apparitor-General in his robes, bearing the silver mace, followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Bristol, the Bishop of Bangor, the Bishop of Llandaff, &c.

The Convocation were introduced into the presence of the King, by the Gentlemen Ushers in waiting. His Majesty was seated on the Throne, surrounded by his Cabinet Ministers and Great Officers of State.

The Address, which was of considerable length, was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when his Grace and the other members of the Convocation had the honour of kissing hands.

His Majesty afterwards held a Levee.

After the Levee, the King held a Privy Council, at which the Duke of Leinster and Sir Edward Hyde East, were sworn in Privy

Councillors, and took their seats at the Board.

His Majesty then gave audiences to the Marquis of Winchelsea, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Althorp, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Belhaven. Mr. Hope Johnstone had an audience of the King to deliver the Badge of his late father, Admiral Sir William Hope Johnstone, G. C. B.

In the evening their Majesties had a musical party, at which Paganini had the honour of exhibiting his unrivalled skill.

The Duchess of Kent, and the other members of the Royal Family, arrived about half-past nine.

Their Majesties entered the Concert Room at twenty minutes before ten o'clock, and took their seats in state chairs fronting the orchestra. Don Pedro, the members of the Royal Family, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Prince of Leiningen, and the Ladies of the Foreign Ministers, were seated near their Majesties.

The Concert was under the direction of Sir George Smart, and Mr. F. Cramer led the band, which was principally composed of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. All the vocal performers were English.

Almack's Grand Ball this evening was attended by upwards of five hundred fashionables, many of whom appeared in the dresses worn at her Majesty's Concert. Don Pedro and suite were introduced to the Ladies Patronesses, at the desire of his Majesty, by Major Webster.

On Thursday, the 3d July, their Majesties gave a State Ball, which was numerously attended.

The Ex-Emperor Don Pedro, attended by the Marquis de Rizende, and three other Officers of his Household were present.

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and the Prince of Leiningen, and attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, and Sir John Conroy, came in State by the principal Court Yard, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the Duke of Brunswick, entered the State Rooms about the same time.

Their Majesties entered the Ball Rooms at half-past ten o'clock, when the Quadrille bands commenced playing "God save the King." His Majesty was dressed in a Field Marshal's uniform; the Queen wore a lace dress over white satin, and a diamond tiara.

Supper was served to the general company in the Banqueting Room, where a variety of the most splendid articles of gold plate were tastefully displayed.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th June, in Grosvenor Square, Lady Porchester, of a son and heir.
On the 26th, the Countess Home, of a still-born child.
On the 26th, in St. James's Square, the Lady Loughborough, of a daughter.
On the 24th, in St. James's Square, Lady Barbara Ponsonby, of a son.
On the 25th, at Hithie House, Oxfordshire, the Lady Louisa Slater, of a daughter.
On the 27th, in New Norfolk Street, the Lady Ashley, of a son.
On the 29th, at No. 9, at Park Crescent, the Lady of the Hon. Mr. Justice Alderson, of a son.
At her house, 31, Bruton Street, the Lady Lucy Eleanor Lowther, of a daughter.
On the 2d July, at White House, the Lady Lucy Grant, of a son.
On the 12th, at Weston-Underwood, Derbyshire, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Curzon, of a son.
On the 13th, at Richmond, the Lady Alice Peel, of a daughter.
On the 15th, in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Fletcher, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th June, at Walcot Church, Bath, Sir Bellingham Reginald Graham, of Norton Conyers, Bart., to Harriett, third daughter of the late Rev. Robert Cottam.
On the 7th May, at Malta, the Earl of Rothes, Lieut. Royal Fusileers, to Louisa, third daughter of Col. Anderson Morshead, of Widey Court, commanding Royal Engineers at Malta.
On the 27th June, at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, the Rev. Ralph Berners, youngest son of the very Venerable the archdeacon Berners, to Eliza, third daughter of the late Gen. Sir C. Cuyler, of St. John Lodge, in the county of Herts, Bart..
On the 7th July, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir John Ogilvie, of Inverquhar, Bart., to Juliana Barbara, youngest daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.
On the 8th, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Martin Tucker Smith, Esq. M.P., to Louisa, third daughter of Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. M.P.
On the 14th July, at St. George's Hanover Square, Neill, eldest son of Neill Malcomb, Esq., of Poltalloch, Argyllshire, and Lamb-Abbey, Kent, to Harriet Mary, third daughter of the Rev. Sir Samuel Clarke Jervoise, of Idsworth Park, Hants, Bart.
On the 14th, at St. George's Hanover Square, John Jervis White, of the City of Dublin, Esq., to Mary, widow of the late Sir John Jervis White Jervis, Bart.

DEATHS.

On the 26th June, after a few days' illness, at his residence, James Street, Buckingham Gate, Colonel Sir Ralph Hamilton, of Olivestob. N. B. Formerly of the 3d Regiment of Foot Guards.
On the 23d, in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, Lord Robert Spencer, uncle to the Duke of Marlborough, in his 84th year.
On the 28th, Elizabeth Countess of Eldon, eldest daughter of Aubone Surtees, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
On the 28th, at his house in Queen Anne Street, Sir Francis John Hartwell, Bart.
On the 25th, at Sunningfield, on her way to Brighton, Philippa Baroness Sunderlin, late of Binfield Park, in the county of Berks, relict of Richard Lord Sunderlin, of Baronston, Westmeath, Ireland.
On the 24th, at her house, George Square, Edinburgh, Dowager Lady Wedderburn.
On the 1st July, at Paris, Archibald Earl of Dundonald, in his 83d year.
On the 7th, in Albemarle Street, Sir John Thorold, of Syston Park, Bart. in the county of Lincoln, in his 58th year.
At his residence, George Street, Hanover Square, in his 71st year, the Lord Bishop of Derry.
On the 9th June, in Berkeley Square, Sir J. E. Harrington, Bart. in his 72d year.
At Rome, the Right Hon. Mary Lucy Lady Clifford, wife of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and daughter of Cardinal Weld, in her 32d year.
On the 22d June, at Roseneath, the Right Hon. Lady Augusta Clavering, eldest daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll.



Nº1.

Nº2.

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ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
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Painted by William Kidd

Engraved by John Stury

SCOTCH DRINK.

Humblly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread
Thou kitchens fine.

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

Embellishments.

FIFTH ILLUSTRATION OF BURNS'S POEMS. Scotch Drink.

VIEW IN VENICE.

FOUR PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN FASHIONABLE COSTUME FOR SEPTEMBER.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a number of small Poems, to which we cannot devote separate notices, but which are not adapted for a principal Magazine.

Mr. E. L., who has been successful in the *Museum*, had better continue there. He cannot write for a Literary work.

H. B. has no more notion of criticism than a toad has of a side pocket. By-the-by, the book he reviews we suspect is his own.

Madame L., whose poetical talent is well worth cultivating, and whose assistance we should, under some circumstances, court, will, if she favour us with her address, receive her MS., with a suitable acknowledgment of her kindness.

A Fair correspondent observes, that Lord Milton's insidious attack on the Church, by means of his Company of Undertakers, should be better understood; and suggests that the company should be called "THE ANTI-CHURCH BURIAL SOCIETY." We give his Lordship the benefit of the hint. By-the-by, now we are upon the subject, the carefully circulated report that the Bishop of London patronises the concern, is false, as any one who considers for a moment must know.

The ignoble and unfeminine service into which the authoress of *Nathan and David* has volunteered, renders her a fit subject for exposure, and we only give her one month's opportunity of regaining her place in society as a discreet woman, before we draw the proper line between her and the respectable portion of her sex.

Miss A. is informed that the work in which the young vocalist's portrait appeared, is defunct. We can, however, ensure her some copies.

A Cheltenham Bookseller is referred to Mr. R. himself, who will affirm that the number never reached 600. The plates are in good order, for even that small number has been carefully printed.

A Barrister, who has threatened "to ruin us," because we republished *as an advertisement*, a plan which he was *permitted* by the projector to publish last year, is reminded, that if we have committed ourselves the law will do him justice. Meanwhile, we will add, by way of information, that for his outrageous mode of conveying these threats, and his ungentlemanly and defamatory language, adopted no doubt to excite a breach of the peace, a proceeding will be taken which will teach him a lasting and useful lesson. He has been told, repeatedly and deservedly, and we thus publicly give our affirmation of the fact, that as a Barrister, he disgraces the profession.

"Bibo," on Temperance Societies, is excellent; we wish he would give us a paper on a more appropriate subject. We will not yet return the article.

Mr. W. B. must not identify himself too much with the nefarious acts of his *liberal* employer. Porter's wages are little enough for one who has to fulfil the duties of editor, messenger, office clerk, and man of all work at chambers, without his being forced to place his character and his children's bread in jeopardy, by acts which would degrade him in the eyes of honourable men.

"The Single Brief," a sketch on the Oxford Circuit, dated from —— Hall, is accepted; we fear we must omit one of the notes—Is it not libellous?

We referred Mr. D., on the receipt of his last letter, to Mr. Robinson, and, if unsuccessful there, to Chatham Place. We can only repeat our advice here, instead of prolonging a correspondence.

A Goose, who bestows on us our proper title, "The Champion of the Ladies," is offended because we spoke disrespectfully of a female in his employment. We trust we shall never be wanting in respect for the virtuous and the intellectual sources of our happiness: but we must be permitted to discriminate.



Archives of the Court of St. James's.

S E P T E M B E R, 1831.

“Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood,
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.
————— Subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?”

“Come down! down, court! down king!”

“Now mark me, how I will undo myself.
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue, deny my sacred state;
With mine own breath release all dutieous oaths;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear.”—Richard II.

lion. They knew what they were about. They were wise in their generation. The multitude (in which I include the "great, vulgar, and the small") are the unreasoning slaves of their eyes and ears. He who enjoys all the accidents of authority, enjoys, with them, the right. They do not trouble themselves about the

more subtle and abstract rights of birth, descent, or legal investiture. He, consequently, who does *not* enjoy these accidents, visibly, openly, and in the full plenitude of imposing state, enjoys the right, only so long as he can preserve the occupancy.

We are about to have a cheap coronation—a sort of half-price coronation—done upon the lowest possible terms, by Messrs. Grey, Brougham, Holland, and Co. There are to be I know not how many thousand pounds saved; and our huckstering reformers, our pedler-patriots, snuff up the wind, “like wild asses in the wilderness,” and think the Millennium is at hand! Never was there such a wise ministry—never such a careful, and considerate, and magnanimous king!

But to whom is the money saved? Suppose a whole coronation to cost 300,000*l.*, and a bit of one only 100,000*l.* Who saves the 200,000*l.*?—Do the people? Not a farthing of it. Unless I am told, what no one will have the impudence to tell me, that a specific coronation *tax* would be imposed, to defray the specific *charge* of the coronation itself, I have yet to learn how the people are benefited by having only a hundred thousand pounds spent among them, instead of three hundred thousand. Really, one would imagine, to hear how some simpletons chuckle over this economical coronation, that all the money which is *not* to be spent, would, if spent, find its way, by some devilry or other, to the bottom of the Thames, instead of into the pockets of the hundreds and thousands of persons whose industry, labour, time, and talent, would be put into requisition.

This is not all, however. If the state disbursed three hundred thousand pounds, the nobility and wealthy commoners of the state would have to disburse nearly double that sum, as was actually the case at the coronation of George IV. It is impossible to calculate through what myriads of subordinate channels money flows on such an occasion. It is not merely the outlay of dukes, marquises, earls, and barons, in their own persons, and in the persons of their mothers, wives, daughters, and sons, that is to be looked at. It is not merely the streams of wealth that flow in every direction, from those who are

entitled by birth or station to assist at the august ceremony. We must take into account, likewise, the money spent by the thousands who are *SPECTATORS* of it, from those who equip themselves in a court-dress to make their appearance in Westminster Hall and the Abbey, to those who pay their three guineas, their two guineas, their one guinea, their ten shillings, and their five shillings, for seats in the open air.

And pray *who saves all this money?* The answer is obvious. But *who would get it if it were not saved?* The silly dolts—the thick-skulled rabble—they who are emitting a vast quantity of noise breathe in praise of the men who *prevent* it from being spent! Oh, they are wise gentlemen, this same people!

Thus much for the pounds, shillings, and pence—the beggarly, chandler-shop part of the question: but there are other considerations connected with it, and of far deeper concern.

A king should be “every inch a king;” for every inch that he is not, goes imperceptibly, but unerringly, to unking him. He is not to consider what his humour likes, but what his duty requires; the duty of transmitting, to those who are to come after him, the trust he exercises, in the same unimpaired condition that he received it; and he offends against this duty when he abates the smallest particle of the rights and prerogatives belonging to his office; because he does not know that his successor may choose to do the same; and consequently, it may happen, he prepares for him an invidious and ungracious labour, to recover what had been cast away, for the sake, perhaps, of a little vulgar popularity. He further offends against this duty, because he cannot so act without, *pro tanto*, bringing into jeopardy the office itself.

It is a shallow species of declamation to descant upon the childishness and frivolity of pomp and parade, and the gewgaws of authority; to ridicule the emptiness of vain ceremonies; to speak with disdain of the tinsel glitter of idle shows and processions. Nothing so easy as all this; and nothing more true—if all men were philosophers. But so long as men are what they are—“pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw”—so long as opinion rides upon the neck of reason, and we are caught by the out-

sides of the things of this world, they who affect to treat with undue contempt the influence of our "straws and rattles," are incomparably greater fools, if they be sincere, than they who yield to it.

It is quite true a lord chancellor might walk down to Westminster Hall in a threadbare coat, darned stockings, dirty shoes, and dirtier face, and give judgments across a three shilling wooden table, as luminous, profound, just, and eloquent, as ever fell from the lips of man. The House of Lords might meet in Copenhagen-fields, and the Commons upon Hampstead-heath, and the national affairs be admirably managed by them. The Archbishop of Canterbury might preach sublime theology at the Crown and Anchor tavern; and his Majesty hold a Chapter of the Garter in a first floor in Piccadilly. There is nothing to prevent these, and a multitude of other absurdities from being committed, save the conviction that my lord chancellor's judgments, the parliament's deliberations, the archbishop's doctrines, and the king's dignity, are all heightened and enforced by the ceremonies and solemnities by which they are actually surrounded. These ceremonies and solemnities impart no intrinsic value to the things to which they belong; but they command, by their external influence, respect, attention, and obedience.

I would apply this reasoning to the approaching half-price coronation, with its mutilated rites and frugal magnificence. If the nation be too poor to defray the expense of a monarchy—if we can neither crown our kings, nor fit out our queens, as our forefathers did—if, like an impoverished individual, we find ourselves compelled to contract our expenditure—let us do it with an honest and manly simplicity of purpose, confess we are on the verge of bankruptcy, and appeal, for the honesty of our intentions, to the timely curtailing of our establishments. But do not let us play the proud beggar, who will still drink his wine, eat his venison, and drive his

equipage, by making one bottle, one haunch, and one carriage, do the work of many.

It is not pretended, however, that necessity drives us to these paltry shifts, these mendicant contrivances. The merit claimed is that of supererogatory thrift. It is the miser's avarice, the sordid money-getter's principle, that a penny saved is a penny got—that every pound *not* spent is a symbol of careful husbandry, though there is no better use for what is saved, than that from which it is taken. It is all done in the spirit of a muckworm, who hoards the dress he wants the soul to part with.

Far be it from me to impute to those who have counselled, or to those who approve, of this pitiful mode of carrying on the monarchy, the desire to weaken its foundations. But *suppose* there were a set of men in the country who *did* seek such an object; and *suppose* they were consulting among themselves upon the best way of accomplishing it; methinks, were there one who better understood the business in hand than the rest, *he* would say, "Begin your work thus: Persuade your victim to make himself a king of the mob—exhibiting in all his tastes, feelings, and inclinations, an ambition to be a frank, free-and-easy sovereign. This will wean from him the loyalty and devotion of a proud, high-minded, and illustrious aristocracy, to whom the want of a certain degree of refinement, and an elevated royalty of character, is sufficient to cool at least their personal attachments. Then persuade him to curtail his own state and dignity; encourage him, in all things, to prefer what costs half a crown to that which costs a crown; lead him gently on to show his people how *cheap* they can have a king; and when they perfectly understand this, there will be no difficulty in making them understand that it is *cheaper still to have no king.*"

WILLIAM.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY MISS MITFORD,

And Spoken by Mr. Cathcart, previously to the opening of the Oxford Theatre with the Tragedy of Hamlet, July 18, 1831.*

ROMANTIC Oxford ! mid thy verdant bowers,
Thy tapering spires, bright domes, and fretted towers,
Thy world of antique beauty, throned high
Sits the proud muse of Grecian tragedy ;
From prostrate Athens long condemn'd to roam,
Thy sons, her worshippers, thy halls, her home !

Well may they worship ! visions more sublime
Ne'er rolled effulgent down the stream of time,
Than those which show the wrongs of Pelops' line,
The woes of Thebes, the tale of Troy divine,
Helen, the charmer of two thousand years,
And sad Electra eloquent in tears.

Well may they worship ! a mysterious glory
Shines round those bards, immortal as their story :
Unlettered woman feels, she knows not why,
Even in a feebler tongue their potency ;
And the boy-poet, in his day-dream, sees
Wreaths such as crowned majestic Sophocles, }
Bold Eschylus, or sweet Euripides.

Yet boast we one, immortal though they be,
Whose single name outvies that mighty three :
Shakspeare !—one Shakspeare !—Ill might we presume
To strew fresh laurels o'er his honoured tomb :
Enough that we to-night attempt to show
One thrilling form of nobleness and woe ;
To body forth his sweet, yet pregnant sadness,
His melancholy mirth, his wisest madness,
Whose every word, with truth and interest fraught,
Strikes on some secret chord of human thought.
Hamlet, the Dane ! Oh, but to follow well
The precepts that he gives, were to excel
In one great art ; the very rules we tell
Might we but practise, little were our need
For your indulgence even now to plead :
Yet plead we must, though hopefully ; for here
In this fair circle small our cause of fear ;
Kind were ye ever, and our greeting blends
Warm thanks for past, with hope of future, friends.

THE POLE.

GREAT, beautiful, and brilliant as is
Paris in the Spring, in November, the
Stygian streams of the streets, and the
leafless alleys of the Tuileries, offer in
more reasons than one, abundant invi-

tations to immortality such as Seneca
beheld in every brook and tree of Italy.
In Paris, however, Seneca might, per-
haps, have added a wish respecting water
more limpid, than runs in the Rue St.

* Mr. Cathcart, as we learn from the letter of our fair correspondent transmitting the above address, is a "tragic actor, who is to appear at Covent Garden Theatre shortly after the commencement of the approaching season, and whose splendid success is confidently anticipated by those who have had an opportunity of seeing him in the country."—Ed.

Honoré, and for trees to offer more graceful compositions for suspension, than could be afforded by the "*Gallows*" arbours of the Feuillans.

I had never great reason to be fond of my own species, and least of all such as inhabit a winter metropolis. When the leaves had fallen in the Champs Elysées, and the solitary impertinence of the sparrows became insupportable in the Tuileries, I resorted every day to the Jardin des Plantes to refresh my sight with the cypresses and oranges in the conservatory, and converse with the graceful *Lady-cranes*,* the good-humoured Marmosettes, and the honest Bruinæ, much more friendly to me than the bears of Galignani's, and the apes and *Demoisieurs* of the Palais Royal.

At that season, when the slender and beautiful Eigrette moped upon one leg in a corner of her aviary, and the Ostriches—Monsieur et Madame—only appeared during a blink of the frosty sun at noon, to trot their daggled plumes once or twice round their parterre—my most agreeable acquaintance were among the inhabitants of the "bear-garden." There were several sociable "*sonsy*" fat brown Bruins of various ages and sizes; and when the inhabitants of warmer climates grew languid and disconsolate, these hardy goths acquired fresh spirits, and routed, tumbled, and gamboled over head and heels in the snow, with as much apparent enjoyment, and almost as much grace, as one of —'s infant cupids on a crimson velvet cushion.—I almost wished that I too were a bear, that I might forget that the snow was not as white on the pavement of the Rue Castiglione as on the shealing of Brae Morrai.—Martin did not think about it; or if he did, two or three chestnuts afforded him consolation.

It used to delight me to watch the little French girls—when their noses were as blue as a sloe, and not much larger—still leaning over the snowy rails, and conversing indefatigably with my shaggy friends, who understood them very well, and though less audibly and volubly, maintained an animated coquetry. On the last evening of my

stay in Paris I went to say my adieux to my old cater-cousins. The sun was near set, and banished by the sharpness of the cold, I found no other visitors but a pretty little rosy-cheeked Rouenaise, who notwithstanding the frost, and that she had no other head gear than the thin cold pyramid of starched muslin, which looked as if frozen in the attitude in which it had been lifted from the wash-tub, continued delightedly coquetting with the devotions of her new admirers.

At the moment of my arrival she was engaged in the cultivation of a serious elderly bear who regarded her with great attention—" *Tourne-Tourne-donc!*"—said she—and as Martin reared up his vast mass of fur and performed his *pirouette* with a weary and longing leer—" *Eh qu'il est bon! ce bête!*" exclaimed the delighted little bourgeoisie—" *Si mon mari était s'amiable!*"—and she dropped the chestnut. The bear fumbled it up with his soft, muff of a nose, and several of his companions began to mumble and turn and leer to their pretty benefactress, with submissive solicitation.

There was, however, one poor old brown bear, who was either too proud or too far advanced in years to profit by education; he had not yet learned to turn or stand alone, and while his companions received each a largess, he sat upright in a corner with his back supported against the walls—" *Eh bien, tourne donc!*"—exclaimed the impatient little Rouenaise as she suddenly noticed him. A chestnut was exhibited between the prettiest little forefinger and thumb that ever was seen; but Bruin still sat immovable in his corner, leering and watering at the mouth, and occasionally emitting a grumble of solicitation—" *Ah le voilà mon mari!*" exclaimed the Norman wife, "*il ne fait pas jamais ce que je desire!*"—and suddenly tossing the chestnut to a lively little tawny Savoyard who was capering in another corner, she jumped from the rail and ran down the alley—"That happens in other things than chestnuts," thought I, and cast an involuntary look of sympathy on forsaken Bruin. My poor old friend still

* That graceful bird, for which the English have a very different name, is called by the French the "*Demoiselle*" from the elegance of its motions.

sat in the same posture, his sunk eye fixed upon the rail, and his broad paw half extended in silence—I thought I saw the Belisarius of bears, and involuntarily thrust down my hand—but I had no longer a “sporan,”* and while I was searching in that awkward substitute, a pocket, a handful of chestnuts was showered at the feet of the unhappy prisoner. The poor captive looked up with surprise, for the donation was unaccompanied by any of those equivalent demands without which I never saw benevolence exercised even in a chestnut. My looks followed those of the bear, and discovered a tall man in a black cloak and Polish shabka, who had taken the place of the Rouennaise, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the old pensioner. He seemed to watch, with satisfaction, while the poor old animal munched his undisturbed morsel with quiet enjoyment, now closing his eyes with content, now turning them up to his benefactor with a moan of gratitude.

At last, the attention of the stranger was attracted by the solicitations of the other prisoners, and stretching from his cloak a hand which was yet full, he bestowed a dole to all the suppliants, and as he threw it to each, muttered some words in a foreign language. Whether the bears understood him I do not know, but they did not attempt to perform any of their customary gyrations, but continued to munch and mumble, and cast up their small black eyes to the stranger, with such a look as they had never given to me for the best chestnuts in the Place du Panthéon.

They had just made an end of their allowance when the stranger looked back suddenly to the old bear in the corner; he had finished his last nut, and sat quiet and patient resting in his natural attitude, and one eye fixed wistfully on his benefactor. He had yet an apple, and the rest of the bears submissively intimated that they should be happy to share it amongst them. Poor old Belisarius neither moved nor moaned, nor wagged a hair of his moustache; but his eye grew keener and keener. The stranger looked back to the rest and stood a moment in suspense. At this moment a jovial little cub began to jig

with spontaneous merriment, in which he was joined by most of his companions. The stranger turned suddenly away and threw the entire apple to Belisarius. The whole company of jolting muffs stopped short all at once, and sat with their mouths half open and their eyes turned towards their patron, in the attitude in which they were arrested. The stranger's heart seemed to smite him; he again felt in his pockets—looked to the gate of the Pont d'Austerlitz, then suddenly to the sun—it was gone—and once more glancing back to his shaggy pensioners, he turned abruptly away and walked hastily down the alley. His departure reminded me of my own delay, and that I had not above two hours to prepare for my departure for Warsaw. I hastily threw my parting gift to my old friends, and leaving the garden returned to my hotel.

It was nightfall when I reached the Messagerie de France, and as I took my place in the *coupe* of the Diligence. I could not distinguish more of my fellow travellers, but that each place was filled. In a diligence, however, even at night, one is not reduced to that taciturnity which in an English stage-coach preserves the inviolable sanctity of itinerant dignity; and several jolts and pitches of the thundering machine in which we rolled like a little earthquake through the “Rue Notre Dame de Victoires,” served to introduce, to each other, the various inhabitants of the Noah's Ark, of which I was one of the *Fera Nature*. Two or three convulsions, which plucked my elbow into the side of my sinister supporter, excited such ingenuity and liberality of malediction on the darkness, the diligence, the streets, and those who kept them, that had they not been pronounced with an articulation of the eighteenth letter of the alphabet resembling the whirring of a partridge's wings, I should have guessed that one of my companions was a Gascon. The other gave no indication of his participation in our company or inconveniences, except by the gigantic weight which sometimes rolled upon me out of the corner where he lay enveloped in a voluminous fur cloak. One of these concussions precipitated me into the bosom of my

* A purse in which a highlander carries “*bon-bons*” for himself and his fire-arms—i. e. powder, ball, tobacco, bread and cheese, and money—when he has any.

opposite companion with a force which produced a sudden invocation of "*Vingt cinq mille tonnerres dans l'estomac du Prefect de la Seine!*"* I burst into an explosion of laughter which I concealed under a fit of coughing; but the occasion of the calamity re-adjusted himself with a silence and deliberation which acknowledged no participation with the surveyor of the *pané*, or my risibility. Better road, and the advance of night, at length gave us some repose, and my Gascon vacating his seat at Meaux, I succeeded to his corner and slept with some degree of comfort during the remainder of the night.

The gray dawn was glimmering through the frosty windows when I awoke, and my companion was gazing earnestly on the white fields, and the trees loaded with a mossy foliage of hoar frost. The clear cold sapphire sky, and the broad bright listening stillness of the white world, brought back, even on the plains of Champagne, the mornings when I had used to see the first red sun-beam blush on the round white velvet nightcap of Knock-Dubh, or watch the snowy "birks of Sluidh," for the dark stealing shadow of the roe—"Quel jour pour la Piste!" I exclaimed involuntarily—My companion turned suddenly, as if I struck the chord of his own thoughts, and I recognised the Pole—the benefactor of the bears in the Jardin des Plantes!

From this moment we became intimately acquainted. The taciturnity of my companion no longer remained when I talked of his country—the chase, and the scenery of the north. The national attachments to these objects, common to a Highlander and a Pole, produced such a conformity, that when we arrived at Warsaw, we forgot the difference between the plaid and the pelisse. We did not part till Ladislaus made me promise to visit him at his house of Zokolsk on the bank of the Bug. "It is but a poor old Polish hunting-tower," said he; "but there is not a Russian for twenty miles, and you, who love olden times, shall have a 'wassail' of Rhenish out of the Great Horn, which my grandfather emptied at the coronation of John Sobieski."

It was near the end of November when, having visited Lithuania, I returned towards the Bug. The day began to decline as I reached Vladova, but the tower of Zokolsk was scarce a league beyond the town, and putting on my own country walking-dress, the belted plaid and the "*chourn*," I took my rifle in my hand, left my horses and servants at the inn, and set off by a short path, by which I was directed, through the woods.

My desire to surprise Ladislaus, and the self-confidence of a deer-stalker, accustomed to cross ranges of mountains and track solitary glens, with no other guide than the sun, the stars, or the print of a foot, were near paying forfeit for the presumption of invading the intricacies of a forest. For some time, however, I made my way without embarrassment; but at length I came to a cross-path where three alleys met. I followed that to which my recollection seemed to have the greatest preference; but having gone a considerable distance, the road became wild and unfrequented, and after several windings and diversions, terminated in a narrow track, which, by the forked prints in the snow, appeared to have been beaten only by the deer. It was now, however, too late to go back; and hurrying forward, in the hope of some fortunate outlet, I came suddenly on the open summit of a small round hill, and a glorious sight of wood, vale, and winding water, burst before me.

The sun was almost set, and throwing its level rays down the gorge of the valley below, touched only the tops of the yellow birches and the blue silvery pines which rose over the deep channel of the Bug. At intervals, a ripple of the stream caught the golden light of the reflected sky, but where the pools were still, the frozen water was covered by the snow, on which I could distinguish the broad trailing footsteps of the wolf, and the short dotting track of the otters passing and repassing. In the midst of the valley, encircled by a winding arm of the river, a round abrupt hill, covered with light wood, and crowned by a vast antique pile of building, rose up out of the deep blue shadow of the

* Whose business it is to inspect the roads leading to Paris for a certain distance.

glen, the yellow birches and red wild cherries lighting their rich autumnal tints with the deeper glow of the west, and the slender turrets, narrow casements, and gilded vanes reflecting the setting sun from all their panes and pinnacles. A small pale ensign waved slowly on the keep of the building, and once or twice I distinguished a faint flash, like the point of a pike or bayonet moving on the rampart.

I forgot my road in the sight which I beheld; but while I continued gazing upon the changing lights, as the sinking sunbeams dropped one by one from the quivering tree tops, a hasty footstep rustled on the dry leaves, and as I looked round, a lady in a rich furred mantle tripped quickly between the trees, which almost concealed a little path that led down from the brow of the hill. She advanced within a few paces of some thick junipers, by which I was concealed, and for a moment stopped and listened, glanced around, then suddenly looked upon the snow, as if for other footsteps besides her own. She was so close that I could distinguish the faint blush come and go upon her lily cheek, and see the white ruff above her pelisse throb with a quick motion upon her throat. For some moments her dark blue eyes remained fixed on the opening of the path, and she continued to listen, scarce drawing her breath. But the deep lonely silence of the forest was as still as death, interrupted only by the low solitary twitter of the Robin, or the soft heavy fall of the snow-flakes, which dropped, at times, from the loaded boughs.

My surprise and curiosity were all awakened, to meet one so beautiful, and of such distinguished appearance, in a place so wild and solitary; and I was proposing to turn my dilemma to account, by introducing myself with an inquiry of my way, when the lady approached a little bank beside the path, on which the snow had not yet covered the indications of a seat hollowed in the moss. The cavity was now strewn by the withered leaves of an old oak, which had sheltered it in warmer days. The lady sighed, and looked upon it till a tear trembled on her long eyelashes, and, stealing slowly down her cheek, dropped on the snow like one of the frozen gems the sun had melted from

the trees. She was suddenly roused by a quick step among the bushes; and, glancing hastily towards the spot, a young man, dressed in the old Polish hunting-habit, sprang into the path. "Ah, dear Casimir!" exclaimed the lady, "I feared it was too late," and she held out the white slender hand which peeped from under the deep fur of her pelisse. "I waited to the last moment, in the hope of a courier from my brother," replied the young chasseur; "but none has arrived, and I am in despair; for after the terrible news which I sent him, something very serious must have occurred to prevent his return. I recounted to him all your danger: the fury of the Czarowitch at your determined refusal to give your hand to his favourite, and the diabolical act of tyranny by which you had been claimed by the emperor as an imperial ward; the arrival of the order for your immediate removal into Russia, and the frivolous pretext of the popularity of the princess, your mother, being dangerous to the tranquillity of Poland, having been made a motive for her removal along with you."

"Alas!" replied the lady, "she will never live to leave Poland. Her strength, already worn down to its last verge by the execution—the murder—of my noble brother, has received the last blow, in this cruel order to tear her from her beloved country—her last melancholy consolation; the scenes—the once happy home—the grave—of all she loved. With the greatest difficulty I prevailed on the barbarian who commands the company of Cossacks sent to escort us, to delay our departure for a few days, in the hope of her gaining some restoration from her last attack; but I know it is in vain: she will never, never survive the day she leaves Poland!"

"She shall not leave it!" exclaimed the young hunter, eagerly. "Before day-break to-morrow, I will raise the whole of our adherents, who are only waiting the signal for the general insurrection; we will rescue you, if there is a heart in a Polish breast, or steel in a Polish blade!"

"No! no! no!" exclaimed the lady. "What are we, that you should risk Poland for a poor maiden; and—but I must not speak of my mother,"—and, clasping her hands, she covered her face with her cloak.

There was a long, silent pause. Casimir stood unconsciously working the lock of his rifle, and his eager features fixed towards the castle; while the lady leant against the tree, the mantle trembling on her slender figure, and ungovernable sobs were half smothered beneath its folds. At length she raised her face; her tears were gone; her pale features still and calm; and, hastily opening the neck and sleeves of her pelisse, she unclasped her jewelled bracelets and necklace, and a magnificent diamond cross which hung from her throat. "Give them to my country," said she, laying her hand on the arm of Casimir; "but this," and she withheld the cross, "I cannot give it even to Poland. I give it to my God alone! It was on my father's breast when he fell at Brzesc. Let it be aid to the sick—the wounded—the dying: their spirits will ascend to his, and he will forgive me."

Casimir received the jewels without being able to speak, and for some moments Lodoiska covered her averted face; but suddenly she held out her hand, and dropped into his a long braid of hair. "Give it to him whom I shall never see again!" said she, in a faint voice.

Casimir burst into a passion of grief; and, covering his face with his hands, threw himself into the snowy seat. For some moments neither spoke. At length the lady dropped her hand on the shoulder of Casimir. "God bless you!" said she, in a low voice, "God bless you! my dear brother—for such you will ever be to me!"

Casimir uncovered his face, and looked upon her with an empty vacancy. "Lodoiska!" said he, at length, "What shall I say to him when I meet him alone!"

The tears burst from the eyes of the lady, and she turned away her face: for a moment she stood and grasped his hand with convulsive strength. "Say to him," said she, at last, "say to him, 'Lodoiska bids him revenge her brother and her country!'"

As she spoke, a deep, hollow sound, like distant thunder, rolled heavily up the still air. Casimir started from the ground; and, listening eagerly, "Canon!" exclaimed he, suddenly: "By heavens, canon!"

The deep, heavy reports continued

with unceasing reverberation; but while they listened with breathless eagerness, a low, quick jingle, and a heavy tramp like horses on the snow, approached hastily up the path. In a few moments, a troop of Cossacks appeared suddenly between the trees. The leader gave a shout at the sight of Lodoiska; and, riding eagerly forward, commanded the men to seize and bind her on a horse. Casimir stepped before her, and cocked his rifle. "The man that does it dies!" said he.

The infuriated barbarian instantly drew a pistol from his holster; but as his hand was on the lock, my ball went through his head, and he fell backward from the horse. The Cossacks gave a loud yell; but as they furiously loosed their lances, a terrible shout came from the thicket, and Ladislaus, my friend, sprung amidst the troop, followed by a numerous body of peasants, armed with pikes and scythes. In the first confusion of the onset, I hurried Lodoiska into the wood, and in a few moments the foremost Cossacks were cut down by the tremendous weapons of the Poles. For a short time the clash of blows, the rapid discharge of shots, the trampling of the horses, the "hurra!" of the Cossacks, and the cry of the Poles, rung like thunder on the deep, still echoes of the forest; but the dreadful havoc caused by the scythes produced a sudden panic among the Cossacks; and the whole party, turning their bridles, spurred headlong down the hill. Ladislaus glanced eagerly round, and springing towards the young hunter, "Casimir! my dear brother! God be praised! you are safe!" and he glanced eagerly over his figure. "But Lodoiska! where is Lodoiska?" I pushed aside the boughs, and the lovers fell into each other's arms. "At length, the die is cast!" exclaimed Ladislaus, "Warsaw is won!" Lodoiska started from his breast with a wild look of incredulity.—"And the Czartowitch?" said Casimir.—"Fled; the greater number of his troops destroyed, and Adam Czartarowski Regent of Poland!"

Lodoiska fell on her knees and kissed the snowy ground, "Now, my God, I thank thee!" she exclaimed. "Dear, blessed Poland, I shall not leave you!"

Ladislaus kissed the tears from her face, as he raised her. "The insurrec-

tion was brought to a sudden explosion," said he, "by an unexpected outrage of the Czarowitch, which drove the people to despair. At the arrival of my brother's letters, the conflict was hardly terminated, but I flew to save you. I have brought the flame behind me. The peasantry are rising: two battalions have joined us from Miala, and you may now hear the cannon of Palauski battering the Russian barracks in Brzesc."—

"And what miracle brought you so happily here?" interrupted Casimir.

"As I crossed the wood for Zokolsk, to confer with you," replied Ladislaus, "I discovered the party of Cossacks tracking some foot-marks in the snow, and followed them at a distance, judging they were engaged on mischief. As we dogged them behind the thick juniper trees along the river, two of the party, who were after the rest, came past, and, making a momentary halt beside us, I overheard from their discourse, that their party was the company sent to escort Lodoiska, and that their captain, having received news of the insurrection, had resolved to make an immediate flight into Lithuania; but, determined to carry off the princess, had designed to make her accompany him on horseback; that he was very near being frustrated by her accidental absence from the castle, but having discovered the path which she had taken, he had tracked her in the snow, and designed to surprise her before her return. At this intelligence I led off my men through the bushes, and taking a short cut up the hill, arrived on the summit at the instant I heard the shot of my unexpected friend, whom I welcome with tenfold joy at this moment." Casimir grasped my hand—"Come, come away," exclaimed Lodoiska, suddenly. "Come and make happy my mother."—

Ladislaus immediately hastened to collect his men, some of whom had been hurried away in pursuit of the Cossacks, and forming a little guard about Lodoiska, we set forward for the castle. It was near night when we arrived. The domestics, alarmed by the absence of the young princess, the discharge of the fire-arms, and the hurra of the Cossacks, which they had distinctly heard, were gathered, a dismayed group, at the hall-door; but at the appearance of the princess, they rushed forward, and

crowding eagerly about her, wept, shouted, and kissed her cloak in a transport of joy. Lodoiska made a hasty inquiry for her mother, and flew through the hall, but suddenly turning back—"Come, come too," said she, "and rejoice her to whom you have given more than life!"

The two brothers followed her as she flitted before them through the long antique gallery, till stopping at one of the carved doors, she set it open, and they all entered a room which looked upon the west rampart. The dark red glow of the sky shone through the narrow windows, and shedding a faint uncertain light through the still chamber, scarcely discovered the dim shadow of the Princess, who sat near the open window surrounded by her female attendants. The venerable lady leaned, supported by pillows, in her high chair, her head slightly inclined as if she listened to the fight; but at the sound of the approaching steps, she hastily turned her face, the waiting-women uttered a scream of joy, and Lodoiska rushed into the arms of her mother.

For several moments they could only weep in speechless joy. At length the Princess raised her head, and gazing almost incredulously on her daughter—"And are you indeed restored to me—and safe—and well!" she exclaimed. Lodoiska wept, and pressed her hands, and embraced her in silence, but at length she turned to her deliverers, and taking a hand of each, laid it in those of the Princess. She wept over them as they had been her own sons; and for a long time they could but pour out the confused torrent of question, reply, and exclamations of joy. The Princess listened to the news of the insurrection, with her dim eyes fixed, without motion, on Ladislaus, and her trembling hands clasped upon the neck of her daughter, who had seated herself at her feet when the first tumult of emotion was passed. There was a deep pause of silence, till Ladislaus anxiously inquired of the Princess's health. She lifted her thin hand to the pale yellow streak of daylight which was fading on the sky. The faint glow fell dimly across her figure, and touched with an unearthly glimmer the thin uncertainty of her shadowy features and broad white drapery. "The sun will rise," said she, "the summer

will come back to the trees and the flowers—the birds will sing and the deer cry, as I have loved to hear them waking at morning; so the morning will come back to me, but not here. I feared—but I said His will be done. And now my bed will be on the earth of my own country, and the birds will sing over me, where they have sung to my father and my mother, and the flowers will grow on my grave where I gathered them to my bridal.”—

Lodoiska covered her face with her hands, and there was a long deep pause in which none could speak. The Princess took the hand of her daughter, and laying it in that of Ladislaus—“My daughter—my son!” said she, gently. “Do not grieve for me when I am gone. Be you a defender to her. Be you, my child, a support to him, in sickness, in danger—if God will, on the field of battle, on the bed of death.”—

Lodoiska bent her face on her mother's lap, and could not conceal her sobs. “Do not weep, my daughter,” said the Princess. “God will take me away from the day of trouble, when I should be but helpless to my country and those I love. But I shall see you. I shall be near you. You will come

to me when God has given peace to Poland.”

She still held their hands in hers, and leaning back on the pillow, for some moments lay still, almost breathless. At length she lifted her head, and stretched out her hands as if she would rise. Her women supported her on either side—she arose slowly, and spreading her thin white arms, for a moment she stood in the twilight like the veiled shadow of Samuel. Ladislaus and Lodoiska fell on their knees. “The mantle of the prophet!” she said, in a low voice—“The mantle which struck the waters—cover you in danger! The hands which held up the rod of victory over the battle of Amalek, hold up the arms of Poland! The wings of the eagles of God be over the heads of my children—of my country!”

Her hands fell slowly on their heads—her face bent down—she sunk into the seat—for a moment her hands rested on their brows—she moved them from one to the other—her head sunk back upon the pillow—her eyes closed gently. “My God! my child! my country!” she whispered. A light sigh, a faint smile, past upon her lips. Her spirit was with Stanislaus and Sobieski!

THE PARTING.

AND must we part, and can it be,

That all is over now?

Alas! I read it in your eye,

And on your clouded brow—

And have I loved you tenderly,

And clung to you for years,

Only to part at last?—and thus—

In hopelessness and tears!

Oh! wherefore go to distant lands?

Oh! wherefore thus depart?

Will all the gold they promise you

Be worth one faithful heart?

Not all the jewels of the East,

For me such charms will know,

As one kind look or tone of love—

Then wherefore should you go?

If you but seek to see me gay,

I know a gentle bloom,

Will twine amid my raven hair,

All beauty and perfume:

Then wander not to distant lands,
 In search of gold or gem ;
 With stars in heaven, and flowers on earth,
 What do we want with them ?

You tell me you would see me move,
 Amid some lordly hall ;
 And, mistress of the revelry,
 Lead off the stately ball.
 Surely 'tis sweeter far to tread,
 A measure gay and free,
 Upon the fresh and fragrant turf—
 'Then ask no state for me.

'Tis strange that dreams like these should come,
 To cloud your manly heart—
 I'd suffer pain, or poverty,
 Do any thing—but part ;
 Then wander not to distant lands,
 In search of gold or gem :
 With stars in heaven, and flowers on earth,
 What do we want with them ?

S. S.

MANŒUVRING.

"By Heaven, that Lady Marcia Merioneth is a divine creature!" said De Lacy, as he followed the fascinating fashionable with his eye, through the spacious ball-room.

"Mortal, mere mortal, rely on it," said his friend Sydenham, "as you will soon perceive, when a London season has worn a little of the gilt of delusion from the gingerbread of novelty."

"Talk not of gilt," cried De Lacy, with increased enthusiasm, "all *there* is sterling ore. Look at her, Sydenham, there is no shadow of design, no shade of deceit in her ; her step is one of light-hearted hilarity, not of premeditated effect. Her laugh is that very *esprit du cœur* which alone can make a laugh graceful: there is enchantment even in the little, playful, tossing to-and-fro of her long, untortured tresses ; and the very flowers which adorn them, seem to have been strown there by the light fingers of the graces, or buried among them by the hand of Love himself. Look at her smile—her—"

"Stare," said his friend, concluding the sentence for him ; "for, by mine inheritance, she has a stare which might excite the envy of a belle of three years standing, who has to look down reminiscent inquiries and long memories."

"Pshaw! you are splenetic," peevishly interposed De Lacy.

"And you are—mad," coolly rejoined his friend. "But I conjure you, nevertheless, De Lacy, to have one lucid interval for your own sake. Remember that although Lady Marcia is a mere *debutante* on the stage of the great world of fashion, she is still hacknied in that of the *boudoir*, the *société de famille*, the courtly circle of a high country residence. What is the meaning of all this? Mere tact. Lady Marcia's manœuvring mother has given her pretty daughter all the *oblique* opportunities of an establishment which such scenes afford, before she has fairly set her afloat on the sea of fashionable life ; and now she comes out, unsophisticated, inexperienced, new—without, of course, an idea of the 'finery' of exclusive society—to try if innocent unconsciousness will produce the desired effect."

"Sydenham," indignantly exclaimed his companion, "I can scarcely recognise your limning in the illiberal *esquisse* with which you have been pleased to favour me, without a shudder. I am convinced that it is inapplicable as well as ungenerous. Lady Marcia is not what you have described ; the dew is yet unshaken from the blue-

som—the down is still softening the surface of the fruit—the freshness of genuine nature hangs about her like a vestment.”—

“And becomes her even as these raptures become Gerald De Lacy,” said Sydenham, severely; “but I have done. When you can thus forget Miss Melville, to rave about a mere London belle, words will scarcely avail you.”

“You are sarcastic, Mr. Sydenham,” exclaimed the excited admirer of Lady Marcia, “but your sarcasm is powerless with me. My engagement, of which you so obligingly remind me, cannot fetter my senses.” At this moment a movement in the company separated them, and Sydenham joined a passing group.

De Lacy left the gay mansion, but the image of Lady Marcia followed him even to his home: and he dreamt of nut-brown hair, hazel eyes, and dancing, till the morning. He dressed himself slowly, and more carelessly than usual, and, to the astonishment of his groom, took two entire turns in the park, in his cabriolet, ere he drove to the residence of Miss Melville.

Caroline Melville was a gentle, amiable girl, with a face which could not be called handsome, and yet one which no one would have ventured to pronounce otherwise. Her smile was pre-eminently beautiful—it would have saved even a plain face, and it rendered hers attractive in the highest degree; her form was perfection, and her whole person at once striking and attractive, though there was no tinge of tact or showiness about her. Caroline had a married sister who was a finished beauty, and whose fine face and noble form had elevated her to the peerage, and she had been accustomed, from her childhood, to hear the praises of her sister, mingled with sundry lamentations on her own deficiency in beauty; and this had, perhaps, rendered her more insensible than she might otherwise have been, to her own peculiar powers of pleasing. Her bright eyes sparkled as De Lacy entered the apartment in which she was seated.

“You are a truant, Gerald,” she said, gently; “that time-piece tells me that you are just one half-hour later than usual.”

“The eternal smile!” muttered De Lacy to himself; “she could have done

no more than smile, if I had been the half-hour earlier—she has no soul. Caroline, you will never be a fashionist,” he uttered aloud, as he took her offered hand, “if you number half-hours, and count out time like visiting tickets.”

“I do not wish to teach fashion to my heart, Gerald,” said Caroline, blushing deeply; “and I am sure I could not, even if I wished it.”

“And am I really half an hour later to-day? ’Tis unlucky, sure enough; because, unfortunately, I have an engagement at four:” and De Lacy drew out his watch. Had he looked at Miss Melville at that moment, the “eternal smile” at least would not have offended him.

“And do you not return to dine with us, Gerald?”

“Dine with you, Caroline? Yes.—That is—no. Very unlucky, sure enough; but I dine at the guards’ mess. Ay? no, no; ’tis to-morrow I dine at the mess, and to-day with—. What a horrid bore it is; but one looks so cursed silly always to refuse—one gets so terribly quizzed—so tormented you know, Caroline, ’tis better to conform a little.”

Miss Melville made no reply. That De Lacy was embarrassed by some secret feeling was painfully evident; and he had until now been too devoted a lover for her to be able to conceal from herself that in whatever it originated, it had been productive of coldness towards her. Naturally timid, she shrank alike from expostulation and reproach; but never since she had known De Lacy had she spent two hours in his society so miserably as those which this day had brought her. By intervals, Gerald was still all the lover—as fond, as tender, and as assiduous as ever; but just as Caroline rallied her saddened spirits, and gave herself up once more to confidence and joy, the abstraction of De Lacy would return to chill her affectionate feelings. At length the hour of his alleged appointment arrived, and then he loitered some ten minutes longer, patted Caroline’s lap-dog, and teased her linnet, cursed his engagement, and — left her.

De Lacy drove listlessly through the crowded streets, until he was aroused from his reverie by locking one of his wheels in that of a passing cabriolet, whose driver was as careless as himself: the first impulse of each gentleman was

naturally to "row" his groom, for not reminding him that he was either blind or bewildered, and the second to extricate himself, which was effected with very little difficulty. The two gentlemen then bent forward to offer a mutual apology, and De Lacy discovered in the driver of the second vehicle, his hair-brained cousin, Pennington Lester.

"Ha! Pen!—is it you to whom I am indebted for this kindly encounter? Whither are you bound?"

"I was flying on the wings of love, till you plucked out one of the feathers, as though the little god had not showered goose-quills enough upon yourself for the last ten months, without obliging you to interfere with your friend and kinsman, Pennington Lester, in his first flight."

"Lester in love!" cried his cousin, mirthfully; "the Lord Mayor in the fleet!—No, no, my gay coz."

"Nay, by mine halidome, 'tis even so."

"And who is the fair she, most potent knight?"

"The star which has just burst on our cloudy horizon—Lady Marcia Merioneth—I attend her levee this morning."

"Drive on," said De Lacy; "I'll owe an introduction to you:" and full of a feeling at whose analysis he would have blushed, he followed fast on the track of his rapid guide; and then, flinging the reins to his groom, entered the house of the Countess of Dashabigh with his cousin.

A gay group were assembled in the drawing-room, and the Lady Marcia threaded her way through them to greet Pennington. "Oh! Mr. Lester, I am so glad you are come; here are all the gentlemen discussing a point which no man in town can decide but yourself—and here are at least a score of them criticising Lablache—and mamma absolutely setting her face against the concert to-morrow evening—and five-and-twenty other things for you to arrange, and—Lord Faverby, do pray make that odious parrot more quiet, and drive Flirt off Hogarth; how tiresome she is! Mr. Belmont, I'll trouble you for my feather-fan, yonder it lies, on the ottoman at the top of the room—thank you—now, Mr. Lester, do go, and convince mamma that we must positively attend the concert."

"First allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. De Lacy;" said Pennington, in his best manner.

"Oh! the caged lion!" cried Lady Marcia, as she curtsied slightly, in acknowledgment of Gerald's salutation; "I have heard of you, Mr. De Lacy—you went in last season, did you not?—fell in love and turned hermit—I remember it perfectly; it was a very good story."

De Lacy felt half inclined to blush, though his better reason told him that the blush would have been better suited to the cheek of Lady Marcia; but the fair fashionable had no time to blush, and still less inclination. "And so you really are *éprouvé*, Mr. De Lacy?—well, I am delighted to hear it, for they tell me that a man in love is quite a curiosity in these days, and I adore curiosities!—You must excuse me if I seem at all odd, for I dare to say I shall know better in a month or two."

Of course De Lacy retorted by an assurance that any change would be rather to be deplored than wished.

"What thought the Lady Marcia of *il Signor Jeronimo Sabetti*, last evening?" asked a gentleman, who had until that moment been silently turning over the leaves of a splendidly illustrated edition of *Faust*.

"Oh! *beau à merveille!*" exclaimed the lady; "interestingly languid, and elegantly bilious; taking to a degree."

"You are cruel to your countrymen, Lady Marcia," said Pennington Lester, "in thus complimenting a foreigner."

"Not a whit," exclaimed the fair daughter of the Countess of Dashabigh; "it is quite a distinct style from yours, Mr. Lester—I should as soon think a plaudit on some belle of the court of Queen Elizabeth an ill compliment to a reigning beauty."

"On your knees, Lester!" cried Lord Faverby, "and induce Lady Marcia to declare herself serious, and you are the happiest man in England."

"Faverby," said the countess, languidly, putting her French poodle carefully on a satin cushion, and joining the group; "you forget what a child she is, and that you will make her vain."

"No, no, mamma," said Lady Marcia, with a pretty pout, and glancing archly at Lester, "his lordship is quite safe; he will never make me vain—now

here is Mr. De Lacy, flattery from him would be fifty times as dangerous, because all his pretty speeches are bespoken, and stolen fruit is always the sweetest."

"My only difficulty," softly articulated De Lacy, "would be in learning the possibility of flattering Lady Marcia Merioneth, when I am incapable of even doing justice to her manifold attractions."

"What a pity it is," said the lady, as she turned towards a table covered with drawings and prints,— "what a great pity it is that you are affiancé."

"And wherefore?" asked De Lacy, following her.

"Nay, that is such a strange, unanswerable question—it is so much trouble to reply to such matter-of-fact, old-fashioned queries."

"But suppose my engagement were mere report?" murmured De Lacy.

Lady Marcia turned on him a keen, inquiring look, which accorded but ill with her assumed character, and then answered below her breath, "Why, then I might perhaps like you better—nothing more."

Something swept hurriedly over De Lacy's heart, and for a moment he did not raise his eyes, but the lady was already expatiating on the merits of a chalk drawing, which Lord Taverby had just taken from a *porte-feuille*.

"Is not that a Psyche?" asked Mr. Belmont.

"It is," replied Honeywood Gordon, a gay young guardsman; "and but that the eye is too heavy and languid, I should think that Lady Marcia had sat to the artist."

"It is at least no compliment," said Lord Taverby, for there is a want of grace in the draping, and a crudity in the expression, which destroy the beauty of the countenance."

"It wants life," pursued De Lacy, "expression, and—if I may be permitted so to say—passion."

The lady looked towards him, and smiled, but she was silent.

"I have gained your suit, Lady Marcia," said Pennington Lester, hastily approaching her, "and I am to have the honour of appearing in your train at the concert to-morrow evening."

"You are invaluable as a coadjutor, Lester, and to prove my sense of your

services, I shall henceforth extend my favour in your family, and feel happy to number among my friends your sentimental cousin, whom you have just presented to me—and to see him here, with all his fetters about him; and do you know, I consider that pure Christian charity, Mr. De Lacy, for one is generally scared at the bare idea of a man hung in chains."

"My chains are not yet rivetted," said De Lacy, in a subdued voice, as he made his parting bow.

"We shall meet you in the rooms, shall we not, Lester?" asked the countess. "Oh! yes, yes, true; you accompany us; and Mr. De Lacy, will you sup with us? We shall return home quietly—not a soul but friends," and Gerald departed.

"Fine spirited girl that! eh, De Lacy?—a dasher!" said Lester, as he sprang into his cabriolet. "What, you're off to dine at Melville's, I suppose; tame work, coz.; *mais c'est votre affaire—au revoir*," and away rolled the thoughtless relative of De Lacy.

On his arrival at home, a note was presented to Gerald; it was from Miss Melville: the sudden illness of a near relation had obliged her to leave town hastily. She trusted that he would not impute to coldness the circumstance of her having commenced her journey without seeing him; she had delayed her departure until the last moment in that hope, but had been disappointed, and his servants could give no intelligence of him. The letter was mild, gentle, and affectionate, but wounded feeling nevertheless betrayed itself. For a moment De Lacy stood with the open letter in his hand, self-convicted and regretful; but ere long this changed into indignation and anger. She had absolutely left town without seeing him—had even made a merit of delaying her journey for a few hours on his account. "She is fond of counting time as it passes!" he muttered to himself, as he tore the note into shreds, and threw them about the room. Then came a new feeling, sudden and welcome: for a whole week he might spend hours with Lady Marcia, without being accused of neglect by Caroline! Poor Caroline! she had never in her life addressed a reproach to him; she would not have uttered one for the world; but De Lacy remembered

the jest of the gay Lady Marcia, and he almost fancied that he heard the clanking of the fetters to which she had so lately alluded. Certainly the very last visitor whom he would have coveted at such a moment was Sydenham; and, with a feeling of inexpressible vexation, he now distinguished his voice as he ascended the stairs.

"I have followed you from Lady Dashabigh's, De Lacy," said Sydenham as he entered, "whither I went in hot pursuit, but you out-charioted me."

"I was striving to drive away a headache," replied Gerald, "but I have not succeeded."

"Tell it not in Gath!" cried the intruder; "bring away a headache from Lady Dashabigh's! fie on you for a Goth, De Lacy!"

"To be candid with you, Sydenham, I am annoyed by a whim of Caroline's; here has she positively left London and a civil letter for me at the same time, without waiting to take leave of me before she started: it was full of a well-turned conceit of a sick relation, and wound up with 'have the goodness to address your letters to Asham Park.' As for her contemptuous conduct, it is, thank my lucky stars, to be survived, and, perchance, to be revenged also; and for her tender and affectionate communication, there it lies piecemeal."

"Had you seen her to-day?"

"Yes, I was with her in the morning, not quite so long as usual, certainly, for I was pressed for time."

"And therefore spent four hours at Lady Dashabigh's.—Poor Caroline! it would not have been thus two short days ago."

"Ha! am I watched then?" cried De Lacy, jealously; "this is too much, Mr. Sydenham, even from *you*; know, sir, that I am likely to be at Lady Dashabigh's to-morrow, and the following day; ay, and during the week, even though Miss Melville and her *friends* may object to the proceeding."

"Be it so," said Sydenham, coolly, as he took his hat from the table. "I will not presume to thwart so commendable a resolution, nor will I longer intrude on your solitary feelings; may they be pleasant ones."

De Lacy replied only by a haughty bend of the head, and Sydenham quitted the apartment.

At length the evening arrived which was to realize one of De Lacy's beatific visions; when he was to be near Lady Marcia, to feast upon her looks, her tones, and her smiles; and, though he did not confess this even to his own heart, to her *flatteries*—never had he spent so much time at his toilet: every garment became him less than usual, every mirror mocked him with a less favourable reflection. De Lacy was singularly handsome; and it was a fact which he had not now to learn, yet he felt dissatisfied as he drew on his gloves to depart. Gerald arrived at the rooms some twenty minutes before the countess's party, and his watch was in his hand at least a dozen times ere they entered. *He* had learned to number half hours. Lady Marcia was more lovely than ever; she was on the arm of Pennington Lester, reflecting back every smile on the lip of her handsome companion; and those smiles were more radiant than even Pennington's were wont to be, and more frequent.

"So you have preceded us, Mr. De Lacy;" commenced the volatile beauty, as Gerald approached her, "do you know we have been at the most charming Menagerie in the known world—here's your cousin who makes an excellent exhibitor—come, show them up once more, Lester—first Lady Greenaway, and her amiable boys—"

"The authentic sledge-dragger, brought by Captain Parry from the North Pole, and her three whelps," declared Lester in a subdued tone.

"Positively—is the most elegant looking man in town;" said the lady raising her glass, "except two."

"*Sabettin* is doubtless one of the exceptions;" said Pennington, "and the other is—"

"Yourself, of course;" smiled Lady Marcia—she spoke to Lester, while she glanced at De Lacy. "But come, do not let us forget the natural curiosities—my Lord Faverby—"

"A laughing hyena from—I forgot where, and it signifies not—somewhere between St. James's Street and Cochin China—a real curiosity—laughs without a jest, and has fine teeth."

"Mr. Belmont—"

"A greenland bear—answers every civility with a growl, and is often savage when there is nothing to snarl at—cele-

brated for his light and easy grace, and the good taste of his attitudes."

"To the life!" exclaimed Lady Marcia, with a laugh somewhat too real for a fashionable; it startled the Countess, who was beating time with her fan to a symphony of Haydn's, and an admonitory glance was directed to her daughter.

"There's Mamma quite shocked, I protest—but we must positively have Honeywood Gordon."

"A curious parrot from Guinea—it moulted after it was caught, and lost its original dark-coloured plumage; it is now finely feathered, scarlet and yellow—noted for the volubility of its utterance, and the interesting innocence of its remarks."

"I think your ladyship must have exhausted your subject;" said De Lacy, who could not avoid suspecting that there was some ill-nature, as well as amusement in the *passe temps* which she had selected.

"No, I believe it to be quite inexhaustible; but I am tired of it nevertheless, and so, I dare say, is your cousin. Are you musical, Mr. De Lacy?"

"Triflingly so in practice, but enthusiastically in spirit."

"I like it well enough, too, but it gives one the headach so horribly."

Gerald started.

"I have made a party for Somerset House, to-morrow," said the Countess, bending forward to address De Lacy, "will you join it?"

Of course Gerald complied.

"What an odd whim of Mamma," said Lady Marcia, and her fine brow darkened. "Vile, stupid work. However, one is not obliged to look at the pictures, to be sure."

Another day was extinguished in the halo which the fancy of De Lacy had shed over the new idol of his wavering admiration—music and painting! two of the most cherished passions of his heart; but she could not be serious.

At the Exhibition, on the morrow, Lady Marcia was a new creature, a perfect amateur of the arts!—talked of the last night's concert with rapture—declaimed volubly on majors and minors—expatiated on cadenzas and roulades—to not one of which De Lacy had believed she could possibly have listened—and exhausted herself in encomiums on Cra-

mer and Lindley. Then, in the next moment, she was all the artist—rapturously pointing out effective accessories, fine flesh-tints, taking positions, and skilful draping—talking of lights and shades, three-quarter faces, and fore-shortening. Gerald was wrapt in wonder. Then came a burst of architectural lore, and she lost herself among Saxon arches, Norman monuments, and Gothic tracery; five minutes afterwards she was immersed in the labyrinthine maze of ancient armour, and running rapidly over the names of morion, cuish, corselet, visor, gauntlet, barretcap, habergeon, and cuirass—De Lacy was all amazement. The transition was slight from battle-gear to war-weapons, and Lady Marcia was just beginning to discuss the merits of cross-bows, culverins, and howitzers, when the countess broke up the conversation by her departure.

One day "the fair inconstant" voted poetry a bore, and poets a mere refined species of madmen; the next, she quoted with fine emphasis, and finished taste, from Byron, Moore, and Scott; Southey, Keats, and Shelley; and even from Wordsworth. Her real opinion appeared an *ignis fatuus*, which it was impossible to grasp; she was "every thing by turns, and nothing long;" sometimes embodying her assumed character with admirable tact and talent, and sometimes merging into the finished woman of fashion; throwing off the trammels of affected unsophistication, and looking with a keen and steady eye, on the world, and the world's ways. In her moments of apparent simplicity, even although he felt that they were but the more refined portion of a manœuvring existence, De Lacy looked on Lady Marcia with a feeling too tender for his peace; and even her bursts of fearless sarcasm and worldly policy, failed to present an effective antidote to the poison of her beauty and her flattery. Lady Marcia was the fashion, and there was cause of pride in thus monopolizing so large a portion of her time, her attention, and her smiles. One circumstance appeared, to say the least of it, singular to De Lacy; it was the evident indifference with which his cousin Lester looked on his rapidly-increasing friendship with the object of his own avowed and undisguised admiration; but so it

was. Pennington loitered away his days in the drawing-room of the countess, betrayed no symptoms of jealousy, and although De Lacy had accidentally learnt, from undoubted authority, that Lady Dashabigh had unequivocally negatived his suit to her daughter, was to the full as light-hearted and as gay as ever. But the riddle was soon read: De Lacy parted from Lady Marcia one night at the door of the opera-box. She had been a degree more thoughtful than usual, and Gerald thought many degrees more tender and more beautiful. He went home and dreamed a thousand fantastic follies; put Caroline's head on Lady Marcia's shoulders, had a confused vision of a petticoat duel, and terminated his sleeping adventures with an earthquake. He took a hasty breakfast, and drove as usual to Lady Dashabigh's. The house was in confusion—the Countess in hysterics. Her unsophisticated daughter had eloped with Mr. Pennington Lester!

De Lacy turned from the door, humbled and heart-sick; he had, then, been made a cover-plot—a dupe—a cat's-paw! He would fight Lester—(when he returned from Scotland)—he would despise Lady Marcia—(for having preferred his cousin to himself)—he would forswear

society, and communion with man, woman, and child! It was a fine spirited resolution; but unfortunately, like most other ephemeral projects, it was never destined to become matter of worldly edification, for by the time Gerald reached home, he felt how utterly both nature and circumstances were at variance with it; and an affectionate letter from Caroline which awaited him there, announcing the recovery of her relative, and her own immediate return, gave a new impulse to his feelings.

Caroline was ignorant of the occurrences of the past week, and he in consequence made a second resolution as heroic as the first—he would forgive her abrupt departure for the country, in consideration of her not having uttered one reproach for his silence—he would be ready to receive her on her return—and he would adore her from that day, as never woman had been loved before!

"And first," said De Lacy, as he carefully refolded the letter, and put it into his bosom, "I will perform the most difficult task which the madness of the past week has entailed on me—I will go and confess my folly and my error to Sydenham."

S.S.

A DAY IN VENICE.

BY A YOUNGER SON.

"I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs."—BYRON.

"VIVA!" said I, as I awoke with a bright sun in my eyes, and the sound of merry laughter and plashing oars in my ears. "After all my disappointments, and my hopes, my anticipations and my fears, here I am at last in Venice—beautiful Venice!" And then, as I lay luxuriously on my pillow, I mentally ran over every description, prosaic and poetical (by the way, I should have said poetical and prosaic); for I have committed by my transposition as great a solecism as the country orator, who after counting heads, and finding the males preponderate, commenced his speech with "Gentlemen and ladies," and was consequently called to order by his wife. I have acted on the same principle, and

in this prosing world have a huge majority on my side: nevertheless, I correct myself; for what would this life be, divested of its poetry? I mentally ran over them, every description poetical and prosaic, which I had ever heard or read of this "city of enchantment," from the immortal breathings of Byron to the very mortal mutterings of the "Traveller's Guide." By the time I had got through them, I had worked myself up into as fine a fit of enthusiasm as I could possibly have desired; and when my servant answered the bell, I asked for the doge instead of my dressing-gown, and a gondola in lieu of gloves. In this mood I sallied forth; beautiful! beautiful!! I would not

confess to myself what, however, was the case, that many of the minor canals were choked with dirt and filth. I came to Venice to be delighted, enchanted, *estasié*, and I was consequently determined to be so. After all, this is philosophy; but I am not going to philosophize. I had brought with me a letter from my mother to her old friend the *Marchesa Della Terrali*, but I resolved, ere I presented it, to have a day in Venice of wandering and witchery, without *cicerone* or companion. On I went, looking into the dark eyes of the Venetian girls, as they walked by me laden with water-melons, grapes, and flowers, to the market-place; meeting with many a sallow brow and sour countenance, but exclaiming, as each passed me, "the soft Venetian with her large dark eye," and resolved to see every thing through the medium of poetry. I ran against two or three gaunt, filthy beggars, who were displaying their unwashed and loathsome sores to the passers by. I could scarcely extract poetry from these, so I threw them some copper coins, and passed on, for there *must* be something objectionable every where, and there was no occasion to dwell upon disagreeable objects. I grew weary of the market-women and the mendicants, and stepped into a gondola, which was waiting to be hired. My gondolier was a middle-aged, sallow, cut-throat looking rascal, with a beard of a week's growth, and teeth the colour of mahogany; his linen matched with his teeth, and his bare legs and feet put them both to the blush by their deeper dye: but then the romance of gliding over the waves in a gondola! There was not a breath of air stirring; even the gentle breeze which the rippling of the water usually creates was completely absorbed by the intensity of the heat. I strove to enter into conversation with my companion, but he only uttered monosyllables, and those very sparingly, in his replies: he was a mere human flat-fish, and he contented himself with methodically flapping his fins, and carrying me down the stream, as he had been hired to do, without wasting an idea or a sentence on me. I was beginning to grow weary of my romantic gondola, and the intense heat of "the broad blue sky," when a fairy vessel, gaily decked with flowers, passed close beside me: a young cava-

lier was singing a tender canzonet to his guitar, and a beautiful girl was sitting near him, hearkening to his minstrelsy: they were rowing lazily against the current as well as myself, and before I lost sight of them, a soft glance from the bright eye of the dark beauty recalled all my waning romance.

"Whose gondola is that?" I inquired of my companion.

"*Non saete*," was the laconic reply.

"Follow it, then," I exclaimed, impatiently; "I must see whence it has come."

I was obeyed; my dingy Harpocrates kept in the wake of the gay gondola, and we rapidly gained upon it; in about half an hour, I was surprised by a voluntary ejaculation of "*Ha! una festa!*" Even my surly gondolier was not proof against that universal feeling of delight which pervades all his countrymen when a fête is going forward. I followed the direction of his eye; a stately palace stood close beside the water's edge, with a terrace of marble running far along the shore, overshadowed by luxurious trees, and gay with a thousand flowers. This terrace terminated in a flight of wide and massy steps of the same material, many of which (for it was now high tide) were under water. At the pier belonging to the lordly pile were collected at least a score of gondolas, all as gaily dressed with ribbons and flowers as the one which had lured me to this delightful scene; and many of them screened with awnings of rich silk damask. A small boat, which was evidently intended to precede the fairy fleet, was filled with musicians, two of whom, just as I approached, stood up, and sent a beautiful peal over the waters from their key bugles. Around the portal of the palace, and along the terrace, groups of splendidly-attired guests were standing, or sauntering under the trees, waiting for their respective gondolas, while those which had already embarked their courtly occupants, were moving aside to make way for the more tardy. It was a most animating scene: the half-suppressed and graceful laughter of well-bred festivity—the cheerful greetings of the gondolierii, and the sweet strains of the aquatic band, fell on the ear together. Then I remembered the dark-eyed beauty whose gondola had

mingled in the crowd, and disappeared; and almost hopelessly, I once more turned to my surly companion, as I inquired "Who lives youder?"—"E palazzo della Marchesa della Terrali," fell slowly from his reluctant lips, and ere he had quite completed his reply, my hand was in the pocket of my coat, drawing forth my mother's letter.

In another hour I was seated in one of those festal gondolas; the dark-eyed beauty, the daughter of the *Marchesa*, was beside me; a delightful breeze had sprung up, and tempered the heat;

there was beauty, and music, and mirth upon the waters; beautiful! beautiful city!! I saw the sun go down ere I disembarked. I saw its bright beams fall like molten gold alike upon palaces and prisons. Poets had never yet said half enough to convey to the mind its manifold delights. Before I left the *palazzo de Terrali*, I had undertaken to teach the daughter of the *Marchesa* English, and she had promised with a blush and a smile to read *Tasso* to me—and so ended my first day in Venice.

THE DEMON MUSICIAN.

"And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done."—BYRON.

ON a calm evening, in the spring of the year 18—, a group of peasants were enjoying themselves in a vineyard on the border of the Black Forest. The toils of the day being over, they had assembled to celebrate the marriage of two young companions, who had long been attached, and were now united. The girl was a sparkling brunette, full of life and gaiety; the youth, more sedate, somewhat retired in habits, a great lover of music, and by the villagers considered a most skilful performer. He was an orphan, and derived his chief support from his violin, with which he was wont every night to entertain his neighbours, who, in return, stored his cottage with voluntary contributions; and many of the damsels envied Madeline for her good fortune in winning such a handsome young husband as Ursenstein, the musician.

At a small distance from the rest sat the bridegroom and his bride; it might have been thought that they had thus withdrawn to indulge in their new-licensed love, but it was not so; for though the eyes of the girl were fixed tenderly upon his countenance, he met not their fond expression. He was

looking earnestly through the bushes and listening eagerly for some distant sound. The bride watched him for a time in silence, content with her untold happiness. She was thinking that he was now irrevocably her own, her very own, and that one idea was too exquisite to need the aid of language; but as his abstraction continued unbroken, his every sense seemingly concentrated upon some unseen object, Madeline began to feel that she was neglected, and timidly inquired what attracted his attention. The bridegroom answered not, but he held his head nearer to the ground, and drew in his breath that he might listen more intently. Madeline put up her pretty red lip poutingly, and pulled, with a sudden twitch, a coral blossom from the loaded branches that drooped around her; then with the tenacity of feminine pride, she stole a cautious glance toward her young friends, as though she feared that they should witness her lover's coldness. A smile almost of triumph met her glance—it was on the face of one whose love she had rejected. She coloured, and endeavoured to seem engaged in affixing the flower tastefully to her girdle, but it

would not be arranged as she wished, and, with a hand less gentle than usual, she plucked it from her waist, scattering its crimson leaves upon the greensward at her side, and all the while she tried to look as if she were *not* vexed.

"Enchanting! exquisite!" exclaimed Ursenstein.

The brilliant eyes of the bride flashed, and a smile mantled over her peachy cheek; but Ursenstein was not thinking of her, and he saw not that witching look. Madeline felt that he did not; her glances fell upon the tattered flower, and a pang darted through her heart, for it seemed, in its scattered loveliness, to be an emblem of herself. A sigh struggled from her lips—it waked Ursenstein into recollection, for he loved the fond girl dearly.

"Why sighs my Madeline upon her bridal day?" he asked, and he looked tenderly into her face. With half a tear and half a blush, she answered,

"You were not wont, Ursenstein, to be so absent."

"Nor am I absent now, sweetest. But who could listen to sounds so delicious without emotion?"

"Sounds? I heard none!"

"None?"

"No, nor you neither; I do believe that you are dreaming. I ever told you that the violin was my rival, for I have often had cause to be jealous of it; and now see how you behave upon our bridal day. It is not kind, Ursenstein, indeed it is not."

"Be not angry, dearest Madeline," said Ursenstein, putting aside the dark ringlets which played about her brows. "If I love music, I love nothing mortal save thyself; and surely my passion for so sweet an art can never interfere with thy happiness."

"How can I tell that?" retorted the petulant girl. "If on a day like this you give way to such wild fancies, the time may come when music may make thee mad."

"Fancies! dear one; these were no fancied sounds, or if they were I would that they might last for ever. Oh, Madeline! what so delicious, when the gentle breath of departing day is kissing its farewell upon thy cheek, to listen to the vesper hymn stealing over the valley. Then music is most dearly welcome to the melting heart; even the

distant carol of the joyous peasants returning from their daily labour sounds harmonious then. The evening song of the thankful birds rises sweetly then. But what bliss is it thus to feel thy presence, my own loved Madeline, while listening to such melody as that which even now was issuing from yonder clump of trees."

"I heard no such sounds," said Madeline, angrily; "and if such had been, my ear is as open as your own."

"Not hear it!—why hark!—even now it comes again!—nearer, yet nearer."

"I hear it not."

"It must be a wandering spirit from that multitudinous choir who are ever warbling, with tuneful voices, 'Glory to God, and to the Redeemer.'"

Suddenly a loud discordant crash was heard; Madeline shrieked, and put her hands to her ears. Ursenstein sprang from the ground, while a dense cloud seemed to fall around the startled peasants.

"I heard it then," whispered Madeline, in low fearful tones. "It was indeed no mortal hand that struck that chord! it was too horrible!"

"Hush!" said Ursenstein, in the same low eager tone. "Hark, again! Is not that glorious? Is it not divine?"

A strain of delicious melody swelled upon the breeze; all heard, all with mute attention listened.

"It can be nothing good, Ursenstein. Let us go," entreated the bride, "for still in every dying fall I hear again that horrid crash. Well do you know that no holy thing has dwelling within the boundaries of that dreadful forest. Come, love," and she tried to drag him away; "it is not good that we should listen to those magic sounds."

"Be it angel or devil, I will know what it is!" exclaimed Ursenstein, breaking from her hold, and dashing desperately among the trees. As he ran, the air grew louder, and more gay,—then it sank into scarcely breathing modulation. He could have wept to hear its pathetic wailing—then it was like the chirping of birds, but sweeter than birds ever sang—now it was louder than a full band—martial—exhilarating—now tender—now festive—now murmuring, with a cry more piteous than the complaining of ever-

tortured fiends—now it was the shriek of the maniac—and now the fervent outpourings of the one universal passion.

Still Ursenstein went on, on, until he had left the valley far behind; but he knew not that, for he never once looked back, nor saw the last red gleam of the passing twilight fade in the gloom of the black chasm into which he had penetrated. It was a rugged ravine, hollowed out of the solid rock by the force of the torrent. Above, the larch and mountain fir drooped heavily, making there an everlasting night. Reptiles and unclean birds had refuge there, and as Ursenstein entered a startled owl hooted, and a bat, frightened from its retreat, swept roughly past his face. He felt it, but he scarcely dashed it aside, for now the sounds quivered and thrilled more harmoniously, falling into a tender cadence, and then all was silence.

"Wondrous divinity! sweet waker of enraptured wood-nymphs, where art thou? Appear, and let me worship thee!" exclaimed Ursenstein, as impatiently he tried to pierce the dim obscurity of that dismal glen. No answer was returned; nor could his most searching glances discover aught that bore human form or feature.

A black pool of stagnant water, half mantled over, stopped his further progress; but Ursenstein flinched not, though adders' eyes were glaring upon him, and serpents were coiling around his feet; while, ever and anon, the melancholy owl hooted, and the silence was sadder for that fearful interruption.

"Where art thou, great musician?" said he. "Thou player upon an instrument unknown to mortal skill! Magician of the soul! I pray to thee—see—on the cold and flinty rock, upon which the sun never shines, and the summer breeze never plays—here, among the abject things of the earth, in the humility of my heart, I adjure thee listen to my supplication. If thou art angel, waft me into Elysium, and bear me on the wings of the clouds where thou wilt, and whither, so I but learn to create such sweet harmony, and to be like thee a prince of thy divine science! 'Twas bliss to hear thee for a moment; 'twill be heaven to listen to thee for ever. But if—" and his hands compressed so firmly, that the tightened palms flowed

blood from under the indenting nails, while cold dews, gathering thickly upon his forehead, streamed slowly over his pale face. "But if thou be a demon, still do I cry to thee. Great sorcerer! Mighty tempter! King of the human heart! Sovereign of the passions! Hail! all hail! Here, beside the lightning-blasted pine—on the corrupt pond's brink—in thine own dark den—I kneel to greet thee! Here, where the owl's scream mingles with no human sound but my voice only—where the raven looks down from her leafy car, and the eagle's eye gleams on thy toad-slimed throne—I pray to thee, teach me thine art!"

"Thine art!" the rock repeated. "Teach me thine art," echoed the half-frantic enthusiast. "Or at least be visible to thy votary's eyes." He paused—there was a rushing as of wings—and a murmuring like the motion of the waters.

"Why bafflest thou thy pupil?" impatiently inquired the youth. "Three nights, as I tried to sleep, thou hast visited me. To me only was it given to hear thy strains. To me is it given to acquire thy excellence. Come, then, spirit of darkness or of light!—whether thou hidest in the foldings of the rainbow's many-coloured mantle, or ridest upon the red roaring billows, whence arise the flames of vast Vesuvius!—still do I invoke thee, wonderful spirit!—Great master—learned teacher—appear, appear!"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, before there was a low rumbling noise. He bowed his head until his body was prostrate, in his deep reverence. When he looked again, an aged man, clothed in black attire from head to foot, whose long elf-locks protruded partly around and about his head, and part fell clotted over his shoulders, was seated opposite on a huge block of granite. The hue of his countenance was a greenish yellow. His features famine-struck. His eyes glittered redly a supernatural light, like the spectral sparks that are believed to flash from the bones of the unburied malefactor. His limbs hung loose and limberly one to the other, as though a touch would displace the unknitted joints: and all his movements were singularly uncouth. In his skeleton fingers he held a violin, which

he hugged close to his breast—clawing, and scratching, and tugging the while, as if he were torturing a living creature; and the thing, as he pulled at it, sent forth superhuman sounds, now laughing, as with glee; now wailing, as with agony. Ursenstein gazed upon the instrument, and fancied that he saw the sides palpitate with evident pulsation.

"Is it a violin, or a creature of life and soul?" asked Ursenstein.

The old man put the instrument into his hands and grinned. Such a grin!

"Twelve years have I played the violin," said the youth, "and that I love it dearly, I have spared no labour to learn well, but nothing could I conceive like what I now have heard."

Again the old man grinned, but he uttered not a word.

"Make me to know thine art, I entreat thee!"

"What wilt thou give me in return?" inquired the old man; for the first time letting his harsh dissonant voice be heard.

"Aught that thou canst ask, which I have the power to bestow."

"In truth?"

"In very truth. 'Twere all too little for such ability as thine."

"They who seek knowledge must be bold and courageous," replied the old man, with a sardonic smile.

"And lack I either quality?—if you deem so, put me to the proof," said Ursenstein; expanding his brawny chest, and erecting himself into the attitude of a young Hercules.

The old man surveyed him from head to foot and sneered; then he beckoned him nearer and whispered—that whisper, and what more passed was never known. But Ursenstein returned not that night to his young bride—and when at day-break he entered the cottage where the weeping Madeline sat, her companions started at his appearance, for a blight had fallen upon his ripe manhood, and his strong frame was shrunk and withered—he put aside the questioners with a hurried gesture and took Madeline in his arms, but when she looked to recognise the lover of her youth, she recoiled from the glaring of his wild eyes—and when he pressed a kiss upon her lips, she shrieked with terror, for his were cold as ice.

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The winter came, the storm descended, and Madeline, now some months a wife, prepared for the period when other duties should claim her attention, and the smiles of her child repay the many anxious hours caused by its wayward parent.—Lonely she sat listening to the beating of the tempest, wishing for him whose absence was too common to excite surprise. The neat supper was prepared, the hearth clean swept, and the lamp fresh trimmed: while the solitary wife plied her needle for the expected stranger, pausing as often as the hollow blast howled through the unhallowed forest, and whispering a prayer for the wanderer—for still she loved him with all the intensity of woman's enduring affection, and strange as Ursenstein had become, he was not yet undeserving of her love—for though to others moody, he was still kind, save in his wanderings, to her.

Whatever had passed at that awful interview in the demon's glen, it seemed that the price demanded by the old man was too great, for Ursenstein gained no additional skill though he played much, and laboured hard. Once, when he was surrounded by his friends he failed utterly, and though he used his best efforts to please, he produced nothing but false intonations and broken sounds; then the whisper went round that he had lost the memory of his art. Ursenstein heard it, and threw down the violin in disgust, but Madeline as she strove to encourage him, saw a withered old face sneering over the shoulders of the crowd; the next moment her husband was away into the Black Forest, and the hideous stranger was gone also. From that time the absence of Ursenstein became more frequent, and of longer continuance, and Madeline saw that day by day he wasted to a mere shadow. The fine contour of his face was gone—his cheeks sank—his visage grew peaked, and if he smiled it was a smile to chill not cheer the gazer—his heart also seemed gradually to contract—he was becoming hourly more selfish, and less grateful for kindness; but when the storm-cloud burst, and the thunder roared, and the heavy drops pattered against the casement, Madeline, watching for his return, thought only of the lover of her young

days, and remembered no fault in him who was her husband.

The twelfth hour had passed, yet still he came not—she laid down her work now wetted with tears, and crept to the door—she opened it, her hand was lingering on the latch, when she was rudely pushed aside by a man dripping with the rain, he threw himself into a chair and laughed—it was Ursestein!

"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed, hugging closely something that he carried under his coat.

"What have you got, love?" gently inquired the wife.

"That which will make me great! that which will make me rich!—It is here, here!" and he clasped it closer with a maniac ecstasy.

"What is it Ursestein?"

"See! here! here!" and he drew from his breast the old man's violin.

"Is it better than your own?" asked the astonished wife.

"Better!" and he shouted still more gleefully, "remember you not the Musician of our bridal?"—Madeline shuddered, and sighed. "It was his; and now it is mine!—my own!—and I can play upon it as he did."

"Did he sell it you?"

"Ay, I bought it with a price!—a price—shall I tell you what?"—and he grasped both her hands with a frightful energy: Madeline turned pale and trembled, but she tried to smile, murmuring,

"Ay love, what was it?"

The husband's eyes glared wolfishly into those of his wife.—She was fascinated by their horrible expression, and could not withdraw hers. "Shall I tell you?" he roughly asked.—She could not answer, but she screamed when she saw that his face bore no longer the impress of human feeling, but reflected in all, save his age, the image of that hideous stranger whom she had seen for a moment only, yet never could forget—there was the same sardonic sneer, the leaden visage, the same elf-locks—and her hands were grasped by the fingers of a skeleton.

"Ursestein! husband!" she exclaimed, sinking upon her knees at his feet, "tell, in pity tell me, why this fearful mockery, this terrible change?"

"Change, what change?—am I not thy husband still—there is no change, save that I am now greater than before."

"Holy Virgin! Art thou mad?" exclaimed the distracted woman clinging to his knees. "Art thou ill, my husband?—Is thy brain right?—tell me, dearest hast thou pain, or ailing?—Dost thou want aught thy faithful wife can give thee?"

"Ay, by the foul fiend do I!—but I am not mad—nor sick—yet I shall be if—but away!—no more!—to bed woman!—to bed!—keep thyself secure, and safe, d'ye hear! I'll not have thee frightened—no, no, not for the world!"

"In the name of all that is holy, what mean you?" implored the wife; for she saw that in his look, which told a dreadful purpose. He was silent, but his eyes spoke darkly. "If thou hast leagued with the evil one to destroy me!—if my blood be the purchase money of thine hellish instrument," exclaimed Madeline, rising in sudden indignation, "why then, may Heaven forgive thy sinful soul, thou wicked man, and receive me also to its mercy."

"No, no! not thy life, not thine Madeline," replied Ursestein.

"Not mine!—not mine!—my infant's then?—my unborn, innocent child's?—oh thou cruel monster!—thou man with a stony heart!—Was it for this thy cruel mercy?—thou wouldst not have me terrified, lest my babe should die, and disappoint thee of thy prey!—Oh thou inhuman wretch! more savage than the beasts of the forest, for they love their young, protecting, not sacrificing them.—Oh God, God forgive thee!"

At the name of the Deity the violin sent forth a dissonant shriek—such as had issued from it on the bridal night. Madeline stopped her ears, when she heard again that frightful discord, and she screamed.

"It is a fiend! a living fiend, that thou holdest to thine heart.—I tell thee it is a fiend, in the name of the Virgin strike it down!"

But Ursestein still kept the horrible thing close to his breast, though his wife was writhing in convulsions at his feet.

Before the morning broke a lovely boy was born, whose smiling countenance bore no trace of his mother's anguish; but it was long before that miserable woman would look again upon Ursestein. When he was permitted to approach, he had hidden his violin; and

when he took the baby in his arms, Madeline kept her breath that she might not shriek; but while he held it she coiled herself into a ball, ready to make a tiger-spring at the first symptom that should foretel harm to that cherub boy. Ursenstein, however, kissed his son; and returned him harmless to the maternal bosom.

The child grew in beauty, and learned to lisp the name of both its parents. Madeline taught him to put up his hands, and cry "Father, dearest father! do not harm your own boy;" and Ursenstein used to listen to his son. Once a tear fell upon the child's head, as thus he supplicated; and once he pushed aside the urchin's clustering curls, saying that he was like his mother. Then Madeline repented that she had suspected him of a wish to harm her darling, and she loved her husband better than before, because she alone loved him now. The peasants said that nothing human could alter a man as Ursenstein was altered, scrupling not to affirm that he held converse with evil spirits, because he had been heard to utter awful words; and a strange, shrill voice had answered, though none could see a living creature near him. Ursenstein well knew that he was hated; but he smiled scornfully, and still played his wondrous violin, drawing forth such sounds, that travellers hearing them came nearer to his hut, forgetting their purposed journey while they listened; but ever when the strain ceased, they would hurry away, whispering, and name him as they went "The Demon Musician."

At last the neighbours would no longer sell him food, nor hold intercourse of any kind with one whom they considered accursed. His crops withered; his cattle died; and famine fell upon his ruined cottage. Madeline, too, grew faint and sick, with labouring to raise a little corn and fruit to furnish food for her child; but her husband offered no aid; he still kept ever playing on, or whispering to his unearthly instrument. When he ate he greedily watched Madeline and the boy, and seemed as he would tear the morsel from their mouths; and when she told him that their last loaf was eaten, he shouted a loud wild laugh, cowered over

his violin, and stared hungrily into the face of the child.

Three days of misery had passed,—Madeline had begged upon her knees at the thresholds of her former friends; she asked but a crust to save her infant—her dying boy! for she durst not name Ursenstein: but they drove her away with opprobrium, and bade her home to her demon-gifted husband. She came back despairing; the child was crouching among the ashes, digging the dirt from the hearth, and cramming it by handfuls into his mouth. The mother, when she saw his occupation, wept; but the father grimly smiled;—that look was worse than the famine, and the miserable woman threw herself upon the bed, hiding her face, that the memory of it might pass away. Presently she heard her boy's convulsive shriek; she started up, the violin was beside him. Then, for that her hours were numbered, her visual organs strengthened, and it was given her to see the past and the present, with a clear, true sight. Her husband's rendezvous in the Black Forest appeared before her as in a picture; his unholy compact was revealed: and, when taught by such knowledge, she looked again toward her son. He was struggling with a monster who tempted him with food, which the famished child no sooner tried to grasp than it was withdrawn; by which torture the victim being sorely vexed, the vile creature mocked him still more,—holding large pieces of meat and bunches of luscious fruit close to his lips; but as often as the infant opened his mouth, greedily endeavouring to seize the viands, they melted into air. At length, the enraged boy sprang up, caught the monster by the throat, and flung it back; but then, his feeble strength being utterly exhausted, he staggered and fell upon the ground a blackened corpse; upon which the fiend yelled, and jabbered, and clapped its hands, and crowded. The mother, when she beheld that sight, threw up her arms, calling aloud on Heaven for succour; then she lay awhile convulsed, and writhing in terrible agony; but when she heard her husband's horrid laugh, she laid down her head and died, for her heart was broken.

That night a tremendous crash awakened the villagers from their peaceful

sleep ; upon hearing which they rushed out half attired upon the open green. The hut of Ursenstein, the musician, had fallen. A blue flame quivered around and about it ; by whose light the crowd saw a dark, imp-like form seated on the summit of the ruins, chumping at a bone, which sometimes it wielded over its head, and sometimes gnawed like a voracious dog. Ursenstein was standing near with folded arms, calmly looking on ; nor moved he for the execrations of the mob, who, terrified by the composure of the bereaved man, hastily dispersed to their several homes ; the mothers clasping their children and muttering pious ejaculations ; the fathers carefully closing their doors, that the foul fiend might find no entrance.

What became of Ursenstein after that night the peasants never knew. The ruins mouldered untouched over the bodies of the mother and her child ; and none dared after nightfall to pass that mournful sepulchre.

Suddenly, at the court of Wirtemberg, a rumour arose that a wonderful violinist had arrived, but where he had studied, or whence he came, none knew. His name was Wolstenbach ; he proclaimed himself a German by birth, but from what part of the dominions he would not tell. " He was," he said, " a musician ; and that was all that was requisite to be told : he was content to abide a fair judgment."

His terms were excessive, and the professors of his art ridiculed the presumption of an unknown man ; but Wolstenbach only answered that " he knew his power," and still persisted in his demand : so he was rejected. But soon after, the neighbourhood where he lodged was filled with strange stories of the wonderful musician, for his music was heard in the dead of the night, and crowds congregated in the street, squeezing each other to get near his habitation. He lived scantily, and ate greedily. He had no society, and held no converse, except what was requisite to obviate the wants of nature ; he looked upon all who approached him with suspicion, and appeared to be a creature apart from human sympathies. His instrument was the sole deposit of his thoughts, for he was often heard talking

to it, as if it could comprehend his words. Sometimes he would reproach it, calling it hard names and beating it ; and when sounds came from it at each blow, he would exclaim, " Ay, fiend ! cry and shriek, I owe thee something for thy luxurious feasting." Then would he clutch the instrument, playing as in a frenzy, making horrible yellings, and growlings, and shrill shrieks to issue from it, so that those who heard stopped their ears affrighted. At other times he would frolic with it, making it laugh and giggle like a tickled child ; and the hearers could not forbear laughing also, it was so oddly comical ; but all men agreed that he was a lunatic. Such rumours reaching the ears of the king, it was commanded that the stranger's terms should be accepted. A night was accordingly fixed for him to play in public ; and when the morning of that day came the professors formed themselves into groups, and prepared to sneer at his rehearsal ; but they were disappointed, for he would not practise with the band as others had done, but obliged them to await the evening for the gratification of their curiosity.

Night came—the theatre was crowded to the ceiling ; the king and the chief of his nobility were there. The higher order of professors were ranged upon the stage. They were to open with a grand overture, and all the musical talent or judgment that resided within a day's journey round the metropolis, were to be found among the audience of that evening. The overture began—the spectators—for they could scarcely be called listeners—waved to and fro uneasily. The musicians played divinely, for they exerted their best skill. At length the piece was finished, and a simultaneous movement among the auditors showed that expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. The professors saw this, and scarcely waiting for their accustomed applause, sidled into the best seats. They formed a sort of semicircle around the spot on which Wolstenbach was to stand. Some assumed the gravity of judges, others took snuff and smiled superciliously ; while others again, more sanguine in their temperament, chuckled and nodded to their friends. At last, when all were arranged, the violinist appeared ; he walked with an indescribably awkward

gait, strait down to the foot-lamps, and bowed. The audience rose up as by one effort; there was a stare of wonderment, then a burst of applause, though no one knew *why* he applauded that strange ungraceful effigy of a man, unless indeed his excessive ugliness was merit, in the estimation of the gaping multitude. The musicians bowed, and bowed again, but never smiled. Then he drew his bow across the strings, and music flowed like oil; he played on, and no one remembered that he was not handsome: not a word was spoken, not a movement made: even the professors forgot to be angry, until the charm was dissolved and the melody had ceased. It was then that the applause broke forth louder, longer than before, for now they knew why, they were pleased. Wolstenbach received these honours without relaxing a muscle—he bowed to the audience, to the professors, but he never once looked up, for the ban was upon him, and he dared not lift his eyes to meet the glance of the bright, and the beautiful; so he huddled his instrument under his arm, and shuffled away with his uncouth lanky walk, while a thousand tongues pronounced him an inspired master, an impersonation of musical genius, and there was no more mention of his reputed madness.

Again and again he appeared, each time with added fame; riches poured on him like rain, but he abated nothing of his stern parsimony, nor of his desire for gain, because the vulture of avarice was ever gnawing in his bosom, as the famine had eaten into that of his boy. He travelled far, spreading his name from one kingdom to another; but the thought of his wife and his son never

left him: for though he knew that they were to die by his compact, he knew not that they were to die so fearfully. He had not felt sorrow for them then, but it was the only human feeling that clung to him after; for he despised the whole race of mankind, and while he greedily sought their admiration, he looked down upon them from his crime-won pinnacle, and hated them all. The familiar by whose aid he excelled, and whom he was doomed ever to carry in his bosom, was no less an object of his disgust. He could not forgive the past; and he resented the tauntings which the demon heaped upon him in private, for it was then that the vile creature had power to torture him.—But when the musician's grasp was upon the strings of that magic violin, it became helpless in his hands, and he failed not to wreak upon it the vengeance of his moody humour. In the face of assembled crowds, when his hour of triumph was come, he fretted, and beat, and belaboured the fiend, whose shrieks and cries were but so many subjects of admiration to the wondering auditory.

Thus went Wolstenbach and his grim companion from court to court, every where received as the sovereign of his art;—his super-human person every where engendering awful terror;—his ceaseless avarice disgust,—his unrivalled skill compelling admiration:—envied by professors, protected by princes, lauded and supported by nobles and fair dames, who guessed not whence came the harmony which so much delighted, nor dreamt that they followed as a popular idol,—a DEMON MUSICIAN.

FANCHETTE.

THE DEJEUNE.

AUGUSTA, dress—come, prithee haste,
We've not one moment's time to waste;
The grand review begins to-day,
The 50th give a *Déjeuné*.
Say you the 50th? *Ah, mon dieu!*
We'll go, dear novels then adieu;
I'm sure that Stanley will be there—
Dear Adelaide, what shall I wear?
Without any flattery, tell
If this hat becomes me well?

C'est rarissante extrêmement beau,
Le tout ensemble, comme il faut.
 Well, then, Augusta, come along,
 Heigho! for love, the day's our own;
 The scene was lovely, all was gay,
 The pretty sisters tripp'd away;
 And, dashing through the crowded street,
 Soon they their promised party meet:
 K——m, with his eye of jet,
 And fascinating dear Lisette;
 Little D., with neck so fair,
 Apollo, *à la Militaire*.
 And many a fine belle and beau,
 That neither you nor I, perhaps, know;
 Many a fop unfit for wars,
 Many a gallant son of Mars.
 The soldiers march, the bugles sound,
 The warlike banners wave around;
 The neighing steeds, the glittering spears,
 The guard of honour now appears;
 The duke's arrived, the duchess too,
 And now begins the grand review.
 Now nothing's heard but din of arms,
 The deaf'ning clash of wars alarms;
 Manœuvres that would tire your patience,
 Which soldiers use to conquer nations.
 All were entranced, the crowd admired
 And were with transient valour fired;
 Ada, enchanted with the scene,
 Forgot the company, I ween,
 Exclaim'd aloud, with energy,
 "A soldier lad, or none for me!"
 In the field, or at the ball,
 The dashing red-coat conquers all.
 The martial spectacle now o'er,
 Soldiers are on the march once more;
 Again the cymbals clash aloud,
 And onward rush the eager crowd.
 Our party now the rooms beheld
 Where the *Déjeuné* was held:
 The walls were hung with many a banner,
 And laurels ranged in graceful manner;
 The fashionable chandelier,
 The mirror, chimney-glass, and pier,
 Faithfully discharged their duty,
 And raised the conscious blush of beauty.
 The table was deck'd out with taste,
 With flowers, ices, creams, and paste;
 Soldiers rush in, like hungry hounds,
 Devouring meat by solid pounds;
 'Twas well we had not the 60th here,
 Or all would have been clear'd I fear.
 And, oh! forgive my unworthy lays,
 Many were forced to loose their stays;
 And one exclaim'd, by wine made bolder,
 An officer, who was no soldier,
 "By Heaven! we are most ill-fated
 To have such appetites created:
 By the ladies we shall be
 Sent in disgrace to Coventry."

Adieu ! the glance of lovely eyes,
 Adieu ! awhile, to balmy sighs."
 One of the 60th, in disguise,
 Seated near some pigeon pies,
 Watch'd and saw that none was looking,
 To save his wife the toil of cooking,
 In his pocket cramm'd a pie,
 ('Trousers' pocket, by-the-by) ;
 One of the selfsame dinky corps,
 Seated near this arrant bore,
 Saw the manœuvre, without doubt,
 Observed the claw was hanging out :
 Determined to outwit his keenness,
 And also to expose his meanness,
 " The 10th don't dance," the soldier cries,
 " I see the 60th pocket pies."
 Holding the pigeon by the leg,
 Th' unlucky fellow cries, " I beg
 Your card, sir,—here is mine,—take warning,
 You'll meet me, sir, to-morrow morning."
 " Sir, I'll be there ; your weapons choose,
 And one of us our lives shall lose."
 But soldiers' honour, oh, how fleeting !
 Both had begg'd pardon before meeting.
 But trot them back, this corps won't do,
 We'll bid the 60th adieu !
 And let us leave them to regale,
 While I now resume my tale :
 At length the royal health was giv'n,
 Their voices now ascend to heav'n ;
 Again the thundering cannon's roar,
 The graceful banners wave no more,
 And now the *Dejeuné* is o'er.

JULIE.

GABRIEL LINDSAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNREVEALED."

In the summer of 1670 Mr. Pemberton went to reside with his family at the then rural and distant village of Hackney, in a mansion that had formerly belonged to a brother of the gallant Sir Edmund Varney, who was slain at the battle of Edgehill, nobly refusing to shun death by the surrender of the royal standard. " My life," said he, " is my own, and I can dispose of it ; but this standard is mine and your sovereign's, and while I live I will not yield it."

Mr. Pemberton was a merchant ; and his dealings, which lay chiefly in the Levant trade, had been carried on extensively and prosperously. In the pleasant retirement of his new abode he

found relief from the toils of business ; in its purer air, a restorative to his somewhat impaired health.

One Sabbath morning, strolling through the fields in the direction of the Lea river, he saw a man, dressed in a suit of coarse gray cloth, approaching, whom he thought he knew. As they came nearer to each other, he found he was not mistaken. He accosted him by his name ; but the man started aside, looked wildly at him, hurried past, and exclaimed, in a strangely sad and melancholy voice, "*Oh, the great and the dreadful God!*"

These words carried with them fearful recollections. During the awful visitation of the plague five years before

(or rather at the time when people were filled with feverish apprehensions of its coming), a poor crazed creature, as he was considered, ran about the streets night and day (like the man Josephus mentions, who denounced "woe to Jerusalem!") a little before the destruction of that city), crying aloud, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!" These were the only words he uttered; but he uttered them incessantly, and with a countenance full of horror. He passed swiftly along from street to street. No one ever saw him stop to take rest or food; none held discourse with him, but thousands heard his dire and dismal cry.

Mr. Pemberton had himself met this poor creature several times; and, though incapable of being influenced by any purely superstitious feeling, could never hear his mournful exclamation, or look upon the haggard terror of his countenance, without experiencing vague emotions of involuntary disquietude. It was not surprising, indeed, that the minds of men should be predisposed to such impressions; for every person at that period had wonderful stories to tell of mysterious signs that foreshadowed some impending calamity. Apparitions were seen in the air; flaming swords, held by invisible hands, hung over the devoted city; hearses and coffins moved in funeral procession along the sky: one saw an angel, clothed in white, waving a fiery spear;—another, standing by, cried out "What a glorious creature it is!"—Others beheld visionary shapes in churchyards, gliding among the graves, and making signs to the houses, the ground, and the people, signifying that the churchyards would soon be filled with the dead. These, and a multitude of similar fancies, were so incessantly repeated from month to month, that they who had sense enough to treat them as the distempered offspring of fear and credulity, were yet unable wholly to resist their momentary influence.

When Mr. Pemberton returned home he mentioned to his wife what had occurred.

"Do you remember," said he, "our poor friend Gabriel Lindsay?"

"Yes!" replied Mrs. Pemberton, with a deep sigh. "There was not, in all that time of general misery, a case more sad and terrible than his."

"I met him this morning."

"Good Heavens!" interrupted his wife, "what do you mean?"

"I am as sure it was he, my dear, as that I am now speaking. I know it was generally supposed he was one of the tens of thousands who, during the fiercest ravages of the pestilence, were flung by night into the common receptacles of the dead; but assuredly it was not so; for if ever Gabriel Lindsay lived, he crossed my path this morning, and I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him!"

"Yes."

"Then he knew and answered you?"

"Neither!" said Mr. Pemberton. "I called him by his name; but he hurried on, ejaculating as he passed, in a tone that thrilled to my very soul, 'Oh, the great and the dreadful God!'"

"Did you follow him?"

"No; believing him dead, seeing him thus unexpectedly, and hearing from him only those memorable words, I felt, as it were, transfixed to the spot; and before I could rouse me from my sudden distraction, he was out of sight."

"You must be mistaken, my love."

"We shall see that. He doubtless lives in this neighbourhood; and, if so, it will not be many days, I'll answer for it, before I find him out. I shall not rest till I discover his abode, that I may render him the aid and comfort which I am sure he needs."

That very day Mr. Pemberton began his inquiries; but it was nearly a month before they were attended with success. Instead of living (as he had conjectured) near the spot where they had met, it turned out that his friend (for Gabriel Lindsay it proved to be) dwelt in a lone cottage near Waltham Abbey, some eight or ten miles distant; where his sole companion was an aged female (to whom the cottage belonged), who provided for him the few domestic conveniences he required.

Gabriel Lindsay was between sixty and seventy. Like Mr. Pemberton, he had carried on extensive mercantile dealings in the Levant; but distinguishing himself during the civil wars by his attachment to the king's cause, he had been frequently singled out for spoliation by the parliament, first as a malignant, then as a delinquent, then as a cavalier; and under those several de-

nominations, though all signifying one and the same description of crime, loyalty, his coffers had been plundered. Still a rich man, however, at the period of the Restoration, he looked forward to the secure enjoyment of his wealth, in the bosom of an affectionate and beloved family. Similarity of pursuits, nearness of neighbourhood, and corresponding political sentiments, had cemented between him and Mr. Pemberton an intimate friendship.

In 1665, when the plague swept off in the course of a few months nearly half the population of London, and the desolation was so terrible, that in many of what had once been the principal thoroughfares of a crowded city, the rank grass sprang up as in the deserted halls of a ruined palace, Gabriel Lindsay disappeared. No other evidence was required of his having fallen a victim to the pestilence; for it was a thing of common occurrence during that appalling calamity, for whole families to disappear, and their fate be known only by their dwellings being found without a human being in them, after its ravages had abated.

Mr. Pemberton no sooner ascertained the retreat of Lindsay, than he set off for Waltham Abbey, with the design of prevailing upon him to take up his abode in his house at Hackney. It was evening when he reached the cottage, accompanied by the guide who had brought him the intelligence of its being Lindsay's habitation. Lindsay was sitting at the door, in conversation with his aged companion; but arose hastily and went in, while the old woman advanced to meet Mr. Pemberton. From her he soon had all the confirmation he required as to the identity of his friend, and learned other particulars, which prepared him the better for accomplishing his object.

It appeared that Lindsay had lived in this lonely spot for the last three years; but the old woman knew nothing of his history, or wherefore he had chosen to shun all intercourse with the world. Perceiving, however, that Mr. Pemberton took a kindly interest in his situation, and had sought him out from a desire to befriend him, she did not hesitate to whisper in his ear that she was "sadly afraid the poor gentleman was troubled in his conscience, and had

perhaps been a Roundhead. But she was not afraid of any thing that could befall her for giving him shelter, even if he were; for she had lost her husband and three sons in the cause of the blessed Martyr, and that was answer enough should she ever be questioned for what she had done."

When Mr. Pemberton entered the room where Lindsay was sitting, he walked up to him, took him by the hand, and called him by his name. A slight shudder passed over him as he muttered, in a half whisper to himself, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!" Mr. Pemberton continued to hold his hand without speaking; while Lindsay, slowly raising his eyes, fixed them upon him. "Stephen Pemberton," said he, in a low calm voice; "my old, my much loved, my excellent friend, Stephen Pemberton. I know you; but," he continued, shaking his head, "it is strange you should know me. Misfortune hath laid her hand so heavily upon me, that I do scarce know myself."

He folded his arms, drooped his head upon his bosom, and remained silent. Mr. Pemberton drew a chair beside him, sat down, and after a short pause spoke.

"Lindsay, it grieves me to see you thus. But cheer up, man! The storm that is loudest, passes the swiftest: the tide of ill fortune ebbs at last, and we are often borne to happiness upon its retiring waters, at the very moment when our fainting spirits can no longer pay down the price for that cheapest of all earth's comforts—hope. It is even so now with thee. Do but resolve to welcome fortune, and she stands ready to greet you in return."

These words were poured into a deaf ear. Lindsay neither replied nor manifested, by look or gesture, that he heeded them. He continued sitting in the same dejected attitude, with folded arms and downcast eyes. Mr. Pemberton laid one hand gently upon his shoulder, while with the other he clasped his friend's, and proceeded:

"Come—call home your thoughts—be yourself a little, and listen to me."

Lindsay sighed deeply, as he again murmured to himself, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!"

"Ay, my good friend!" responded Mr. Pemberton; "but God is as good as he is great—as abounding in mercy

as he is terrible in wrath. Turn to him and be comforted!"

Lindsay raised his eyes to heaven. Tears stood in them. With a trembling voice he replied to this tender exhortation, in the language of the psalmist, "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to them that call on thee!"

The old woman, who was standing by the little lattice, shadowed with clustering honeysuckle, through whose thickly-curved tendrils the setting sun shed a dappled light upon the floor, wiped her own eyes as she directed a look towards Mr. Pemberton that seemed intended to remind him of what she had said as to the condition of Lindsay's mind. "He wanders, at times," was her observation; "but only when he is most troubled at what hath happened."

Mr. Pemberton saw that his friend's reason had sustained a shock, under which, though it had not sunk, it was partially paralyzed; and his hope was, that the gentle consolations of friendship might restore the balance which a grievous calamity had disturbed.

In that benevolent hope he was not disappointed. Lindsay yielded, with little opposition, to the proposal of becoming, for a time, one of his family. But the cold indifference with which he yielded, showed it was to him merely a question of where he should linger out his remnant of life. It might have been proposed to conduct him to a palace or a prison, without awakening any corresponding emotion according as either had been assigned to him.

Mr. Pemberton, overjoyed at his success, did not restrain the outward manifestation of it. Lindsay remarked his delight, and exclaimed, with a sort of irritable despondency, "I hate the treachery of siniles! *They* stood at the threshold of all *my* misery, and like painted devils, cheating me with the semblance of angels of light, played before my dazzled path till—crash!—the bolt fell, and I was smote in my inmost soul! Oh, the great God!—the dreadful God!—the great, the dreadful God! He took his arm from under me and I perished—He sent a sharp curse upon me, and I am condemned to incurable sorrow!"

This was followed by a paroxysm of grief, during which he walked up and

down in violent agitation, covering his face with his hands, uttering incoherent sentences, and frequently repeating those sad words which seemed so indissolubly connected in his mind with the remembrance of his former sufferings.

When he became calm, he allowed himself to be conducted to the carriage that was waiting, without uttering a word, even to say "farewell" to his aged companion, who took her leave of him with much honest affection. He maintained the same silence during their short journey, and Mr. Pemberton did not consider it prudent to awaken him from the repose of his deadened feelings.

It was, as we have said, in the summer of 1670, that this event took place. In the winter of 1682, twelve years afterwards, Gabriel Lindsay was still a part of Mr. Pemberton's family; but he was then upon his death-bed. During the intervening period he had felt the full benefit of the kindly attentions he had received. His mind recovered its stability so far as to be no longer subject to occasional aberrations; he regained enough of his former relish of society, to mingle, at times, in that which constituted the select circle of his friend's table; and his conversation assumed a tranquillity that showed he had mastered the one solitary image which before reared itself in gloomy despotism over every other.

In all those twelve years, however, he never once glanced at that image; he never once spoke of those disastrous circumstances which had burst like a sudden tempest over him, and blighted his existence. His own silence became a solemn injunction upon his friend's lips, which were sealed. But now, when he felt his end approaching—when the world, he knew, would soon cease to be a living memorial to him of his great tribulation, it seemed as if it were a tribulation no longer; as if the release that was at hand had already relieved him from his burden. Like a traveller who triumphs over perils, but tells of them at ease when they are past, and can return no more, so Gabriel Lindsay, while yet hovering on the confines of time and eternity, discoursed calmly of things which it was terrible for him but to think of, before their remembrance was hastening to oblivion.

It was only two days ere he breathed his last that he unfolded to Mr. Pemberton the *appalling history of a single week*.

"I was returning from Smyrna in the autumn of 1665," said he, "when on my arrival at Leghorn I heard that the plague had broken out in London. I found letters at Leghorn from my family and friends; and one, I remember, from yourself. They were written, however, before the distemper had arrived at its height, and did not, therefore, communicate such alarming accounts as were conveyed by later intelligence. Impatient to reach England, that I might watch over the safety of my family, I would not wait while the vessel in which I had sailed from Smyrna underwent some necessary repairs, but took my passage on board a ship which was to sail the next morning. We had a quick voyage. The first thing that gave me notice of what I might expect, was the appearance, as we sailed up the Thames, of ships, hoys, smacks, boats, and rafts, moored below bridge, crowded with men, women, and children, who had fled to them for refuge. In several of the smallcraft, I saw the bodies of those who had died of the pestilence. They were in a state of loathsome putrefaction; but no one ventured to go near them, to give them burial.

"With much difficulty I got on shore, and full of distraction, hurried to my house in Wood Street, Cheapside. But, good God!—What a sickness came over me as I traversed what had more the appearance of green fields than of paved streets! The few persons who were moving about in silence and consternation, kept the middle of the road, at a distance from each other; every one fearing that those he passed might be infected. Neither carts nor coaches were to be seen, except some country waggons bringing provisions to market.

"Whole rows of houses were shut up; from some of which I heard the dismal wailing and shrieking of women.—Passing through Lombard Street, a casement was violently and suddenly opened, just over my head. There was a dreadful scream. I looked up and saw a young woman in her night-clothes, screeching 'Death! death! death!' in a tone which chilled my very blood. Presently a youth rushed forth from an

opposite house, crying, 'Oh, my father has dropped down dead!' He stood before me with his hands clasped, and looking piteously in my face, as if he thought I could restore his father to life. I passed on, wild with my own fears.

"I perceived that the doors of all the churches were thrown wide open. In Cheapside I met a maniac, almost naked, with a pan of burning charcoal on his head, who was denouncing judgment upon the city in a howling voice that had nothing human in it; and as I turned into Wood Street there was a minister, a venerable looking old man, standing in the highway opposite my own house, ejaculating, with uplifted hands, 'Spare us, good Lord! Spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood!' When he had pronounced these words three times, he walked on a few paces, then stopped again, and again repeated them.

"These, you will think, were solemn preparations. They were indeed types and forerunners of my destiny! When I came to my own door, I beheld it marked! You know what that meant. A blood-red cross, of a foot long, was painted on it; and these words, in large letters, appeared above the cross,—'**LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US!**'—The house was closed—the door padlocked outside—and two men stationed before it, to prevent all communication with those who were within. **THE PLAGUE WAS THERE!**

"Great God! What were then my feelings! I had not speech to inquire after my wife and children. I did not doubt they had all perished—my sons, my daughters, my beloved Rachel, and the new born one, which in her letter to me at Leghorn she had joyfully prepared me to expect on my return! And there I stood, **ALONE!**—I, who only five months since had quitted England a happy man, to make a prosperous voyage for their sakes who were gone. Oh, my friend! Nothing but the hope which now glows brightly here, (laying his hand upon his heart,) that I am hastening to them, where we shall part no more, could enable me to look back upon that dreadful moment."

"And *had* they perished?" asked Mr. Pemberton, in a voice almost subdued by his emotions.

"I was not then aware," continued Lindsay, "of the inhuman precautions employed to arrest the progress of the pestilence: I did not know that the instant any one fell sick in a house, nay, upon the rumour merely of sickness having shown itself, persons were despatched to shut it up, and watchmen were appointed to keep guard night and day, to prevent any one from either going in or coming out; thus consigning to inevitable death, or miraculous escape, the infected and the healthy! It was natural, therefore, when I saw my own dwelling thus closed and thus watched, that I should conclude not a living creature breathed within its walls. This was terrible enough: but, alas! it fell far, very far short of what was actually the case—of what my eyes were doomed to witness, my bursting brain to endure.

"I made myself known to the men. I asked, in agony, how long my wife and children had been dead, and where they were buried? Then it was I learned the horrible truth. One of the fellows, a churlish caitiff, with an unpitied tongue, told me 'he did not believe any body was dead yet in the house, for the dead-cart had not been stopped!' I cannot describe to you the effect this answer produced! The image of what their situation must be, passed like a grim vision before me. I pictured a scene of misery under which my senses staggered. I demanded to be admitted. I was denied. With frenzied strength I attempted to wrench off the padlock, and batter in the massy door. The men raised their long iron-armed poles, and threatened to strike me down, if I did not desist.

"At that moment I heard a feeble cry. I looked up. There was my eldest daughter at one of the windows, drawn thither by the noise. 'Father! Father!' she exclaimed, and sunk down. I had but a glimpse of her countenance. Ah me! It was as if I had seen her in her coffin, so pale and ghastly did she appear.

"'We will let you in,' said the men, 'but you must remain in, for four weeks after all shall be whole!'

"'Do with me as you please,' I replied, 'but let me be with my wife and children.'

"I was admitted. None came to

greet me! A fearful silence reigned. I stood in the hall, and strained my ears to catch a living sound that might tell me I was not standing in the sepulchre of my whole race. A faintness came over me. My limbs shook. Involuntary tears (for I had no power to give my thoughts the direction that might have produced them), burst forth. I sat down upon a bench that was near, to recover myself, and gain fortitude for a scene I no longer doubted was prepared for me.

"After a few moments I arose, to seek the apartment at the window of which I had seen my daughter. But as I passed a small room that opened from the first landing-place, the door was open, and I saw my son Benjamin, a comely youth, twelve years old, lying dead upon a couch! I cannot say I loved him best, for all my children were very dear to me; but at that moment I thought I did. I threw myself upon my knees beside his body; I kissed his livid lips, and with my own trembling hands closed his eyes, which seemed to look upon me, as they had ever done, with mild affection. He was still warm, so I knew life had not long departed.

"While gazing at him, I heard a soft, slow step descending. I turned round—it was my Rachel! I sprung towards her—I held her in a passionate embrace to my almost breaking heart. My tears fell upon her cheek as she lay senseless in my arms—tears of joy, of gratitude, of hope! 'My God! my God!' I cried, 'blessed be thy name! I am not wholly wretched! I am still a husband and a father!' Oh, my friend—it is only when we believe ourselves robbed of all, that the possession of a treasure we have not lost, can overwhelm us thus with transport amid our sorrow for what is irrevocably gone.

"My transports, alas! were soon over. Rachel had left Benjamin alive not half an hour before, called from his side to attend our youngest daughter Judith, whose condition was yet more alarming. Her delirious screams tore her away from the mild and patient sufferer, who complained not. But Judith was at rest too! dying, as I learned, more like a strong man, than a tender girl of fourteen. Think, my friend, what a task was mine, when, recover-

ing from the swoon into which the sight of me had thrown her, I had to lead her to the couch whereon now lay the lifeless form of our son!

" 'It must have been dreadful!' exclaimed Mr. Pemberton.

" 'To me it was so—but with the stricken mother that feeling was past. 'Poor boy!' was all she said, as she looked upon him; and taking a napkin from her pocket, she gently wiped away the black froth that already began to ooze from his mouth. She neither wept nor sighed.

" 'Come,' said she, 'come from danger,' and she led me out of the room. 'I rejoice for thy return, my dear Gabriel;' she continued, 'but Heaven grant I may not have bitter cause to grieve at it hereafter. It was but last night, in the midst of all my own heavy affliction, I silently prayed to God he might turn your steps from this devoted city.'

" 'She conducted me to the apartment where my only remaining children, my son Joseph and my daughter Alice, were sitting, like victims waiting for their turn to die. Joseph was supporting his sister, after having recovered her from the fit into which she had fallen at the window. The ashy hand of sickness had swept away all the beauty from her cheeks: but, as yet, neither of them had been attacked by the pestilence. The condition of Alice was merely the effect of grief and terror.

" 'I learned from Rachel that the men stationed outside, to watch the house night and day, were instructed to execute any commissions that might be required; to obtain food, drink, medicine, or other necessities. These they deposited in the passage, or conveyed in at the window. I understood, also, a nurse might be obtained, tempted by a large sum of money; but having once entered the house, she would not be allowed to quit it till the prescribed period. Medical men, alone, under certain regulations, were permitted to have ingress and egress.

" 'Night came. I heard the dismal tolling of a bell, and the more dismal cry, at intervals, of '*Bring out your dead!*' I looked from the window, and saw the red, dusky glare of the torches, carried by the men who belonged to the dead-cart. I perceived they stopped at al-

most every house; and dreadful were the shrieks and wailings of those who were compelled thus to part with the remains of parents, children, kindred, without being allowed to follow them to the grave, to provide them with a coffin, or to give them any of the commonest rites of burial. I looked at Rachel as the lumbering cart came rolling heavily towards our own dwelling. I could not speak. She understood me; for falling upon my neck, and shedding the first tears I had seen, 'No, Gabriel!' she exclaimed, 'I cannot part with them yet. To-morrow night!'

" 'The next night came; but before the sun went down that day, my first-born, my Alice, had breathed her soul away in these arms. She must have had the disease lurking in her, though we suspected it not; for in the morning she awoke with grievous pains in her head, her throat and tongue red as blood, her breathing hard, and her breath pestilentially noisome. Towards noon violent convulsions came on, and she complained of scorching heat over her whole body, with such excessive soreness of the skin that she could not bear the covering of the finest linen. I despatched one of the watchers outside for a doctor.

" 'He came; but was satisfied with looking upon her at a distance: the tokens of the plague were too plainly visible. He pronounced her beyond the aid of medicine, and left her to die. My curses followed him as he departed; for I was half frantic, and could not believe death so certain. My wife, who had seen the symptoms and progress of the disease in our children already dead, bade me, in a voice of stifled anguish, 'be resigned, for hope there was none!' Almost while she spoke, my child's death-shriek pierced my heart. What a shriek it was! She was dead!

" 'My wife fell upon her knees before me; with uplifted hands and eyes she exclaimed, '*Oh, the great and the dreadful God!*' My son came forward silently, to raise his afflicted mother, while I, stupified, unable to speak or move, hugged my dead Alice closer to me, as if I could yet shield her from some horrible danger.

" 'I believe I was roused from this stupor by the rumbling of the dead-cart at midnight, the hollow sound of the

bell, and the hoarse, horrid cry of '*Bring out your dead.*' I have never had, and have not now, the recollection of any thing that passed *till* then, from the moment my poor Rachel was kneeling at my feet. I had been permitted too (or, for aught I know, I would do so), to sit all those hours with my mournful burden in my arms; for when the coming of the dead-cart awakened me to consciousness, the corpse of Alice was still resting on my bosom.

"I looked round the room. I was alone. My son was not there: Rachel was not there. A horrible dread came over me. I called upon them in a loud screaming voice. No one answered. I flung the body from me in wild distraction, and ran towards the door, repeating frantically the names of Rachel and Joseph. My wife came to me, pale and trembling. She was followed by three hideous-looking men, one bearing a torch. '*To the grave!*' said she, in a whisper, looking at me with a stony expression of her fixed eyes. '*To the grave!* It must be; I and Joseph have bid them.' I covered my face with my hands, and only *heard* what was done!"

"But why should I harrow up *your* feelings, my friend, by a recital of sufferings like these? Every hour, every minute, of the days I passed in that pest-house, brought with it still-increasing anguish, distinguished by no change of circumstance. Death held on his grisly revels, till there would have been mercy in continuing, and then he

stopped. On the fourth day my son sickened of the plague, and dropped down dead before our eyes, almost without a token of its presence; though immediately after dissolution his body broke out into fetid sores, the stench of which was so loathsome, that we were impatient for the night and the coming of the dead-cart.

"In vain I now implored that we might be allowed to remove; in vain I offered large bribes to let us flee; in vain I grew desperate, and threatened to force our way out at whatever hazard. A deaf ear was turned equally to prayers, to temptation, and to menaces.

"At length the calamity I most dreaded overtook me. On the sixth night my wife's hour of travail suddenly came on; and there was no human being save myself near her; and—"

For the first time Lindsay's voice faltered, and he paused.

"No!" he continued, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "No, no! *that* is too frightful! It drove me mad; and there comes a huge blank after that terrific night, which is full of nameless horror! Even now I hear the voice of Rachel moaning in my ears, '*Oh, the great and the dreadful God!*'"

Mr. Pemberton was hardly able to offer his dying friend consolation; but he did what he could; and two days after listening to this "appalling history of a single week," he received his parting blessing as he calmly expired!

THE DYING WAHABEE.

AWAY! away! the Lord hath left
 His people to the sword,
 And those who live, of power bereft,
 Must roam a broken horde.
 No, Aber, leave me here, and fly;
 I will not shun my doom:
 What reck I of my destiny?
 My early desert tomb.
 Away! thy steed may bear thee yet;
 For me, alas! the sun of hope
 That brightly rose has darkly set;
 And man with Fate can never cope.
 Away! away! and leave me here;
 I would not, if I had the power,

Arrest the fate that hovers near
 A single day, a single hour.
 And could I live when fate has pass'd
 O'er Wahab's children, and they lie
 Like blossoms scatter'd to the blast,
 No, Aber, leave me here to die!
 The desert's sands have been my home,
 In youth I track'd them with the brave,
 My childhood there was wont to roam,
 And they may serve for manhood's grave.

F. C. H.

August, 1831.

MINUTES

Of the Proceedings at a Special Meeting of the Directors and Provisional Committee of the PADDINGTON CEMETERY COMPANY, held on Thursday Evening, August 18, at the Shades in Charing Cross.

Resolved, That application be made to parliament to incorporate the society under the name of the "College of Undertakers," and that Lord Milton and *The Times* be requested to support the same.

Resolved, That a "Board of Correspondence" be immediately established, for the purpose of receiving communications from the principal physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and nurses in the metropolis and its vicinity, of such promising cases as are likely to prove mortal in their hands.

Resolved, That a competent number of persons, with sentimental faces, insinuating address, and white pocket-handkerchiefs, be employed to wait upon the relations of those who may be thus certified to the Board of Correspondence as past recovery, and bespeak their custom.

Resolved, That every physician, apothecary, or nurse, who shall be the means of causing twelve adult bodies to be buried by the College of Undertakers, shall become thereby proprietor of one grave, free of all cost, charge, or fee; the said grave to be in the nature of transferable property, upon notice duly given to the secretary before the sale and transfer take place.

Resolved, That every surgeon, who shall in like manner be the means of causing twelve adult bodies to be buried by the College, shall be at liberty to choose one grave, as aforesaid, or the contents of one grave; provided always, that they be not allowed to disturb their own patients, seeing that such privilege might, in many instances, operate as an inducement to sending them out of the world.

Resolved, That a printed list of the prices for body lengths in the Paddington Cemetery, and of the other charges for coffins, shrouds, &c., be hung up in all the wards of the different hospitals and infirmaries.

Resolved, That acres of the ground already purchased, be set apart for the cultivation of daffadowndillies, violets, pansies, forget-me-nots, cypress, yew trees, and evergreens in general.

Resolved, That in order to accommodate persons dying in Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Lambeth, Kennington, and other distant parts of the metropolis, "burial offices" shall be opened at convenient intermediate stations, from which hearses and mourning coaches will start every day at stated hours. With a view also to consult the comfort of the poorer classes, who cannot afford more than a walking funeral, and who could not be expected to walk six or seven miles sweltering in the dog-days, (to say nothing of the great loss of time which would be thereby occasioned,) funeral omnibuses shall ply between all remote places and Paddington; each omnibus to be capable of containing three coffins, and twenty-four mourners, and the charge for conveyance not to exceed three-pence a head. And further, that the public may be thoroughly satisfied of the superior accommodations offered by the College of Undertakers, water-hearses and funeral-boats shall be established along

the whole line of the Regent's Canal, for the special convenience of persons dying in its vicinity; the boats to be provided with bands of music, and play the *Dead March in Saul*, or the *Hundred and fourth Psalm*, in going, and *Handel's Water-piece*, or any other appropriate aquatic air which the company may call for, in returning.

Resolved, That heads of families, having sickly children, or wives with delicate constitutions, may, upon paying a small per centage on the burial charges, be entitled to considerable advantages, (to be hereafter specified,) should any of their sickly children, or their delicate constitution wives, die within twelve months from the time of making such payments.

Resolved, That the said payments do constitute a fund to be called the *Dead Reckoning Fund*, to be appropriated to an annual dinner (either at *Gravesend*, or *Bury*) in the county of Suffolk, of the Directors and Committee, under the name of the *Death's Head Club*.

Resolved, That Mr. Paul (the Banker to the College), be declared perpetual President of the said Club, and Captain Coffin, R.N., perpetual Vice-President.

Resolved, That *vin du grave* be the only wine, and *Deady's best* the only drams, allowed at the dinners of the said Club.

Resolved, That any member getting dead drunk at the said dinners, shall be placed in the hands of Captain Coffin, who is expected to take a lively interest in the prosperity and decorum of the Club, by gravely admonishing the offender when he is sober.

Resolved, That each member of the Death's Head Club do wear a silver medal, suspended from the third button-hole of his waistcoat, with this inscription—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Resolved, That Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., the author of "*Songs for the Grave and Gay*," be paid ten pounds for one of his best grave-songs, to be sung by the whole Club, after the removal of the cloth.

Resolved, That the room in which the Directors transact all the business of the College, be hung round with the finest copies that can be procured of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, and Blake's *Illustrations of Blair's Grave*.

Resolved, That Mr. R. W. Sievier be appointed Stone-cutter to the College, with instructions to prepare a good assortment of cross-bones, angels, weeping cherubs, hour-glasses, and two or three good Deaths.

Resolved, That Mr. Robert Graves, "the cheap and fashionable" advertising tailor, of High Holborn, be appointed Shroud-maker to the College, with directions to send in, as speedily as possible, a superior collection of handsome winding sheets, fancy shrouds, and ornamental face-cloths.

Resolved, That as soon as Mr. R. W. Sievier and Mr. Robert Graves have executed the above orders, a repository shall be opened, to be called *The Undertaker's Bazaar*, for the purpose of exhibiting these novelties. This bazaar to be constructed in the form of a tomb; over the entrance to which these words shall be placed in gilt letters, upon a black tablet:

"Coffins stand round like open presses,
To show the dead in their last dresses."

Resolved, That G. F. Carden, Esq., Treasurer and Trustee, *pro tem.*, be appointed Epitaph Writer to the College; and that the following samples, tendered by Mr. Carden, be entered upon the books of the College, as vouchers of his ability to execute this office.

Mm. The charge for epitaphs, by the College, to be according to the subjoined scale, viz.—10s. 6d. for four lines, and sixpence for each additional line; one half to go to Mr. Carden, the other to the Dead Reckoning Fund. An allowance to be made for family epitaphs.

SAMPLES.

FOR A DAUGHTER.

Ye, who have lost an only daughter,
Judge what I felt when grim death caught her!

Or,
Ye who, like me, have lost an only daughter,
Can judge *my* feelings when Death *unfeeling* caught her,
And when the Cemetery Company to this place brought her.

FOR A FATHER.
Here doth sleep,
Beneath this heap,
A tender parent dear;
Stranger stop,
And pitying drop
A salt, salt, salt, salt tear!

Or, FOR A FATHER AND MOTHER, WHERE THE CASE MAY SUIT.
Here lie *two* tender parents dear,
Who both died, like good Christians, in one year;—
May all who come to be buried here
Do the same when they find their own end is near!

FOR ANY PROMISING YOUNG MAN CUT OFF IN THE PRIME OF LIFE.
I mourn for the loss of a beautiful son,
Who died before he was twenty-one.

FOR A HUSBAND OR WIFE.
Departed saint, adieu! adieu!
You've gone from *me*, and I can't come to *you*.

Or,
Farewell, my dear, I'm left behind
Thy going to deplore,
Because the fates, ah, too unkind!
Have made you go before.
But, when it comes to my sad turn
To moulder into dust,
It will not signify a single rush
Which of the two went first.

FOR A VERY *leetle* CHILD.
Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.*

Resolved, That a reward of five pounds be offered for the discovery of the author of the following scandalous libel, which has been sent to the Committee:

“ EPIGRAPH.
“ Here lies poor Nicholas Birkett,
Who was hanged at the Oxford circuit,
And whose case was really a hard 'un.
He was tried by a fierce old shark,
Sir—*something or other*, Park,
And defended by G. F. Carden.”

Resolved, That the seal of the College, when it is incorporated, be the *Ace of Spades*, empaled with worms, and quartered with a skull. Motto—*Come unto us, ye dead!*

Resolved, That advertisements be forthwith inserted in all the daily papers, stating that no shares can be had after the 1st of September, in order that we may have a good reason for stating, at the next general meeting, on the 7th, that no shares have been applied for.

* This is a piracy of the Treasurer and Trustee *pro tem*. We have seen it in print before. All the others have the stamp of undoubted originality, and are genuine.—Ed. of R. L. M.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART VIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the various offices which Sully fulfilled, and the various duties that were consequently cast upon him, he still persisted in devoting his time and labour, in spite of all obstruction, to the improvement of the finances. The weakness, the vices, and the profligacy of the sovereigns who had recently filled the throne—of Henry II., of Charles IX. and of Henry III.—had heaped evil upon evil, and abuse upon abuse, and such a host of public officers and men in power had contrived to quarter themselves upon the industry of the people, that there was wherewithal to deter any one from approaching the iniquitous mass, and nothing but the rare qualities which this great minister combined could have wrought him up to the encounter.

He had one auxiliary, however, that was invaluable, the king laboured earnestly by his side for the good of the people. Whatever might be Henry's weaknesses in private life, he never failed to bestir himself when the necessities of the nation called for it. He was not only reluctant to impose any fresh burden on his subjects, but he earnestly profited by every opportunity to ease that which they already bore. Thus supported, Sully found all the difficulties which at first surrounded him gradually give way. The king left to him the choice of the measures to be pursued, and he adopted the most prudent and the most effective. He recommended the most fit and faithful persons to his majesty to fill the different appointments as they became vacant, and gradually thus getting intelligent men and men of application about him, he was not only able to proceed with more confidence but to get his plans more promptly executed. The benefits of his administration were not only visible in Paris but extended over the whole kingdom. The highways were repaired in almost every part of France—footpaths were made, and bridges erected in places hitherto impassable—new wharfs were built—industry was reanimated, and the whole face of the country assumed a

lively and cheerful hue. Elm and other trees were planted along the sides of the road—the level landscape which tired the eye of the traveller was embellished and diversified—and all these improvements were effected without imposing a single additional burden on the community. They were brought about solely by a judicious retrenchment of expenditure, and an honest reformation of abuses. "I cannot abstain," says Sully, "from making a remark—in itself commonplace enough—that order and economy must necessarily have infinite resources, when I reflect that notwithstanding the ordinary expenses of the state, and the extraordinary cost which his majesty was put to in different parts of his empire—although nearly a million sterling was annually sent abroad to discharge the claims of other countries—added to all this, the exhausted state in which the king found his exchequer, and the resources of his kingdom, and surrounded as he was with perplexities apparently insurmountable, when he came to the throne, yet the government had already exhibited an appearance of opulence, which almost obliterated the remembrance of its former poverty. "Could any one," he adds, "have imagined ten years before, that in this year 1605, the king would have found himself as rich as he now was, when they called to mind that the demands upon him when he became peaceable possessor of the crown, surrounded by financial difficulties, and the claim of interest and arrears did not amount to less than between sixteen and seventeen millions sterling! Who, I say, could have imagined, that so great a proportion could be discharged of this enormous sum? All his private and personal debts were paid off, and such arrangements made for the liquidation of the remainder, as would not only not exhaust the royal treasury, but not even inconvenience it. Yet all this was actually effected!"*

This favourable change in the face of affairs, had not only made the minister by whose perseverance it had been

* Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 80.

brought about, extremely popular, but had gradually exalted the king very highly in the affection of his subjects. His military fame, the generosity of his temper, his prepossessing and amiable demeanour in public, and the mild and temperate manner in which he exercised the royal authority, combined with the real anxiety which he manifested for the welfare of his people, obtained for him—and deservedly—the title of HENRY LE GRAND.

An enlightened minister like Sully, however well he might stand with the public at large, must necessarily be exposed to the hatred and ill-will of all those—and there were many among them of great note and distinction—whose peculations he had suppressed, and whose emoluments he had swept away. To serve the public is, at best, but a thankless office. Henry, besides, kept the keys of preferment always in his own hands; he was not the channel through which ministers dispensed their patronage, nor was he under the dominion of an insatiate and imperious nobility. The royal bounty flowed from the royal will. The king was truly—what he was declared to be—the fountain of honour. Such, some will say, is the evil of an absolute monarchy. Perhaps it may be so; but, after all, thus much at least is true, that the plenitude of power is quite as usefully retained by an absolute sovereign, as exercised by an arrogant, rapacious, and irresponsible aristocracy.

It was in this year 1606, that Sully was raised to the peerage, and being requested by the king to name from which of his estates he would prefer the title, he chose his estate of Sully, and his patent of creation was made out forthwith. He had before been offered a dukedom when appointed ambassador to England, but had declined it on the ground of his private fortune being then inadequate to the maintenance of its dignity. On the present occasion, all the lords of the court and the chief of the nobility accompanied Sully to the parliament, on going through the ceremonial of his reception. All the princes of the blood were likewise present. At the conclusion of the ceremony, sixty personages of the first rank went home with him to the arsenal, where a splendid entertainment was provided. His majesty without having given the

slightest hint of his intention to be present, to the great surprise of Sully, had stole in privately among the guests.—“Grand master,” said the king, “I am come uninvited to the feast, shall I get a bad dinner?”—“I fear that may well be, sire,” replied Sully, “since I did not expect so great an honour.”—“I don't think I shall,” returned Henry, good-humouredly interrupting his acknowledgments, “for while waiting your return I made the tour of the kitchens, where I saw some of the finest fish that ever were beheld, and some high-flavoured ragouts just to my taste, and because you staid longer than suited my appetite I regaled myself with some of your small hunting oysters, and drank some of your wine of Arbois, the best I ever tasted.”—The king, throwing aside the stateliness of royalty, entered fully into the joy of the occasion, and his gaiety gave a zest to the entertainment, which greatly heightened the gratification of all present.

This little incident serves to show the very friendly terms—like honourable to both—in which Henry lived with the Duke of Sully. It is by slight circumstances like these that the natural goodness of his heart develops itself; they endear the character of majesty infinitely more than all the statuary stiffness of rank.

But notwithstanding the devoted attachment of Henry to this deserving minister, it ought not to surprise us if we find the harmony that subsisted between them sometimes disturbed. The king was not at all times willing to put that restraint on his inclinations which his elevated station and the influence of his example as the head of the state, so urgently called for. There were offended courtiers enough always on the watch to depreciate the minister in the eyes of his royal master. The probity and independence of his character, and his frank and fearless mode of speaking when the urgency of the occasion called for it, gave them sometimes an opportunity to sow the seeds of dissension, but they never took root. Sully gives a memorable instance of this in the earlier part of his memoirs, which it is impossible to peruse without lamenting that it is *unique*. History affords no second example of it.

“The king,” says Sully, “was dis-

coursing with me one day, when the subject turned upon an affair of gallantry, the particulars have escaped my recollection, all I remember is, that I expressed myself with some warmth against the Duchess d'ANGOULEME and another person who played the principal part in the scene, and that I was bold enough to represent to Henry with much firmness, that intrigues that accorded so ill with his age and dignity, did but tarnish his glory, and might possibly have some still worse termination. My freedom of expostulation, sometimes graciously received, drew down upon me this time expressions of extreme anger and reproof. He was indeed so irritated when he left my chamber, that he said, loud enough to be heard—"It is really impossible to bear with this man any longer, he does nothing but oppose me, and finds fault with whatever I do; but, by heaven! I will make him obey me, he shall not appear in my presence for this fortnight to come."—My disgrace appeared to all present as a thing certain: my domestics were much grieved, but many others, I believe, secretly rejoiced at it.

"By seven o'clock the next morning the king alighted at the arsenal, with five or six persons whom he brought with him in his carriage. He would not permit my servants to announce his arrival, but came himself, and tapped at the door of my cabinet. I was not a little surprised when, on asking '*Who is there?*' the reply was '*It is the king!*' I knew by the sound of his voice that it was Henry himself. 'Well, and what are you doing here,' says he, entering with the Duke de Roquelaure, De Vic, Zamet, La Varenne, and Erard the engineer, for he had occasion to speak with me respecting the fortifications of Calais. I replied that 'I was writing letters, and preparing work for my secretaries:' indeed, my table was actually covered with letters, and statements of different matters that I was that day to lay before the council. 'And how long have you been thus occupied?' continued his majesty. 'Ever since three o'clock,' I replied. Henry made no answer, but commanding every one to retire, he began to confer with me upon some subjects upon which it was impossible I could subscribe to his opinion, which he plainly perceived, when

I told him coldly, 'that I had no advice to offer; that his majesty having, no doubt, made up his mind upon mature deliberation, nothing remained for me but to obey him, since he was displeased when any one entertained an opinion contrary to his own.' 'Oh, oh!' said Henry, smiling, and giving me a gentle tap on the cheek, 'you are upon the reserve, and have some remains of yesterday's ill-humour hanging about you; as for me, I have none; come, come, embrace, and live with me upon your usual terms of freedom, for I know your heart, and if you spoke otherwise it would be a sign that you no longer took any real concern in my affairs. Although I am sometimes angry,' he added, with that candour that was natural to him, 'I wish you to put up with it, for I don't regard you the less; on the contrary, from the moment you ceased to oppose me on points which I knew you to disapprove, I should believe you had no longer any affection for me.'

"Here is one of those traits," adds this model of a minister, "which are important as illustrating the true character of Henry; and which, indeed, displays it in a most amiable light. It is not uncommon to see the ministers and favourites of princes fall into disgrace; neither is it extraordinary that by their unworthy proceedings they should deserve this treatment. But do princes on such occasions punish the actual misconduct? Scarcely ever. They are instigated by caprice, by levity, by pride, and by ill-humour, where they ought only to be influenced by motives of strict justice. It seems to be the fate of Reason never to be listened to, neither when she combats the passions nor when she coincides with them."

Henry took care, when taking his leave on the present occasion, effectually to remove from the minds of those about him, any impression they might have conceived that his minister had lost a portion of his favour. "The king," says he, "afterwards conferred with me upon topics to which it is not permitted me to advert; then embracing me, he bade me farewell. On passing from my closet he said to De Vic, 'I have provided for the fortifications of Calais;' and, raising his voice, added, 'There are many persons weak enough

to believe, that when I am in a passion with the Duke of Sully, it is serious and will be lasting; but no such thing: for when I come to reflect that he neither remonstrates with nor contradicts me, but with a view to my own honour and dignity, or the advantage of my affairs, and never from any motives of personal interest, I love him the better for it, and am impatient to tell him so."

It is painful to consider that the advancement of knowledge and the progress of political science has done so little to improve the character of our rulers. The principles of reason and religion, however they may elevate the character and promote the comfort of private men, seem to exert their influence in vain within the circle of courts. The annals of France furnish no specimen of such a king, before or after him, as their fourth Henry. Our own annals have not even one such monarch on record. The political and religious history of all the leading governments of Europe, what do they present but scenes of oppression, selfishness, strife, intolerance, and bloodshed? As far back as that history reaches we have the same monotonous detail. The struggling of rival candidates for power and place: the intrigues of the unprincipled

aspirants that surround a throne; priests rising into their supremacy by imposture; military heroes carving their way upwards with the sword; all in authority trampling, as by common consent, on the rights of the people; and government every where encompassing itself by an array of guards—not to ensure the public against disorder—but to protect itself and its instruments against the discontent excited in the multitude by the excess of oppression and misrule. To all this the reign of Henry the Fourth exhibits a refreshing and delightful contrast. Two centuries have passed without affording a second example to France of a sovereign loving his minister for those very qualities which made him hated by the court—his financial economy, his intellectual courage, and his inflexible uprightness. The mould, it should seem, has been broken up in which this king and his minister were cast. Theirs is not the *legitimate succession*, in support of which nations have exhausted their resources. It is not to perpetuate the remembrance of such men that crowned heads enter into a *holy alliance*. Their labours have a very different vocation.

S.

TEXTS AND COMMENTS.

BY AN OXFORD BLUE.

No. III.

TEXT.

"IN less than three months the (Reform) Bill will be the law of the land." (*Times*, August 16.)

COMMENT.

Will it?

TEXT.

"The Dutch Troops having withdrawn from the territory of Belgium, the French troops will retire also." (*Speeches of Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey*.)

COMMENT.

Will they?

TEXT.

"Though I feel that the occasion of presenting petitions is not the most fitting time for a discussion upon the great measure of Reform now in progress through the other house of parliament, I cannot but observe, with reference to the imputations against the supporters of that measure made by the noble Duke (Wellington), namely, that they support it as a step towards the attainment of 'ulterior views,' extending to a very extensive change in our representative system—that the chief object which ministers propose to themselves in bringing it forward, is to effec-

tually put an end to the clamour and discontent, which the withholding of a sound and constitutional reform has generated, and thereby add to the stability of the existing institutions of the country; and that, *even as far as they have gone, they have been eminently successful; for the demand for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual parliaments, has been silenced since their plan of Reform has been promulgated.*" (*Speech of Earl Grey.*)

COMMENT.

If a traveller, whose ultimate destination was Edinburgh, were to take advantage of the York mail, and go by it *thus far* on his journey, would it necessarily follow, when he arrived at York, he would stop there, and not think of pushing on for Edinburgh? Or should we be justified in concluding that *because* he consented to accept a seat in the York mail (the Edinburgh coach not being ready to start) he had given up all idea of proceeding to the latter place? Methinks the traveller himself might reason somewhat differently. He might say, "I may as well take advantage of the conveyance that offers: it will not, indeed, carry me to my journey's end, but it will take me a *great way towards it*; and when I am thus far on my road, I shall find it easy enough to manage the rest," I really cannot see how it proves that men have renounced "ulterior objects," because they quietly grasp at intermediate ones. A creditor who accepts an instalment of thirteen and fourpence in the pound, does not, as a matter of course, relinquish his claim to the remaining six shillings and eight-pence.

TEXT.

"The nature of our secondary punishments incited to crime rather than otherwise, for, generally speaking, the condition of men was improved upon conviction and imprisonment. (The honourable member referred to the evidence taken before a committee of the house, in proof of the fact that imprisoned convicts were better off than our agricultural labourers.) The hulks and the penal colonies ought to be made places of punishment instead of being, as was now the case, pleasurable asylums." (*Speech of Colonel Davies, upon moving for a "select committee to inquire into the best mode of giving efficiency to secondary punishments."*)

"His honourable friend complained of the state of the prisons, and observed that the culprits who were confined in them were much better off than the agricultural labourers. Now it was true that the legislature might have made the gaols too comfortable, but what was the reason? Why this was the necessary consequence of the horrible situation in which the prisons formerly were. His honourable friend said that of late years the prisoners lived too well. Here again, what was to be done? He did not know how this was to be remedied, when they gave the prisoners an assurance that they should be maintained without injury to their health." (*Speech of Mr. G. Lamb, in reply to Colonel Davies.*)

COMMENT.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, there was a spurious sensibility very much in fashion, which discharged its maudlin streams upon rogues and ruffians. Prisons were visited by humane committees, whose hair stood on end when they saw that dungeons had no down beds, that stone floors had no Turkey carpets, that grated windows were not so cheerful as French ones, that spare diet pulled down plump cheeks, and that men and women, in confinement for crimes, did not enjoy the comforts and luxuries of men and women who were at liberty because they had committed no crimes. It was shocking to think that poor unfortunate wretches, who had done nothing but pick a pocket, plunder a house at midnight, or killed those who objected to having their pockets picked and their houses plundered, should be subjected to all the inconveniences of imprisonment, and the mercy of gaolers and turnkeys. Hapless beings! Surely it was enough that they were to be hanged, whipped, or transported, for their indiscretions;—till they were hanged, whipped, or transported, let them be made comfortable, and gratefully sensible of the improvement of their condition, by exchanging the hardships of precarious penury for the solid enjoyments of preparatory incarceration. At the head of these humane persons was Mr. Grey Bennet, who, up to the moment of going abroad himself, was indefatigable in his efforts to mitigate the sufferings of

those who were sent abroad by the government. And what has been the natural consequence of all this mountebank humanity? Why, that places of punishment for guilt, or what should be such, have become "pleasurable asylums:" that criminals, whom society hunts from its walks, are better off, in consequence of their crimes, than an agricultural labourer who toils from sun-rise to sun-set to procure, by honest industry, sustenance for his wife and children. Nor is this all. The abatement of the wholesome and just severities of penal discipline, has operated, indirectly, in multiplying offenders, who covet, instead of dreading, the good warm clothing and well-fed indolence of a prison life. It appears, by returns made to parliament, that the number of commitments in England and Wales, for various offences, in the year 1812, was 3912; while, in 1827, they amounted to 12,564. Now, after making all fair allowance for the progressive increase of population, during the interval, for the disbanding of a large part of our army and navy, and for periods of manufacturing and agricultural distress, I am decidedly of opinion that a large portion of the excess is to be ascribed to the diminution of the check upon crimes, occasioned by the amelioration of their punishment.

TEXT.

"Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war."—*Shakspeare.*

COMMENT.

England, in 1831—under a Whig government—and waiting for the Reform Bill to pass.

THE LIVES OF THE PLAYERS.*

BY JOHN GALT.

We know no class of persons of whom (with few exceptions) the individual histories can be less profitable or entertaining than players. They are so entirely identified with the present, so emphatically a part of the day that is passing over us, so much the creatures of the moment in which they give delight, that to read of what they *were*, when they have ceased to *be*, is about as insipid an affair as to read of a fine summer's morning in the reign of Queen Anne. The lives of the Lords Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, for the last two hundred years, would be almost as attractive a piece of biography as the lives of the players for that period.

Mr. Galt, indeed, is of a different opinion. With much modesty he assures us, in his preface, that these two volumes "will probably be among the most *amusing books* in the language." Q. E. D. He further informs us, his object has been to "produce a parlour book." We are afraid it will turn out he has produced a book for the exclusive benefit of those bibliopolists who tempt with bargains by the way side.

It is fit, however, before we speak of the work, that Mr. Galt should have the full benefit of his own account of what he has done.

In the first place then, he declares, he has disappointed "those liquorish epicures who care not for the woodcock without the trail;" meaning, by this somewhat coarse image, that he has seriously avoided all ribaldry; a merit of which he seems unnecessarily proud.

In the next place he tells us he has "disregarded dates and minute circumstances, save a few *epochal* events;" that "his pencil has been withheld from warts, scars, and freckles," but that the "*nobler features* have been painted with industrious care."

Lastly, "he has studied less to echo the judgment of others, than to be firm and impartial in his own."

Having thus stated, in *his own words*, the scope and intention of these two volumes, it is with regret we find ourselves compelled to state, in *our own words*,

* 2 vols. 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

that they are as perfect a sample of the worst kind of mere book-making as we have seen for some time. This we say at the outset. But we desire our readers, in common candour, not to believe us till the end; nor then, unless they are completely satisfied with the evidence we shall lay before them. We ask no confidence in our opinion that is not produced by the facts from which we deduce it.

Mr. Galt calls his work "*The Lives of the Players.*" We open the volumes, and look in vain for the names of Mossop, Barry, J. Palmer, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope, Edwin, Dodd, Havard (the author of *Charles I.*, a tragedy), Penkethman (the Liston of his day), Eastcourt (to whose death Sir Richard Steele dedicated an entire *Spectator*, No. 468), Mrs. Yates, Bensley, the first Mrs. Pope, Suett, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Galt will not say that these (and fifty others which might easily be named), are of too humble a reputation; too obscure, in the annals of the stage; when he has preserved all he could find of such personages as a Mrs. Charlotte Chark, a Mr. Samuel Sandford, a Mr. Lacy Ryan, &c. Besides, as he professes to have written "*The Lives of the Players,*" it would puzzle him to show upon what principle the persons we have enumerated are omitted. He tells us, to be sure, that more volumes will be "added hereafter," should the success of these justify their appearance; so we may surmise, that in what is to come, the deficiencies of what has arrived will be supplied.

But can Mr. Galt inform us why, in these two volumes, the lives of those who were players are left out, to make room for those who were never players? Is the reader prepared to learn that among "*The Lives of the Players*" he will find the Life of Savage—the poet; of Mrs. Centlivre—the dramatist; of Farquhar—the dramatist; of Arthur Murphy—the translator of *Tucitus*; and of Thomas Holcroft—the novelist and play-writer—because, at some period of their career, they had attempted the stage and failed? In other words, because they were not actors, but had talents of another kind, and renounced a calling for which they were disqualified, to pursue one in which they became eminent. Therefore Mr. Galt introduces them into his *Lives of the Players*! Upon this principle he should have given us the life of Shakspeare, and of the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence; and upon this principle, too, every actor or actress who has written bad poetry or prose, in the shape of sonnet, song, or essay, ought to have his or her life registered among the authors of Great Britain. If this be not book-making of the worst kind, we know not what is. Men are assigned to the class in which they have acquired distinction: not to that in which they were unknown. An admirable Lord Chancellor may have been, at the outset of his career, a very bad portrait painter. Would you, therefore, expect to find his life in a biographical dictionary of artists?

We certainly stared, when we cast our eyes over the contents, to see Murphy, and Farquhar, and Savage, transformed into players:

Their lives, we knew, were neither strange nor rare,
But wonder'd how the devil they got there!

There are some men who, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, adorn whatever they touch. Mr. Galt is certainly not one of them. On the contrary, he contrives to infuse dulness and insipidity into materials which were sparkling and attractive before he touched them. Let any one who has read Cibber's *Apology* (which Mr. Galt has unmercifully pillaged without saying a word about it), George Anne Bellamy's *Memoirs*, Davies and Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, and Ireland's *Life of Henderson* (to say nothing of the separate Lives of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons), only take the trouble, as we have done, to wade through the Lives of Cibber, Bellamy, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, in these two volumes, and they will marvel how Mr. Galt could contrive to be so peerlessly dull and commonplace with such instruments to work with.

The fact is (for the evidence stares upon us in every page), Mr. Galt has a notion that his own way of telling things is infinitely superior to the way of every other person; and this notion impels him, on all occasions, to indulge in what he no doubt considers the felicities of his own way. One of these felicities, and the most prominent, we think, upon the whole, is a superlative confidence in his own

superiority, which betrays him incessantly into the most ridiculous dogmatism. "I think," "I am of opinion," "I am sure," "I am certain," "I say," and "I declare," are his substitutes for evidence which he is unable to adduce in support of what he thinks, declares, says, is certain, and sure of.

A rich specimen of this pompous idolatry of self is exhibited in the short "Introduction" of four pages, where our author's magnificent *ego* demolishes, at a blow, the elaborate research of Edmund Malone's *History of the Stage*, touching the use of scenery in the time of Shakspeare. "It has been propagated by Malone, who was evidently not versed in the antiquity of the performed drama (!!) and by Dr. Drake, in his ponderous *Shakspeare and his Times*, who has not investigated the subject with the same commendable zeal that he has done topics of inferior importance." No man who had but an inch of reputation to hazard, as one who was himself acquainted with the "antiquity of the performed drama," would have been so silly as to write the above sentence respecting Malone, who spent a long life and applied a mind of extraordinary patience and sagacity, to every circumstance connected with the early state of theatrical representation in this country. Mr. Galt's competency to do so is about upon a par with what it would be had he taken it into his head to say, "It has been propagated by the Duke of Wellington, who is evidently not versed in military affairs, that the maintenance of the Belgian fortresses is essential to the safety of the Netherlands."

This ridiculous piece of arrogance (we mean the "Introduction"), concludes with the following paragraph :

These slight notices I have deemed it expedient to introduce here, because, while I am very willing to admit that the English theatre is under great obligations to Sir W. Davenant, I yet think that he was, by his French importations, the original corrupter of the old English stage, and that all we owe to the tasteful corrections of the late John Philip Kemble have been only endeavours to restore the primitive style.

Perhaps Mr. Galt's extensive knowledge will enable him to inform us at what period, antecedent to the time of John Kemble, *Macbeth* was played in a Highland costume, *Cato* and *Coriolanus* in the Roman costume, *Venice Preserved* in the Venetian costume, &c.

Another instance of this foolish assumption of superiority occurs in the *Life of Savage*. What does the reader imagine Mr. Galt has discovered? Neither more nor less than that Savage was not the illegitimate child of the Countess of Macclesfield, by the Earl of Rivers—that he himself *knew* he was not—that the Countess of Macclesfield *knew* he was not—but that he succeeded in making that weak credulous person, Dr. Samuel Johnson, think he was—and that Dr. Johnson, writing the *Life of Savage* at a time when evidence of the fraud, if fraud there were, could have been easily obtained, succeeded in making the world think he was, in one of the most eloquent pieces of biography ever produced!

It would be derogatory to the fame of the great man we have named, and trifling miserably with the common sense of our readers, to attempt to refute Mr. Galt's "mare's nest," by any comparison of his absurd assumptions (for he does not pretend to bring forward a shred of evidence in the shape of new facts, or "epochal events," as he calls them), with Dr. Johnson's statements. But in the way of amusement, we will cull a few illustrations of the manner in which he handles his discovery. The *Life* opens thus:

This vagabond was so poor a player, that had not his life been superbly written by Dr. Johnson, it should not have received a place in this work; (an excellent reason, by the by, for hashing it up;) but the singular merits of that celebrated piece of biography, and the no less remarkable misrepresentations, as I conceive, by which it is deformed, induce me to attempt a version that shall not be so liable to objections on the score of probability.

Nor, we presume, on the score of its "singular merits" or "superb writing."

"Notwithstanding that Dr. Johnson probably received his information from Savage himself, I (John Galt) cannot discern," &c. p. 94.—"The utmost degree of culpability which I (the said John Galt) am able to discover in the conduct of the mother, even upon Dr. Johnson's own statement, amounts only," &c. p. 95.—(By the by, no one will suspect Mr. Galt, we guess, of being able to discover and

discern the things which Dr. Johnson did.)—"He (Earl Rivers) had frequently inquired for his son, says Dr. Johnson, but on what authority is not stated," p. 97. (Where is Mr. Galt's authority for impugning what Johnson asserts?)—"I would rather believe that Dr. Johnson was in error, than that nature went so far wrong," p. 97.—"I think the fact of the case is," so and so, p. 98.—"Without more particularly adverting to the improbability altogether of kidnapping the boy for Virginia, I (the aforesaid John Galt) would only remark on the plain nonsense of Dr. Johnson's observations," p. 99. (Astonishing Mr. Galt!)"—"This part of the story I (John Galt as aforesaid) have no hesitation in at once rejecting," p. 100.—"This looks so like caricature that I suspect it has received some embellishment from the voracious pen of Savage himself," p. 112.—"I have been the more particular in making this extract, because it is a fair specimen of the inflation which pervades the work," p. 115. What! the "superbly written"—the "celebrated piece" of biography, pervaded by inflation! We cannot help again exclaiming, astonishing Mr. Galt! Nay, wonderful Mr. Galt! to have discovered not only that Savage was no son of Lady Macclesfield, but that Dr. Johnson's "superbly written" life of him is an inflated piece of writing!

Now, we merely beg of any reader who is familiar with the history of Savage—who has read Johnson's *Life* of his unhappy friend—who has any knowledge of the effect produced by that work when it first appeared—and of the opinions that have been pronounced upon it by, certainly, persons of very different character from Mr. Galt—to imagine its authenticity destroyed, by these *egos*, and its splendid excellences blighted, by this long-eared criticism!

How well qualified Mr. Galt is, by the strength and sagacity of his own mind, to talk of the "plain nonsense" of Johnson, or exalt his acumen over that of the great moralist, let the following (among other samples of anility scattered through these volumes) testify.

At p. 12 he quotes, with the most innocent acquiescence in its truth, an account of Betterton's *Hamlet*, in which it is said, that upon the appearance of the *Ghost*, in the third act, "his countenance, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, turned instantly as pale as his neckcloth!" We will not go so far as Dr. Johnson was wont to do, and say "Punch has no feelings;" but we must be in our dotage when we believe that any actor can command the colour from his cheeks, (especially if they are well rouged) by the mere "cunning of the scene." Real and excessive emotion can alone work such a denotement of its presence; not the imitation.

In the same spirit of childish credulity he gravely informs us that when Wilkes performed *Lycippus* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, to Betterton's *Melantius*, he was so awed by the dignity of Betterton's manner, he "could hardly muster courage enough to make the proper replies" (vol. i. p. 49), and that Wilkes was perfect in his parts to "such exactitude, that in forty years he rarely changed or misplaced an article in one of them."—(p. 56.) With regard to the latter miracle, we confess ourselves extremely curious to know by what process it was discovered.

Again: Mr. Galt quotes Cibber's character of Betterton's *Hamlet* as "an estimate of his style of performing it in the prime of life." We are rather interested in giving as much latitude to this said phrase, the "prime of life," as may be; but we are afraid we cannot, in decency, carry it so far as Mr. Galt seems inclined to do. Betterton was born in 1635: Cibber in 1671. Allowing him, therefore, to have been only twenty when he formed his estimate, (which is as young as can be conceded, if we are to attach any weight to his judgment,) Betterton was within four years of sixty; rather a dubious "prime," we suspect. But Mr. Galt prepares us for slips like these, when he tells us of his "disregard of dates and minute circumstances." And yet, it might be imagined from other passages in the work, that his industry to ascertain dates and minute circumstances had been most exemplary. For example:—"Kynaston left the stage before 1706, but the exact period is not recorded in any of my authorities." (vol. i. p. 29.) "It is very strange," quoth Mr. Solomon in the *Stranger*, "but not a word of this is mentioned by any of my foreign correspondents!" Again: "It is commonly supposed that this great actor (Quin) and able wit, was a native of Ireland; but my inquiries have ascertained he was born in King Street, Covent Garden." (Ib. p.

183.) Perhaps, however, these may be what Mr. Galt means by "epochal events."

Mr. Galt informs us his object has been to "study the general appearance, rather than those particular markings which distinguish personal from historical portraiture. His pencil has been withheld from warts, scars, and freckles, but the nobler features have been painted with industrious care."

Whether the following important facts are to be classed among "warts, scars, and freckles," or to rank among the "nobler features" which have been "painted with industrious care," the reader will judge for himself. We can only say a very large portion of the work consists of nothing better.

He (Wilkes) was placed in the grammar-school, where he made some progress; and had a writing master to attend him thrice a week.

Wilkes and his family had a quick and prosperous voyage to Parkgate, and as soon as they had refreshed themselves—(it is not "recorded" in any of Mr. Galt's "authorities" what they had—ale, brandy and water, or only a sandwich,)—they hired horses and came to West Chester, where they continued four or five days. From thence they came, in the stage coach, to London.

Mrs. Ashbury was punctual in her devotions, and did not fail to receive the sacrament once in every month.

Upon the death of Mrs. Mumford, her parts were given to Mrs. Rodgers; but when Mrs. Oldfield appeared, Wilkes thought fit to assign them over to the debutante. This was not done out of any pique to Mrs. Rodgers, nor partiality to Mrs. Oldfield, but simply because the latter was the better actress.

It was not, however, so much from any deficiency of talent that he (Colley Cibber), was not distinguished among his schoolfellows, as from his playfulness and indiscretion: indeed, his thoughtlessness even at school, exposed him to many mortifications, besides being whipped for inattention to his lessons.

On the 23d of April following, being the Coronation of the new King, the school petitioned for a holiday, to which the master agreed, &c.

It happened on a Saturday morning that the patentees received notice that Betterton's party were to enact *Hamlet* on the Tuesday after.

Such bald and puerile gossip, which would hardly be tolerable if it related to events of yesterday, is wearisome and trifling to the last degree, when referring to theatrical squabbles, or intrigues that occurred a hundred years ago.

One more sample of this sort of twaddle, to show what Mr. Galt considers the necessary ingredients of a work which is destined, as he thinks, to be one of "the most amusing books in the language," and we have done. There was once a Mrs. Charlotte Charke, an actress of great celebrity no doubt—though we never heard so—because we perceive Mr. Galt devotes to her life as many pages, within four, as he does to Garrick, and nearly three times as many as he does to Mrs. Siddons. This lady, when a mere child, exhibited such extraordinary traits of character, traits so utterly unlike any thing which was ever heard of in a child since the beginning of the world, that Mr. Galt has very properly recorded them. We have not room for the whole of this astonishing little creature's exploits; but they who may wish for more than the following, have only to pay for the "*Lives of the Players*," and indulge their taste to a surfeit.

This eccentric damsel was the youngest child of Colley Cibber; her mother was just forty-five years of age when she was produced, and had not for some seasons before been in the maternal way; but, except by her father and mother, she was not received as a very welcome guest, a cause which has been supposed to have ministered to her misfortunes. She had, nevertheless, inherited from nature considerable talents, and a large endowment of humour and whim.

When a mere child, about four years of age, she made herself distinguished by a passionate fondness for a periwig. One summer morning at Twickenham, where her father had part of a house and garden for the season, she crept out of bed, and imagined that by the help of a wig and waistcoat she would be a perfect representative of her venerable sire; accordingly she stole softly into the servants' hall, taking her shoes and stockings with her, and a little dimity coat, which she contrived to pin up in such a manner as to supply the want of a pair of breeches. By the aid of a broom she took down a waistcoat of her brother's and an enormous tie-wig belonging to the old gentleman, which entirely enclosed her head and body, the knots of the ties thumping her heels, as she marched

along with a slow and solemn pace : this covert of hair, with the weight of a huge belt and a vast sword, was a terrible impediment to her procession.

Being thus accoutred, she took an opportunity to slip out of doors, *rolled herself into a dry ditch*, and walked up and down the ditch, bowing to all who went by. But the oddity of her appearance soon attracted a crowd,—*a circumstance which filled her with exceeding joy* ; and so she *walked herself into a fever* in the happy thought of being taken for the squire her papa.

During the following summer Mr. Cibber's family resided at Hampton Court, and the mother being indisposed, *drank asses'-milk night and morning*. Miss happened to observe that one of those health-restoring animals was attended by its foal, and accordingly formed a resolution of fixing upon the foal as a padnag : this design she communicated to a troop of young gentlemen and ladies, whose adverse fortunes rendered it convenient for them to come into any scheme Miss Charlotte Cibber could propose.

Mrs. Cibber's bridle and saddle were secretly procured, but the *riper judgments of scene* of the young lady's companions soon convinced her of the unnecessary trouble of carrying the saddle, and so it was concluded to take the bridle only. Away went Miss and her attendants to the field where the *harmless quadruped was sucking* : it was seized and bridled, and Charlotte triumphantly astride proceeded homeward with a numerous retinue, whose huzzas were drowned by the *braying of the gentle dam*, which pursued with *agonising sounds* her tender and oppressed little one.

Upon making this grand approach, Mr. Cibber was incited to inquire, and looking forth from the window beheld his daughter mounted on the young ass, preceded by a lad playing upon a *twelvepenny fiddle*, and a vast assemblage of dirty boys and girls in the rear. Her mother was not quite so passive as the father, but, in the opinion of Miss, was too active ; for no sooner was the young lady dismounted than *she underwent the discipline of the birch*, and was, in contempt of dignity, most shamefully taken prisoner in the sight of all her attendants, and *fastened by a packthread to a large table* ; and, what was worst of all, she was *obliged to ask her mother's pardon, who was, in the opinion of the young lady at the time, the most in fault : such is, in all ages, the short-sighted injustice of man !—in this case, of woman !*

There was indeed no limit to the juvenile vagaries and tricks of this maiden. She mentions herself, that in consequence of an old woman at Richmond having beaten her, she induced some of her playfellows to send as many as they could of her caps and small linen, that hung in the garden to dry, *a-swimming down a brook that ran into the Thames*, while she walked quietly home, apparently unconcerned at the mischief.

When we affirm, as we do most distinctly, that of such materials a large portion of these volumes will be found to consist, again we ask are they not sufficient evidence of the worst kind of book-making ?

The truth is, we have looked in vain for anything in this work which can entitle it to rank one jot beyond those ordinary "Histories of the Green Room," and "Lives of the Actors" which appear from time to time to gratify the lovers of small reading and hereditary jokes. Mr. Galt's style is as slip-shot and slatternly, and occasionally as ungrammatical as need be. He talks of "*shrewdest perspicuity*" (vol. i. p. 258) ; of persons being in doubt in which part Garrick "*was the greatest master*,"—Lear or Abel Druggier (Ibid.) ; of the "*three last*," instead of the last three (Ibid. p. 27) ; of burying by torch-light being "*a reverential ceremony*" (Ibid. p. 315) ; evidently not knowing the meaning of the word, any more than he does of "*venerable*," as he applies it (p. 37) in relating a foolish story of Haynes ;—of an "*account being the most correct*" where two authorities only are in question (Ibid. p. 50) ; of Nell Gwynn's resolution being "*none daunted*," of Colley Cibber being "*regarded with some invidia*" (p. 83) ; of Pope's giving Mrs. Oldfield *a fling*" (p. 91) ; of Mrs. Centlivre having "*penetrated to the cells of the comic echoes in the heart !*" (p. 124) ; of "*innate and inherent principles*" (p. 133) ; of Sir Godfrey Kneller's telling another that he, Sir Godfrey, "*was a better painter than him*" (p. 151) ; i. e. "*than him was* ;" of a lady "*marching off with her spark double quick*" (p. 166) ; of Barton Booth being "*uzorious and licentious*," meaning of course that he was constant and inconstant ; of Garrick being the "*greatest performer*," speaking of him and Quin (p. 197) ; of a person's fame which had "*waxen wide*" (p. 39), &c. &c. &c. Almost every page presents similar blemishes ; similar instances of vulgarity and blunders.

But that which has given us most pain in the reading of these volumes, is their

ponderous jocularly when our author intends to be more than ordinarily facetious, a humour which unhappily besets him on all occasions. A broad-wheeled waggon, with a team of eight horses, does not drag its slow, rumbling length more heavily along than our author in his jocose moments. We will take one sample at random. After giving a wretchedly incorrect account of the affair of cutting down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree at Stratford, he thus proceeds:

The rumour of this sacrilege roused the whole community—not the extinction of the vestal fire at Rome, nor the stealing of the Trojan palladium produced a greater sensation. The inhabitants of Stratford, men, women, and children, gathered round the house in successive crowds; *dogs stood sullen, and cats wrung their hands*; and when they beheld the fallen tree, &c.—(Vol. i. p. 309.)

Is not this excessively droll? And in excellent taste, too? We wish we had room for some more specimens of our author's wit of the same brilliant character; but we must hasten to a close.

The work, as may be supposed, teems with theatrical anecdotes; but we shook hands with all of them the moment they appeared, as very old friends. The copy-right of Joe Miller has expired; else the publishers might immediately obtain an injunction restraining Mr. Galt from using their property. He may reply, perhaps, it was not his business to make new jokes.—Granted; and we wish it were not his business to retail old ones, with as much glee as if he had just discovered them by the aid of some of his "authorities." We wish, too, he had been a little more careful in affiliating some of them. The well-known reply of Johnson, respecting Ossian, is ascribed to Quin, as if Quin had made it in reference to Johnson's own edition of Shakspeare! *Ex. gr.*—"Quin being asked whether he thought there were many men who could produce such an edition of Shakspeare as Johnson's, 'Yes,' he replied, 'many men, many women, and many children.'" To make amends for this, however, we have the rare joke of Quin picking up an orange that had been thrown on the stage, and observing, "with great presence of mind, it was not a Seville orange"—cocknice, *civil* orange!!!

We have alluded to Mr. Galt's inordinate estimate of himself, and we cannot resist quoting one beautiful instance of it. "THE PHILOSOPHICAL SAGACITY of Cibber," says he (vol. i. p. 131), "has always been undervalued. He appears at this time to have had a *very correct opinion* of the state of the nation: it accords WITH OUR OWN!! I have long been of opinion, ever since I studied the details of Charles I.'s reign, that there always existed," &c. &c. And again: "I am one of those who cannot discover the great merits of the Revolution of 1688," (p. 133.) To this we beg leave to reply, that *we* are among those who can explain the reason; viz., because Mr. Galt has made the discovery of his own great merits, the certain and insuperable obstacle to discovering any thing else.

In the second volume there is a meagre sketch of the life of Mrs. Siddons, and at the end, this sagacious postscript: "8th June, 1831. After the proof of this sheet had been corrected for the press, the newspapers of the evening have announced the death of Mrs. Siddons. The *Courier* says it took place at her house in Upper Baker Street, at half-past nine o'clock this morning, and was not unexpected. [Did not that bright paper make a second edition to announce the death, and a third, to state that it was "not unexpected?" Surely it must have done so!] No remark can be made on the coincidence of the event; but it is striking that it should have happened just at this period."

It is somewhat more striking, we think, that a life of Mrs. Siddons should have been prepared *before* she was dead, for a work which was not intended to comprise an account of *any* living performer. The "coincidence of the event" we take to be this,—that Mrs. Siddons's death took place just as the volumes were ready for publication. and that the publication was delayed to make the most of the windfall, by hastily scribbling a dozen pages about her to suit the occasion. Mr. Galt will not pretend to say that were Mrs. Siddons now alive, there would be any mention of her in these volumes. Why then resort to an artifice so easily detected?

We cannot conclude without observing, that the Life of King, in the second volume, is extremely interesting; but the reason why it is so is curious, as illustrative of the general merits of the work. The Life consists of twenty-

four pages; about six of them only are written by Mr. Galt: the remainder consists of original letters of George Colman and Garrick, forming part of the *Garrick Correspondence* just published: and it was really quite refreshing to fall in with them, in the midst of the barren mediocrity by which they are surrounded.

THE GARRICK CORRESPONDENCE.*

THOSE of our friends who have read the review of *The Keepsake*, *Oxford*, and *The Lives of the Players*, will give us credit for variety, in our mode of treating works submitted to our critical judgment. We hate to be like one of our neighbours—a sort of Literary Paganini—always harping upon one string; and we are now about to imitate the profound reviewer of *The Literary Gazette*, and give one of those edifying criticisms which leave the reader totally in the dark as to our opinion, and devote a few pages to extract. There are, however, some works which speak for themselves, and that which we are about to notice, *à la Jerdan*, is one of them. It is true that our weekly contemporaries have had the start of us, and culled lustily from the book, so that our notice comes rather more than a day behind the fair; nevertheless, we suspect that we shall pick a few grains from the remaining chaff, as well as preserve some of the best that have been strewed about after gathering, by others. It is not a little curious to find *The Literary Gazette* chuckling over its imaginary priority, and to observe his clever and powerful rival, *The Athenæum*, reviewing the volume on the same day.

“As this massive volume only *sees* the light to-day,” observes the sage of the former paper, “and has been but a short while in our *pre* possession, we may be excused from going into any detail,” &c. Notwithstanding this little bit of swagger, *The Athenæum* (a work which we will not degrade by comparison, and published too at half the price), contains the same day, a far more entertaining review of the book, modestly announcing, at the outset, that “an early copy of the first volume of this interesting work has been kindly sent to them.” In proposing to give a review, *à la Jerdan*, we do not mean that what we write of ourselves shall be rank nonsense, and that what we write of others depends on whether they ask us to dine with them and how they treat us; we merely mean that there shall be a page of extract for every line of original matter, and that we shall not trouble ourselves to criticise.

The Life and Times of Garrick were interesting, because associated with great persons: and few there were who did not correspond with that eminent actor. From the extracts which we have culled, our readers will be able to judge of the interest to be found in six hundred and sixty quarto pages. There is a biographical notice of Garrick, which precedes the correspondence, and will, perhaps, form the subject of a distinct criticism; at all events, we pass it over for the present for what is infinitely more important. It is more convenient too—and this is an object—to pay no attention to arrangement.

Mrs. Cibber to Mr. Garrick.

November 9, 1745.

Sir,—I had a thousand pretty things to say to you, but you go to Ireland without seeing me, and to stop my mouth from complaining, you artfully tell me I am one of the number you don't care to take leave of. And I tell you I am not to be flammed in that manner.

You assure me also you want sadly to make love to me; and I assure you, very seriously, I will never engage upon the same theatre again with you, without you make more love to me than you did last year. I am ashamed that the audience should see me break the least rule of decency (even upon the stage) for the wretched lovers I had last winter. I desire you always to be my lover upon the stage, and my friend off of it.

I have given over all thoughts of playing this season; nor is it in the power of Mr. Lacy, with all his eloquence, to enlist me in his ragged regiment. I should be very glad to

* *The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his Time.* 2 vols. 4to. Vol. I. London, Colburn and Bentley.

command a body of regular troops, but I have no ambition to head the Drury Lane militia. What I wanted to speak to you about was, a letter sent me a fortnight ago. The purport of it was, supposing the remainder of the patent was to be sold, would you and Mr. Garrick buy it, provided you could get a promise of its being renewed for ten or twenty years? As I was desired to keep this a strict secret, I did not care to trust it in a letter, but your going to Ireland obliged me to it. After this, it is needless to beg you not to mention it to any body; but let me know what you think of it, because I must return an answer.

I have no theatrical news to tell you, but that they have revived the tragedy of "Lady Jane Grey" at Drury Lane; and that Macklin has wrote a play, which I hear is shortly to make its appearance. I accept the pleasure of your promise of writing to me when you are in Ireland; and am, Sir, most sincerely,

Your friend and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

I have no commands, but my best compliments to every body that is so kind as to inquire after me.

Mrs. Cibber to Mr. Garrick.

Feb. 26, 1745-6.

Sir,—That I may be sure not to omit putting the date to this letter, you see I begin with it; but I think it was not altogether so judicious in you to remind me that I forgot it in my last; why would you not wait and see if the next would be a *billet-doux*? You must have given me the hint by way of prevention, so I have now laid aside all thoughts of writing in that style.

I despise your vanity, when you imagine my danger was as great from Mrs. Copin, as yours from Perkin Warbeck: my rival met with disgrace the first night of her appearance; and my not naming her when I writ to you about Perkin, was a piece of generosity scarcely to be met with in the female sex, for my rival was then dismissed the house. I think you are now silenced on this subject.

My love to Ireland is as great as yours can be, and I always think with respect and gratitude of the favours I received there.

As I have quite left off wine, I can only drink Lord Blessington and Doctor Barry in small beer, but to make amends, I remember them the oftener: I assure you I take large draughts, and that you may not despise the liquor, please to remember that Shakspeare has made one of his greatest heroes to repine after that poor creature, as he calls it. I tell people here that I shall go to Ireland next year, but between friends I cannot muster up courage enough even to think of crossing the sea, so that if there is not a thorough revolution of affairs here, I shall be an idle person again next season. I am glad to find you continue resolute against engaging with them; another season must shut up the house, if the job is not already done; and giving them a lift after the unhandsome usage we have met with, would, I think, be a mean, as well as an impolitic thing. There has been no office these three weeks at Drury Lane, but I imagine the Manager pays what he calls his principal actors, but the others make a virtue of necessity, and wait his leisure.

I suppose you will hear of my refusing getting five hundred pounds for playing the "Beggar's Opera" twelve times. It is too tedious to relate in a letter, but I'll tell you the whole affair when I see you. I am most sincerely, Sir,

Your friend and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

Dr. Fordyce to Mr. Garrick.

May 13, 1763.

Dr. Fordyce presents his best compliments to Mr. Garrick, and begs to be indulged in the pleasure of telling that gentleman some part of what he felt the other night at Drury Lane. It is impossible to tell him all.

He has seen Mr. Garrick in his other characters with delight always, and with admiration as often as the author will let him. But in King Lear he saw him with rapture and astonishment. He could wish, he could imagine, nothing higher. It was Nature herself, wrought into a vast variety of the strongest, the tenderest, and the most terrible emotions, that ever agitated the breast of a father and of a monarch.

In my opinion, Sir, those who have not seen you in that wonderful part, are still strangers to the extent of your powers. They have not yet seen Mr. Garrick. It seems to me the character, of all others, that gives the noblest scope to the career and the diversity of his genius. And I am much mistaken if, in the representation, he does not feel his soul

expand with a freedom and fulness of satisfaction, beyond what he experiences in any other part.

Such violent starts of amazement, of horror, of indignation, of paternal rage, excited by filial ingratitude the most prodigious; such a perceptible, yet rapid gradation, from these dreadful feelings to the deepest frenzy; such a striking correspondence between the tempest in his mind, and that of the surrounding elements. In the very whirlwind of passion and of madness, such an exact attention to propriety, that it is still the passion and the madness of a king. Those exquisite touches of self-reproach for a most foolish and ill-requited fondness to two worthless daughters, and for the greatest injustice and cruelty to one transcendently excellent. Those resistless complaints of aged and royal wretchedness, with all the mingled workings of a warm and hasty, but well-meaning and generous soul, just recovering from the convulsion of its faculties, through the pious care of a worthy, but injured child and follower; till at length the parent, the sovereign, and the friend, shine out in the midst of majesty of fervent virtue, like the sun after a fearful storm, breaking forth delightfully in all the soft splendour of a summer evening. These, Sir, are some of the great circumstances which so eminently distinguished your action two nights ago. They possessed by turns all your frame, and appeared successively in every word, and yet more in every gesture, but most of all in every look and feature; presenting, I verily think, such a picture as the world never saw anywhere else; yet such a one as all the world must acknowledge perfectly true, interesting, and unaffected. A very crowded audience gave the plainest proofs that they found it so. Even a French lady, if I mistook not the person, who has been used to all the polite frigidity of the French drama, was moved and melted in the most sensible manner. As to myself, I suppose that I was affected in the same way with every body else. But what struck me most, and will ever strike me on reflection, was the sustaining with full power to the last, a character marked with the most diversified and vehement sensations, without ever departing once, as far as I could perceive, even in the quickest transitions and the fiercest paroxysms, from the simplicity of nature, the grace of attitude, or the beauty of expression. What I alone regretted, was the blending of modern tragedy with the inimitable composition of your immortal Shakespeare. It was some comfort, however, that you had no share in the whining scene.

I hope, Sir, you will forgive this freedom of praise, prompted as it is by pure esteem for the man whom forming Nature, without the least assistance from example, has placed so high in his profession. I have said so much, not because I imagine that my single approbation can be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick, amidst the approbation of the public, but merely to relieve myself in some measure from a load of sensibility with which King Lear has quite overwhelmed me.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. FORDICE.

C. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

October 14, 1765.

Sir,—I beg you will do me the favour to let me know if it was by your order that my money was stopped last Saturday: you was so good, indeed, last week to bid me take care or I should be caught; I thought you was laughing, and I did not know it was a determined thing.

It was never before expected of a performer to be in waiting when their names are not in the papers or bills; the public are witness for me whether I have ever neglected my business. You may (if you please to recollect) remember I have never disappointed you four times since you have been a manager; I always have had good health, and have ever been above subterfuge. I hope this stopping of money is not a French fashion; I believe you will not find any part of the English laws that will support this sort of treatment of an actress, who has a right, from her character and services on the stage, to expect some kind of respect.

I have never received any favours from you or Mr. Lacy, nor shall ever ask any of you, therefore hope you will be so good to excuse me for endeavouring to defend myself from what I think an injury; it has been too often repeated to submit to it any longer. You stopped four days' salary when I went to Dublin, though you gave me leave to go before the house shut up, and said you would do without me. If I had known your intention, I would not have lost any of my salary, as my agreement with Mr. Barry did not begin till our house had shut up. I had my money last year stopped at the beginning of the season for not coming to rehearse two parts that I could repeat in my sleep, and which must have cost me two guineas, besides the pleasure of coming to town.

I am sure I have always done every thing in my power to serve and oblige you: the first I have most undoubtedly succeeded in; the latter I have always been unfortunately unsuccess-

cessful in, though I have taken infinite pains. Your dislike to me is as extraordinary as the reason you gave Mr. Sterne for it.

The year Mrs. Vincent came on the stage, it cost me above five pounds to go to and from London to rehearse with her, and teach her the part of Polly; I could not be called on to do it, as it was long before the house opened,—it was to oblige Mr. Garrick. I have never envied you your equipages nor grandeur, the fine fortune you have already and must still be increasing. I have had but a very small share of the public money; you gave Mrs. Cibber 600*l.* for playing sixty nights, and 300*l.* to me for playing a hundred and eighty, out of which I can make it appear it cost me 100*l.* in necessaries for the stage; sure you need not want to take any thing from it.

I have great regret in being obliged to say anything that looks like contention. I wish to be quiet myself, and I am sure I never laid any schemes in my life to make any one uneasy or unhappy. In regard to the affair of the “Devil to Pay,” I sent my compliments to the managers by the prompter, at the beginning of the season, to beg that it might not be done till the weather was cool, as the quickness of the shifts puts me into a flurry, which gives me violent swimming in my head. When I was sent to, I recollected I had given my servant leave to go out, as I did not want her, who had the keys of all my things; neither had I the necessary things ready if she had been at home. I had a friend’s equipage come for me from Greenwich to dine with them, and take my leave, as they are going to Bath for the recovery of their health. I was very unhappy after I was there, and the gentleman was so obliging to send one of his grooms, at half an hour after four, to let you know I would come if you could not do without me. I had a carriage ready with the horses put to when he came back, it wanted then some minutes of six.

It is very happy for me that they happen to be people of consequence, who know the truth of what I say, and who will be very much surprised to hear how I have been treated. I have nothing more to add, but that I am,

Your most obedient servant,

C. CLIVE.

G. Colman, Esq. to Mr. Garrick.

Great Queen Street, Dec. 4, 1765.

Since my return from Bath I have been told, but I can hardly believe it, that in speaking of “The Clandestine Marriage,” you have gone so far as to say, “Colman lays a great stress on his having written this character on purpose for me, suppose it should come out that I wrote it!” That the truth should come out is my earnest desire; but I should be extremely sorry, for your sake, that it should come out by such a declaration from you.

In the present case you must be sensible that such an insinuation from you must place me in that ridiculous light; but you know that it was not I, but yourself, who desired secrecy in relation to our partnership, and you may remember the reasons you gave for it. You know, too, that on the publication of the play the whole affair was to come out, and that both our names were to appear together in the title-page.

I understood it was to be a joint work, in the fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene, and cry, “This is mine!” It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion, Hogarth’s proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee scene, at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act are yours: but in the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favourite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me. However, if that be the part of the play which you are desirous to rest your fame upon, I would not have differed with you about the glory of it; but cannot help being hurt at your betraying so earnest a desire to winnow your wheat from my chaff, at the very time that I was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, only in the hopes of perpetuating the memory of our joint labours, by raising a monument of the friendship between me and Mr. Garrick. If I could have awakened the genius of Shakspeare, I would have done it; not for the sake of adding to my reputation, but that it might reflect an honour on us both.

Arthur Murphy to Mr. Garrick.

Tuesday night, Sept. 30, 1766.

Sir,—I was really in hopes I never should have occasion to trouble you with a letter about any theatrical affairs again while I lived; and I was farther in hopes that you, Sir, would rest contented with the injuries you had upon many occasions done me. But, Sir, I find I am still to be persecuted by you, and even those I wish well to. To come to the point—

It has been these three years (near four years) that I had written for the advantage of Miss Elliot a new play, upon the subject of "The Country Wife." Mr. Yates, of your playhouse, and Mrs. Yates, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Woodward, all saw it three years ago. I have often mentioned it to Mr. Holland, though never shown it to him. It has been lately given up to Miss Elliot entirely, and this is known to people of the first fashion in England.

Sir, though subjects lie in common, yet when a man has declared himself, I apprehend, in point of honour, Mr. Garrick should not attempt to forestall it: yet the same design is this day put in rehearsal at your playhouse. Luckily, you cannot wound me; but I leave it to yourself to judge whether it becomes Mr. Garrick to contend with a girl? When the fact is known to the first people in England that I have given it to her, I leave it to your own feelings to judge whether you ought to anticipate her! If you are afraid that she will do your house any mischief, why do not you give her a trial winter on your own stage? She and her play are at your service upon any terms! And this I say, though it depends upon herself to be engaged at Covent Garden.

I vow to God I have no interest in this piece, and if it was not for her I would burn it. It consists of three plays of Moliere moulded into one. I want neither profit nor reputation from it. But I own I am stung to the very heart at this attempt to hurt *her*, and you must excuse me for explaining myself on the instant I heard of your intentions!

I beg, Sir, (for I want no quarrels) that you will consider of this measure.

I do not meddle with your designs. Why will you meddle with mine?

I will say no more; for I feel myself much hurried by my feelings upon this business. The more so as it is the affair of a young girl to whom I am not ashamed to be a well-wisher.

I hope, Sir, *you*, that have made your fortune, will not desire to clash with a poor girl. I say once more the play is known by the first people in England, and Mr. Beard has expected it any time these four years; but the want of Miss Elliot, for whom it was written, was the obstacle. Now, wherever she engages, the play must go. I hope once more you will consider of it.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

I write this from the Bedford Coffee-house, where I have not been these three years before.

But as it is now twelve, I desire it may not be sent to your house till to-morrow morning.

Lord Chatham to Mr. Garrick.

Burton-Pynsent, April 3, 1772.

Dear Sir,—Nothing but my hand is guilty in leaving your obliging letter so long unacknowledged. I now make the earliest use of its returning strength to express how much I feel your flattering sensibility, upon a sincere tribute to genius and universal talents.

As our own age owes more to them for improvement as well as delight than it is able to pay, I might have it upon my conscience were I not to bring my mite of praise towards discharging this favourite branch of the national debt, which, however, must, I foresee, remain to late posterity. Need I say what charms the verses from Mount Edgcombe have for all here! or, that the sentiment which dictated them makes me justly vain! You have kindly settled upon me a lasting species of property I never dreamed of in that enchanting place: a far more able conveyancer than any in Chancery Lane; for instead of laboriously perplexing rights, you, by a few happy lines, at once both create the title and fix the possession. Accept, my dear Sir, many sincere wishes that you may hear no more of that cruel kinsman to the gout, by which you have been so lately visited, and believe me with all esteem and regard,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

CHATHAM.

To Mr. Garrick, in answer to his verses from Mount Edgcombe.

Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat!
Yet here no wonders your quick eye can meet:
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured, and an un-passion'd mind:

A Statesman without pow'r, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Vot'ry alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And interspersed, an heart-enliv'ning train
Of sporting children frolic o'er the green;
Mean time, pure Love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come then, Immortal Spirit of the Stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age,
Come, taste the simple life of patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp, or gold.

Mr. Bickerstaff to Mr. Garrick.

Still, dear sir, so much good-nature
You have shewn to me your creature,
That 'tis now a thing of course,
And you are my first resource.
Fifty times, as I suppose,
I have troubled you in prose;
Let me, if I can, awhile
Strive at least to change my style:
Change of style is all my aim,
For my subject is the same;
And in prose and verse a craver,
I must write to beg a favour.
"Well!" cry you with peevish brow,
"What the plague's the matter now?
Teased and worried at this rate:
What's enclosed here—after date?
Promise in six months to pay
Griffin—ay, this is his way;
Every now and then to send me:
To these Irishmen commend me!
But if in again I'm drawn,
Next he'll send his brogues to pawn,
And expect me at his need:
Fifty pounds!—not I indeed.
Hark'e, George, come hither quick,
Give this paper back to Bick;
Tell him that I gladly wou'd
Do him any sort of good;
But demand upon demand,
Forces me to stop my hand;
And in short—(but don't be rough)—
Say I can't, and that's enough."
Thus, dear sir, however I
Your good-nature mean to try,
'Tis not but I know in fact
How your judgment ought to act;
And whatever my success,
I am not obliged the less;
But while memory endures,
Shall remain for ever yours.

And here we close, promising ourselves, for we hate promising our readers, a renewal of the subject on the publication of the second volume.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE have just recovered from the fit of nausea which the reading of Galt's *Lives of the Players* had brought on, and have proceeded with something like resolution, to clear off a few of the numerous books which had accumulated on our table. How many of the modern volumes we have consigned to oblivion it would be difficult to tell. It is only when a book deserves notice, or the world has been deceived as to its real value, that we bestow much space upon a review. It is only when a work is neither worth notice, nor puffed into notice, that we pass it over altogether. An exception, however, must be made in respect to periodicals, which may be very good of their kind, yet not entitled to a place on the first of each month. The old adage "Good folks are scarce," may be paraphrased in respect to literature, "Good books are scarce," scarcely one in twenty are doomed to be placed on the shelves of any library; one of the illustrations of this fact is, that the houses which usually publish valuable standard works have been doing nothing. We select a few from the mass, and wish our space and time would enable us to do more.

1.—*Journal of a Tour in the States of New York, in the year 1830. By John Fowler. London, Whittaker and Co.*

2.—*Narrative of the Ashantee War, with a View of the present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone. By Major Ricketts. Simpkin and Marshall.*

3.—*Key to the familiar Grammar Exercises, adapted to the Compendious German Grammar. By A. Barnays. Treuttel and Würtz.*

4.—*Gems of Modern Sculpture. Lupton Relfe.*

1.—This volume is one of the few entertaining offsprings of intelligent travellers. Mr. Fowler is not a writer by the yard, spinning out unimportant facts to fill a book, but a clear-headed and straightforward narrator of what he sees and hears, and has sketched a vivid picture of American manners. The book is better worth its price than half the new publications.

2.—A book of horrors. Major Ricketts was the only surviving officer, and his narrative of the massacres and tortures to which those who surrounded him and eventually perished, were victims, makes the blood run cold. We seriously recommend it to the supporters of that wretched Colony, which has been the grave of so many brave fellows.

3.—This is a useful auxiliary to the German Grammar of M. Bernays, which we have already noticed with deserved commendation. We do not, however, profess to understand what our author means in his "advertisement," when he says this volume has been "edited with the utmost care, and rendered nearly as free from typographical errors as a work of this description *should* be." We are not aware that it is absolutely *necessary* for any book to be incorrect; therefore we cannot say what are the gradations of blundering allowable in "works of this description." But we remember we had occasion to read M. Bernays a little lecture about the enormous errata which appeared in either his *Prose or Poetical Anthology*, and we suppose this notification is to pacify us.

4.—The idea of engraving from some of the best specimens of modern sculpture is good, and, if well executed, must be profitable. Of four subjects in the number submitted to us three are Canova's, the other from Westmacot's *Psyche*.

ITALIAN OPERA.

AT the very end of the season, no less than three new opera's were crammed together; Gnecco's *Prova d'un Opera seria*, Donizetti's *Anna Boleyn*, and

Bellini's *Somnambula*, followed each other in quick succession. The reason of this nobody can tell. During the height of the season, when the house

was well filled, we had little more than the hacknied operas of Rossini, which we have listened to for the last ten years; but no sooner does the hot weather come, and the company stay away, than novelty upon novelty is produced. This crowding of new pieces was highly detrimental to their due performance; before the singers had made themselves half perfect in one opera, two others were foolishly forced upon them. It is as if the manager had promised to bring out a certain number of operas, and, recollecting his promise only at the eleventh hour, huddled them all together *coûte qui coûte*. Bellini's opera was brought out a night or two before the house was shut up, and notwithstanding the blunders committed both by the band and the singers, it met with every success. The story on which the opera is founded has been dramatised in all sorts of ways, in various countries. A village girl, who is about to be married, has a habit, unknown to her friends, of walking in her sleep: in this condition, she finds her way into the bed-room of a Colonel, while he is engaged in an interesting *tête-à-tête* with his hostess, who, in making her escape, leaves her handkerchief behind her. The somnambulist, who appears in her night dress, having just risen from her bed, begins talking to her lover, whom she fancies present, and holds out her hand to him. The delicate situation of the Colonel is somewhat embarrassing; however, after some hesitation, he determines on quitting the room; which he does accordingly, and soon after the mother, bridegroom, and neighbours come in and discover her, to their dismay, sleeping on the Colonel's couch. Her guilt is apparent, and the lover rejects her. Finally, her innocence is proved to the satisfaction of all parties, by her walking, while asleep, along a crazy pile which is placed over a mill-dam, and descending by a wall in a most dangerous state. The lovers are married, and all ends properly. Such are the main incidents of Bellini's opera. The two principal parts he wrote for

Pasta and Rubini, and we must say he has been more successful for the latter than the former. The *finale* to the last act is the only thing really worthy of Pasta. Her first song may be called pretty, nothing more, and the rest are more difficult than expressive of any meaning. The actresses we had previously seen in the part invariably kept the eyes open; Madaine Pasta, with her usual discrimination, had her eyes closed when she was supposed to be asleep. Madlle. Mars did right when she performed *Valerie*, to do so with open eyes, because their being shut is by no means a necessary incident to blindness. Rubini's best notes tell with great effect in this opera, and he made a much better lover than we thought he would. Pasta's by-play with him was admirable: occasionally arranging his hair, tying his neckerchief, and putting his collar to rights. The part of the *Colonel* was altogether misconceived by Santini; he made a frivolous buffoon of himself, instead of appearing as a man of gallantry, possessed of good feeling and honour. As some amends, Santini certainly sang the little he had to sing, well. Parts of the opera exhibit a certain degree of cleverness, without much musical science. Signor Bellini is rather too fond of imitating the worst part of Rossini. One or two of the cheerful choruses are simple and pleasing, and the *finale* to the first act has some originality and design in it. There is no overture—a lazy practice which we fear is on the increase.

Speaking musically, we cannot say the season has been a very good one. Gnecco's was by far the best of the new operas: the style of it constantly reminded us of Cimarosa, and we regret it was not more frequently performed. We have have but two *prime donne*, Mrs. Wood and Madame Pasta. Madame Lelande, if she ever had a claim to that rank, has none now; and as for Mesdames Rubini, Vespermann, Raimbault, and Meesi, they were complete failures.

The following is a comparative Statement of the principal Performers who have appeared at the King's Theatre during the late Management. "Its correctness," observes the *Athenæum*, from which we take it, "may be relied on; and to those

of our readers who are curious in such matters, it may serve as a pleasant memory of the past, and occasionally as a useful reference hereafter."

1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.
<i>Opera.</i> WOMEN.	<i>Opera.</i> WOMEN.	<i>Opera.</i> WOMEN.	<i>Opera.</i> WOMEN.
Pasta	Sontag	Malibran	Pasta
Sontag	Malibran	Blasis	Paton
Schutze	Monticelli	Lalande	Lalande
Caradori	Pisaroni	Petralia	Vesperman
Brambilla	Specchi	Specchi	Ayton
Castelli	Castelli	Castelli	Beck
MEN.	MEN.	MEN.	MEN.
Curioni	Donzelli	Donzelli	Filiani
Zuchelli	Curioni	Curioni	Castelli
Velluti	Zuchelli	Lablache	
Torri	Bordogni	Ambrogio	Curioni
Porto Pellegrini	Galli	Santini	David
De Angeli	Gratiani	Derville	Rubini
Derville	Le Vasseur.	De Angeli	Lablache
	Derville		De Bengis
	De Angeli		Santini
			De Angeli
			Derville
<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>
Anatole Mde.	Pauline	Taglioni	Taglioni
Brocard	Vaque Moulin	Julie Varennes	Montessi
Le Compte	Le Compte	Brocard	Brocard
Angelica	Rinaldi	Clara	Clara
Dupuis	Pean	Athalie	Zoe Beaupré
Court	Perez	Coulon	Kouriel
O'Brien	Pueche	Gosselin	Couppotte
Albert	Gosselin	Frederick	Paul
Boisgerard	Coulon	Perrot	Lefebvre
Bournonville	Frederick	Leon	Emile
D'Aumont	Deshayes (B.M.)	Deshayes (B.M.)	Deshayes (B.M.)
Gosselin			

MUSIC.

1.—*Isle of Beauty, fare thee well.* By T. H. Bayly, Esq. The melody composed by C. S. Whitmore, Esq. The Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. A. Rawlings. Goulding and D'Almaine.

2.—*Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, dedicated, by permission, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By Eliza Flower. J. A. Novello.

3.—*Beethoven's Hallelujah, from the Mount of Olives.* Arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

1.—No wonder this song has reached a fourth edition, it richly deserves it, and we have no doubt it will soon reach as many more. The melody is not very original, but it is full of expression and feeling, such as we meet with in so many of Mozart's little airs. Mr. Rawlings has varied the accompaniment to the second verse a little, by changing quavers into semiquavers. The key of E flat major, in which it is written, is well adapted to the character of the melody. Altogether, we have been much pleased with the song.

2.—These illustrations are rather of the dismal order, not but that many of them are characteristic of the words: this will prevent their ever becoming popular. Another objection is, that they are not sufficiently vocal; and considering the difficulty of their execution, added to their lugubrious character, we doubt

much whether our fair readers will have patience to try them all through a first time. If Mrs. or Miss Flower has harmonized them herself, she displays no mean proficiency in that delightful science. We were much pleased with the *presto* air to the words "The monk must arise when the matins ring."

3.—A more slovenly arrangement could hardly have been put forward by any one pretending to be a musician, and more especially as it purports to be adapted for the organ as well as the pianoforte. All sorts of liberties have been taken with the score, in every instance to the detriment of Beethoven's splendid chorus. Many of the chords are quite changed, the common chord substituted for a chord of the seventh, imperfect fifths, and other important intervals entirely omitted: holding notes are cut down to staccato crotchets, and chords of suspension are bereft of their distinguishing characteristic. Not one pedal passage is marked from the beginning to the end.

PROVINCIAL MUSICALS.

THE inhabitants of Cheltenham enjoy the superlative distinction of having pelted the greatest violin-player that ever existed, out of their town. Soon after this glorious achievement, we attended a pet Concert at Cheltenham; and from what we then heard applauded, we are convinced Paganini's playing must have been a dead letter to such a wishy-washy audience. Four overtures, viz., *Semiramide*, *Der Freyschutz*, *Figaro*, and *Egmont* (!) were performed by a set not fit to play quadrilles; for though the Montpelier Spa has a very good band of wind-instruments, it is a very different thing when some of the best players take to scraping, sawing, and rasping. It was not a little amusing to see them watching each other, in order to obtain some cue as to the precise part of the page they ought to be playing from. One young fellow, having completely lost himself, played the same passage over and over again, till he observed some of them near him turn over leaf. The instruments were neither in tune with themselves nor with each other, and the pianoforte was pitched nearly half a tone lower than the wind-instruments. The names of the singers, who were all of the *unfair* sex, did not appear: their performance was of the most contemptible description. A Mr. Hay (the only name mentioned in the bills), sang some of the vulgarest songs in the vulgarest style ever heard out of the streets, and received the rapturous applause of the audience. So much for Cheltenham taste.

Some of the leading men of Derby have prevailed on Chevalier Neukomm to go there, for the purpose of directing the performance of one of his own Oratorios. This is an excellent sign.

The silly men of Liverpool, having made a rule that no tradesman should be permitted to attend the Concerts, have been forced to shut up their Music Hall for want of support, and it is now being converted into a Bazaar. Out upon such donkeys.

At the Lancaster Theatre there is a young singer of much promise—a Miss M'Kenzie. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano*, of pleasing quality and tolerable compass, reaching B flat cleverly. Miss M'Kenzie articulates well, has a good ear and a facile execution. She is gifted with a good power of lungs, so that she could easily make herself heard in a London theatre. Her taste is not always of the most refined, but with a cultivation under the tuition of one of our professors—Sir George Smart for example—we have no doubt she would make a decided hit on the London boards. The young lady has a good figure and a very pretty face.

The opera of *Masaniello* has been got up at this Lancaster Theatre, the music being left out, no doubt by very particular desire, inasmuch as there were only five persons in the orchestra. An Irish jig was substituted for the overture, and a Scotch dance was one of the chief attractions of the piece.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

On Saturday, the 2d of July, his Majesty, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, took an airing in an open carriage, in the neighbourhood of Kennington.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave a grand dinner to the Duke of Brunswick at Kew.

The Marquis of Lansdowne entertained Prince Leopold, the Duke of Sussex, and a large party, at dinner.

On Sunday, the 3d, the King, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal. Her Majesty was prevented leaving the Palace, in consequence of a slight cold.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria attended divine service at Kensington Palace.

The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen.

On Monday, the 4th, the Queen was rather better. In the afternoon her Majesty took an airing in the Regent's Park.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg visited the King.

The Duke of Sussex, the Princess Sophia, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, visited the Queen.

Prince Leopold gave a grand dinner this evening, at Marlborough House, to the King, the members of the Royal Family, Don Pedro, and a select party.

In the evening there was a very numerous musical party.

On Tuesday, the 5th, the King gave audience to Lord Holland.

The Duke of Gloucester visited his Majesty.

Prince Leopold, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Coburg, left town for Claremont.

Lord Hill gave a *déjeuné à la fourchette* to his Majesty, the members of the Royal Family, Don Pedro, and above twelve hundred of the principal nobility and gentry, at his Lordship's villa, Westbourne House, near Harrow.

A pavilion of considerable length was erected on the lawn, the roof of which was formed of fluted white and rose-coloured draperies, supported by a range of columns. The banquet-table presented a rich display of plate, among which was a massive silver tureen, presented by the Guild of Drapers of Shrewsbury to his Lordship, on the termination of the French war. During the re-

past, the King and the numerous guests drank "to her Majesty, the Queen's, better health." In the evening the grounds were illuminated, and dancing was kept up in the pavilion till a very late hour.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards, the Russian Horn Players, and Litolf and Adams's quadrille band, were in attendance.

On Wednesday, the 6th, his Majesty held a Levee. The Field Officer in Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guard, had an audience of his Majesty, and made a report of the effective state of the three regiments of Foot Guards.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, took an airing in an open landau this afternoon in the neighbourhood of Highgate.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited her Majesty.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

Almack's grand ball was honoured by the presence of Don Pedro. There were about five hundred and fifty of the distinguished company present.

On Thursday, the 7th, his Majesty gave audiences to the Hanoverian Minister and Lord Clinton.

Her Majesty was rather better to-day.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, partook of a *déjeuné* with her Majesty. The Duchess, Princess Augusta, and Prince George of Cambridge also visited the Queen.

In the afternoon the King and Queen took an airing in an open carriage.

The ball for the relief of the distressed Irish, which has excited so much interest from the announcement that it would be honoured by the presence of their Majesties, took place this evening, at Drury-lane Theatre.

About half-past eleven his Majesty and the royal family arrived in state, escorted by a detachment of the Blues. On the entrance of the royal party into the stage box, there was a general burst of applause from the company, and the band played the national anthem. Quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopadés were then commenced, and continued till past three o'clock. At a quarter past one, his Majesty and the royal party quitted the Theatre, when the same tributes of respect were paid them, as on their entrance. Her Majesty, we regret to state,

was prevented from attending by continued indisposition.

On Friday, the 8th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, attended by the Marchioness of Westminster, Earl Howe, Sir Andrew Barnard, Mademoiselle Steiw, Lady Sidney, and others of the royal suite, left town in three open carriages and four, at two o'clock, to honour with their presence the entertainments given by Lord and Lady Farnborough, at Bromley Hill. The Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Baroness Ahlefeldt, and Sir James Reynett, arrived shortly after, and Prince Leopold, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and Prince of Leiningen, attended by Sir John Conroy, joined the party after inspecting the Artillery Establishment at Woolwich.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland and suite, the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Baroness Ahlefeldt and Sir James Reynett, honoured the performance of the opera of *Anna Boleyn* at the King's Theatre with their presence.

On Saturday, the 9th, his Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Hill.

The Queen received visits from the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia.

Their Majesties left the Palace about five o'clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, and arrived at Windsor about a quarter to eight.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a large party at dinner.

WINDSOR.

On Sunday, the 10th, at ten o'clock, the two regiments stationed here, marched to the quadrangle of the castle, and were inspected by the King. Their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, afterwards proceeded, in a close carriage, to St. George's chapel, where divine service was performed by the Rev. C. Proby.

In the afternoon, the Queen took an airing in the great park.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, attended divine service at Kensington palace. The Dean of Chester officiated.

The Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, left town, on a visit to the Duke of Cumberland, at Kew.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 11th, their Majesties and suite took an airing in the Great Park for nearly two hours.

LONDON.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland visited the Princess Augusta at St. James's Palace.

WINDSOR.

On Tuesday, the 12th, about twelve o'clock, the King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Gotha, Prince Leiningen, Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the whole of their royal suite, proceeded, in seven carriages and two phaetons, to Virginia Water. The Royal Party spent the afternoon on the Lake, and in the delightful walks adjoining, and after partaking of a *déjeuné à la fourchette*, in the fishing Temple, returned to the Castle soon after four o'clock.

LONDON.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg and Prince Leiningen returned to Kensington Palace this evening from a visit to their Majesties, at Windsor.

The Deputation from the Congress at Brussels had an interview with Prince Leopold this evening at Marlborough House, after the return of his Royal Highness from Claremont.

WINDSOR.

On Wednesday, the 13th, his Majesty left the Castle for St. James's Palace, soon after ten o'clock.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Lady in Waiting, and the rest of the Court, took an airing in the Great Park.

LONDON.

His Majesty arrived at St. James's Palace about one o'clock, escorted by a party of Lancers.

At half-past one his Majesty held a Privy Council, which was attended by the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the first Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Secretary of State for Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary at War, the President of the Board of Control, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Lord Steward, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Vice-Chamberlain.

A Proclamation was agreed upon for the Coronation to take place on Thursday, the 8th of September.

The King then held his *entrée* Levee, when the Chevalier De Seyssel, from Sardinia, was presented to his Majesty by the

Count St. Martin D'Aiglie, the Sardinian Envoy.

The Chevalier Brondsted, Councillor of State of his Majesty the King of Denmark, and Diplomatic Agent from his Majesty to the Holy See, was presented to the King by the Danish Minister.

About five o'clock the King left town for Windsor.

KEW.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave a grand *déjeuné*.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent entertained the Duke of Braganza, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, Prince Leopold, the Members of the Belgian Deputation, and a large party of the nobility and gentry, at dinner, at Kensington Palace.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 14th, the King took a drive for about an hour in the Great Park. Her Majesty did not leave the Castle.

The Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and Prince Leiningen, visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

The Earl and Countess of Jersey gave a grand dinner to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Don Pedro, Prince Talleyrand, and a select party.

LONDON.

On Friday, the 15th, the King arrived at St. James's about one o'clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers from Windsor.

At four o'clock his Majesty held a Privy Council, which was attended by the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, Lord Durham, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Goderich, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Winchester, Marquis Wellesley, the Earl of Belfast, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Vice Chancellor, Marquis Cholmondeley, and the Duke of Richmond.

A proclamation was agreed upon, dispensing with the services of certain persons usually engaged in the ceremonies of a Coronation.

The King left the Palace on his return to Windsor a few minutes before seven o'clock.

Several of the nobility paid their respects, this afternoon, to Prince Leopold, at Marlborough House, previously to his Royal Highness's departure for Belgium.

KEW.

A *déjeuné*, on the most splendid scale, will be given to-day by the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland to their Majesties.

On Saturday, the 16th, the Duke and

Duchess of Cumberland gave a grand *fête* to their Majesties.

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and suite, arrived about four o'clock, and were received by the Duke of Cumberland, when the band of the Royal Horse Guards, commenced playing "God save the King." The Duchess of Kent, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, and Sir John Conroy; the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Princess Augusta, attended by Baroness Stein, Miss Wynyard, and Sir Benjamin Stephenson; the Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Baroness Ahlefeldt, and Sir J. Reynett; the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, Prince Leiningen, the Duke of Braganza, Marquis Rixende, Count Wingersky, and a select party, were invited to meet their Majesties. At six o'clock, dinner was served to the Royal party, in the new dining-room, and to the rest of the visitors in a tent, erected on the lawn in front of the Thames. After dinner their Majesties and the distinguished company promenaded through the delightful pleasure-grounds for a short time, and at half-past eight, the King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, took their departure for Windsor.

The gardens were brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and dancing was introduced in the tent on the lawn.

LONDON.

Prince Leopold, attended by Sir Henry Seton, left town at seven o'clock this morning, for Dover.

WINDSOR.

On Sunday, the 17th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, proceeded to St. George's Chapel, where Divine Service was performed by the Rev. C. Proby.

In the afternoon their Majesties took an airing in the Great Park.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria attended Divine Service at Kensington Palace. The Bishop of London officiated.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 18th, their Majesties, attended by their numerous visitors and suites, took an airing in the Great Park for about two hours.

LONDON.

The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, attended by Baroness Stein, left town this morning on a visit to their Majesties.

The Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Baroness Ahlefeldt and Miss Chavannes, left Cam-

bridge House, on a visit to their Majesties at Windsor.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke of Somerset, and Sir John Conroy, again visited the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived in town from Kew.

WINDSOR.

On Tuesday, the 19th, the King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and suite, left the Castle at three o'clock, for Virginia Water, and returned about half-past four.

The juvenile ball, in honour of the birthday of the Princess Amelia, daughter of the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, was celebrated this evening. The company began to arrive about eight o'clock, and were received by the pages at the grand entrance, and ushered by the grand staircase to St. George's Hall. At half-past eight, the King and Queen entered the apartments, attended by the Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Augusta, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the whole of her family. Weippert's band was in attendance, and played the National Anthem as their Majesties entered the hall; immediately after which, dancing commenced. Prince George of Cumberland danced with the Princess Victoria; Prince George of Cambridge with Miss Fanny Wood, daughter of Lady Wood; and Prince William of Saxe Weimar with his cousin, Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Several of the young noblemen from Eton College, and many of the younger branches of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were present.

At eleven o'clock the juvenile party adjourned to the new ball-room; and after partaking of an elegant supper, returned to St. George's Hall, when dancing was resumed, and gallopades, waltzes, mazurkas, and quadrilles, were continued till nearly one o'clock. Their Majesties were present the whole of the evening, and appeared in excellent health.

The young Princes were dressed alike, in blue jackets richly embroidered, white waistcoats and trousers; each wearing a star. The young Princesses and most of the young ladies were dressed in white.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by the Duchess of Northumberland and Baroness Lehzen, left Kensington Palace this morning, on a visit to their Majesties.

The Duke of Cumberland left town this

morning for Kew. His Royal Highness afterwards proceeded to Windsor Castle, accompanied by Prince George.

LONDON.

On Wednesday, the 20th, his Majesty, accompanied by the Earl of Errol, arrived at St. James's Palace, at twenty minutes before two o'clock, escorted by a party of Lancers.

At two o'clock, his Majesty held an investiture of the most honourable Military Order of the Bath.

The Members of the Order present were:—the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord Hill, Sir James Kempt, Lord Howden, Sir J. Doyle, and Viscount Combermere.

The Officers of the Order were:—Sir George Naylor, the Genealogist of the Order; Algernon Greville, Esq., Bath King of Arms; Captain Seymour, Registrar and Secretary; G. F. Beltz, Esq., F.S.A., Gentleman Usher of the Red Rod, and Brunswick Herald.

The Knights having formed themselves in procession, preceded by the Officers, proceeded to the Throne-room, where they were ushered into the presence of the King, when his Majesty was pleased to invest the Rt. Hon. Sir John Byng with the Red Riband, and presented him with the Star of the Order of the Bath.

His Majesty afterwards held a Levee, when the Prussian Minister had an audience of the King, to deliver a letter from his Excellency's Sovereign.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, attended by Lady Sophia Lennox and Colonel Poten, honoured the Duke of Wellington with their company at dinner this evening.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh gave a *déjeuné à la fourchette* to their Majesties, several members of the Royal Family, and about nine hundred and fifty of the principal nobility and gentry, at their villa, near Richmond Bridge. Eight apartments on the ground floor were prepared for the occasion; in addition to which, four marquees were erected on the lawn, and a temporary room in the pleasure-grounds. The banquetting-hall was set apart for the Royal party, and the grand room and the orangery for the other visitors. Dancing commenced in the Oriental saloon at eight o'clock, and was kept up till nearly two. The gardens and promenades were splendidly illuminated, and at ten o'clock, there was a brilliant display of fire-works, by Mr. D'Ernst, exhibiting the King's Arms and initials, the Buccleugh and Queensbury arms, &c.

Refreshments of every description were served in the Chateau and Conservatory;

and at twelve an elegant supper was prepared.

Almack's grand ball this evening was very numerous attended.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 21st, the Duke of Braganza, accompanied by the Marquis Renzede and Major Henry Webster, arrived at the Castle to-day.

LONDON.

On Friday, the 22d, the Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland, attended by their suite, left town on a visit to their Majesties.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 23d, the King presented a pair of silver kettle-drums to the 1st Regt. of Life Guards, similar to those given by his Majesty to the 2d Regt. on the 6th of May. A troop of the Royal Blues and the 1st Life Guards, formed the Guard of Honour; and at a quarter past eleven, the Royal party left the Castle, in eight open carriages, and proceeded to the Home Park, where the ceremony took place. In the first carriage were the King (dressed in a Field Marshal's uniform), the Duke of Cumberland, the Princes of Cumberland and Cambridge, and Prince William of Saxe Weimar. In the second, were the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duchess of Cambridge. The Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess and Princess of Saxe Weimar, occupied the third; and their Majesties' visitors and suite followed in the remaining carriages.

On arriving at the Park, the horses were taken from the carriages, and the bands commenced playing "God save the King." His Majesty was received, on alighting from his carriage, by Lords Hill, Combermere, Edward and Charles Somerset (who commanded), Fitzroy Somerset, Frederick, Adolphus, and Augustus Fitzclarence; Sir Herbert Taylor, Major-Gen. Sir Andrew Barnard, Major-Gen. Sir Henry Wheatley, Col. Thornton, Sir James Kempt (Master of the Ordnance), and the Adjutant and Quarter-Master General. The silver drums were then brought forward by four non-commissioned officers of the Life Guards, and presented by his Majesty to Col. Lygon, with a very flattering speech, to which the gallant Colonel made a reply, conveying the thanks of the regiment for the distinguished honour conferred upon it. The troops afterwards paraded before their Majesties, both bands playing; after which the Royal party retired in the order they arrived.

In the evening his Majesty entertained upwards of seventy distinguished personages at dinner in St. George's Hall.

The Queen entertained the ladies at din-

ner in the small dining-room; and in the evening her Majesty's chamber musicians were in attendance in the grand music-room.

On Sunday, the 24th, their Majesties, accompanied by some of their visitors and suite, attended St. George's Chapel, where divine service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Proby.

The Princess Augusta, accompanied by Princes George of Cumberland and Cambridge, Prince William of Saxe Weimar, Lady Taylor, and Miss Wynyard, attended divine service at Windsor Church. The Rev. Mr. Moore officiated.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, after partaking of a luncheon, left the Castle for their residence at Kew.

In the afternoon, their Majesties, attended by the whole of their Royal visitors and suite, drove through the Long Walk to Virginia Water, and returned to the Castle at five o'clock.

Admiral Sir John, Lady, and Miss Gore, and Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, had the honour of dining with their Majesties to-day.

LONDON.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, attended divine service at Kensington Palace. The Rev. Mr. Fisher officiated.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 25th, at eleven o'clock, the King and Queen, accompanied by their numerous visitors and suite, proceeded in state to Eton College, to attend the election speeches. The Royal party afterwards partook of an elegant collation at the residence of the Provost's. Their Majesties and visitors returned to the Castle at half-past two o'clock, and took an airing in the Great Park for about two hours. The Queen and several ladies of the Court rode on horseback.

In the evening, their Majesties entertained a large party at dinner.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Cumberland visited the Italian Opera.

WINDSOR.

On Tuesday, the 26th, the King inspected the new military tactics of Major Head, which were exhibited in the Little Park.

LONDON.

The King gave audiences to Sir J. Graham, the Marquis of Winchester, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Hill, Earl Grey, Viscount Althorpe, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir George Naylor, the Earl of Casillis, the Earl of Albemarle, the Marquis Wellesley, the Marquis Lansdowne, the Marquis of

Hastings, Lord Foley, Lord Anson, and Mr. Grosvenor.

On Wednesday, the 27th, about half-past one o'clock, the King arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor.

Soon after two o'clock, his Majesty held a Levee, at which Prince Paul of Wirtemberg was introduced by the Wirtemberg Minister. The Prince had a private audience of his Majesty.

The Baron de Cetto, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Bavaria, had an audience of his Majesty, to deliver a letter from his Sovereign.

After the Levee, the King held a Privy Council, at the conclusion of which, his Majesty left the Palace for Windsor.

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg paid his respects, on his arrival here, to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, at their residence, in St. James's Palace.

Almack's Grand Ball was attended by four hundred of the *haut ton*.

On Saturday, the 30th, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry gave a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to their Majesties, several members of the Royal Family, and about two hundred and fifty persons of distinction, at their beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Prince George of Cambridge, and the whole of their visitors and suite, arrived at Rosebank from Windsor, at five o'clock, and were received by the Marquis of Londonderry, when the band of the Grenadier Guards commenced "God save the King," and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from barges moored off the pleasure-grounds. The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, arrived soon after. The Royal party promenaded through the delightful terraces, viewed the flower gardens, and preparations for the illuminations, and then proceeded through the long range of rooms into the conservatory. The *déjeuner* was served at six o'clock. The grand dining-room was set apart for the Royal party, in which covers were laid for eighteen; in another room were accommodations for about forty, and in the Conservatory for one hundred and fifty. The band of the Grenadier Guards played during the repast. At eight o'clock dancing commenced in the Conservatory, to Weippert's music, and was continued till nine, when the company repaired to the banks of the river, to witness the splendid display of fire-works, which were discharged from three barges moored across the Thames. At ten o'clock the illuminations were completed. At the west end of the Long

Terrace there was a palm tree, composed of variegated lamps; and at the east, a revolving star of great magnitude.

Soon after ten o'clock, their Majesties retired from this delightful scene to St. James's Palace. Dancing then recommenced.

A sumptuous supper was served at twelve o'clock; and at two the party broke up.

On Sunday, the 31st, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, attended divine service, at the Chapel Royal.

In the afternoon, his Majesty took an airing in an open carriage.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, visited the Duchess of Cambridge.

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg visited her Majesty.

On Monday, the 1st of August, at a quarter before three o'clock, their Majesties, the members of the Royal Family, and suites, left the Palace, in twelve carriages, and proceeded to Somerset House, where the Royal party embarked in the Royal Barge, to witness the ceremony of opening the New London Bridge.

The Royal *cortège* landed at the west side of the Bridge, and walked to the Southwark end, when Mr. Green ascended in a balloon of immense magnitude. Their Majesties then returned to that part of the Bridge which had been converted into a saloon for their reception, where a splendid banquet was served.

His Majesty, during his walk, distributed commemorative medals among the company on each side.

About half-past six, their Majesties re-embarked, and arrived at Somerset House at seven, whence they proceeded to St. James's Palace, attended as on their arrival.

On Tuesday, the 2d, the King and Queen went in state to the House of Peers. A little before three o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cumberland and Cambridge arrived at the House; and at three her Majesty, attended by Earl Howe, her Maids of Honour, and the Ladies of her Bed-chamber, was received at the royal entrance of the Palace of Westminster by the Great Officers of State. Her Majesty, followed by the Ladies of her suite, passed through the Royal Gallery and Painted Chamber, and, having entered the House of Lords by the State door, took her seat upon a throne raised on a platform between the Archbishops' bench and the Bishops' door.

At half-past three o'clock, a royal salute announced the arrival of the King. His Majesty was received by the Great Officers of State, Earl Grey bearing the Sword of

State before the King. His Majesty, having put on his robes, took his seat upon the throne, and commanded that the Black Rod should summon the Commons.

The Gentlemen of the House of Commons, after a short interval, appeared at the Bar, when the Speaker prayed the Royal assent to a Bill for enabling his Majesty to make provision for the royal dignity of the Queen, which was announced with the usual formalities. Her Majesty, then rising, curtsied to the King, to the Lords, and to the Commons; and resuming her place, continued in the House until the King had withdrawn. During the time his Majesty was unrobing, the Queen left the House, and was accompanied to her carriage by the Great Officers of State. Their Lordships afterwards returned to the Robing-room, in order to escort his Majesty to his carriage.

The Duchess of Saxe Weimar, accompanied by Prince William of Saxe Weimar, left St. James's Palace about half-past one o'clock, in one of the Queen's carriages, and proceeded to Deptford, where her Serene Highness embarked in the *Comet* steam-packet for Rotterdam.

On Wednesday, the 3d, at two o'clock the King held an Investiture of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, when his Majesty was pleased to invest the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Adair with the riband and badge.

The King gave audiences to Colonel Keate, the Field Officer in Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guard, when his Majesty gave the military parole, and received the Report of the effective state of the three regiments of Foot Guards.

The King afterwards held a Levee, when the Prince de Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, had an audience of his Majesty, to deliver a letter from his Sovereign.

Mons. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, had an audience of the King to deliver his credentials. His Excellency was introduced by Viscount Palmerston.

After attending the Levee, Monsieur Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, paid his respects to the Queen. His Excellency was presented to her Majesty by Sir Robert Chester, the Master of the Ceremonies.

The Duchesses of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Gloucester, the Princess Sophia, Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, partook of a *déjeuné* with her Majesty.

About five o'clock, their Majesties and suite left St. James's Palace, and arrived at Windsor at a quarter past eight, escorted by a detachment of the 1st Life Guards.

WINDSOR.

The King, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, took a drive in a pony landau in the Great Park. The Queen, attended by Lord Clinton, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Miss Bagot, rode on horseback. Their Majesties remained out for several hours.

On Friday, the 5th, their Majesties and visitors took an airing for several hours.

On Saturday, the 6th, Baron Ompteda had an audience of his Majesty.

In the afternoon their Majesties and suite took an airing for two hours in the Great Park.

LONDON.

The Marquis of Hertford gave another grand *fête* this evening to the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, Don Pedro, and about six hundred of the principal Nobility and Gentry. The Banqueting saloon was set apart for the Royal party; and a long line of marquees were erected on the lawn, for the reception of the general company. The *déjeuné* was served at five o'clock; after which the company promenade in the beautiful grounds; and at eight dancing commenced to Weippert's music. Prince George of Cumberland led off the first Quadrille, with Miss Strachan. The Russian Horn Band, and the Turkish Minstrels were stationed in the Shrubberies, and played alternately. Tea and coffee were prepared at nine o'clock, and at ten dancing was resumed, and continued till after twelve.

WINDSOR.

On Sunday, the 7th, the Life and Foot Guards were inspected by the King in the Quadrangle of the Castle; after which their Majesties proceeded to St. George's Chapel, where divine service was performed by the Canon in residence.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, accompanied by Lady Mary Taylor, and Miss Wynyard, attended divine service at Windsor Church. The Rev. Mr. Moore officiated.

At half-past four the King, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Lady Erskine, and Miss Mitchell, took an airing in a carriage and four, in the neighbourhood of Salt-hill. Her Majesty did not leave the Castle.

KEW.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland entertained a select party at dinner.

English Fashions.

FIG. 1.

WALKING DRESS.

PELISSE of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*; tight *corsage*; *pèlerine* of the same material, rounded in front, plaited on the shoulder with seven plaits, which are confined with a narrow band across, and ornamented with a bow of three ends. The back is cut in a straight slope down from the shoulders to a point as low as the band, but not confined by it; the *pèlerine* is edged with a trimming of the same material, cut into the form of half leaves, the points of which lay a little over. Small turnover collar, trimmed to correspond with the *pèlerine*. The whole of the ornaments are corded: sleeves tight to the elbows, and large full top; cuff small and pointed. The skirt is trimmed down the front with pieces cut on the cross, and gathered in the centre to form double leaves, straps which confine the leaves are crossed over and brought down over the middle of each leaf to form a point. The skirt is full, plaited on at the waist, and worn close in front. Hat of the same material as the dress, rather smaller than has been usual, trimmed with white gauze ribbon, a small flower, and three or four ears of wheat.

FIG. 2.

CARRIAGE DRESS

Of pink and white shot silk; skirt plain with the exception of three narrow cordings of satin at the knee; *corsage* tight and plain; *pèlerine* of net of a new and elegant form, cut to a point before and behind, with deep vandykes finished with narrow braiding, and trimmed with a broad scalloped lace, very full, but narrowing towards the point in front. The *pèlerines* of this pattern are worn with or without a folding of broad ribbon, which passes through five straps, and crosses it from the band at the back to the finish in front on both sides. The band confines the *pèlerine* at both points. Turnover collar, with a deep point behind and two in front, narrow on the shoulder, and trimmed with a narrow scalloped lace to correspond with the other part. The sleeve of the dress is

very full the whole length to the wrist, and partially confined with a straight piece underneath, so cut as to form four pair of rounded straps, which are fastened outside, three below and one above the elbow. Small cap, with broad border of rich figured blonde, and trimmed with pink satin ribbon cut into leaves, and strings of gauze ribbon.

FIG. 3.

DINNER DRESS

Of blue *gros de Naples*, corset fitted close to the shape. A cape is so cut as to form four lozenge-shaped falls, one before and one behind each shoulder. Up the centre of the *corsage* are disposed six plaits, of the same material as the dress, narrow at the band and widening to the top, three fold over on each side from the centre, but not fastened close. Down these plaits are disposed loops of silk braid or satin, which gives it a good effect. The sleeve tight to the elbow and full at the top; cuffs trimmed upwards with loops towards the elbow. The skirt is trimmed with satin triangular pieces, with three leaves coming from beneath; all the ornaments corded with satin. Head-dress rich satin, and velvet *toque*, feathers and ornaments of pale gold, with emerald sapphire, or any thing to match the necklace.

FIG. 4.

EVENING DRESS

Of primrose gauze or crape, over a satin slip. *Corsage* tight; and very narrow satin cape, with two points at the shoulder. Epaulettes formed of three rows of satin, cut at the edges into leaf-shaped points, and corded—the lower one having five, the middle one six, and the upper one seven leaves. In front of the bust are six leaves of satin, three of which are seen on each side of an upright strap which confines them. Sleeve short: the arm-band is cut with a point, back and front, upwards—and with leaf-shaped or rounded straps, downward. The skirt is trimmed with satin, cut to form two straps to fold in at the bottom and over at the top, about the height of the hem.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 17th July, at Wemyss Castle, Lady Emma Wemyss, of a daughter, still born.
On the 25th, at his lordship's residence, Grosvenor Street, the Countess of Kinnoull, of a son.
On the 21st, in Wilton Crescent, Lady Catherine Bulkeley, of a son.
On the 23d, at Brighton, the Lady of Capt. the Hon. M. J. Henniker, *R.N.* of Ashdown Park, of a son.
On the 3d August at Great Myless, the Viscountess Chetwynd, of a daughter.
On the 10th, at Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Thackeray, of a daughter.
On the 8th, in Upper Brook Street, Lady Catherine Boileau, of a son.
On the 8th, in Wilton Crescent, Lady Frances Higginson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 23d July, at Felbrigg Hall, Viscount Ennismore, grandson of the Earl of Listowel, to Maria Augusta, widow of the late George Thomas Wyndham, Esq. of Cromer Hall, County of Norfolk, and daughter of Admiral Windham.
On the 19th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Marquis of Lothian, to the Right Hon. Lady Cecil Chetwynd Talbot, only surviving daughter of Earl of Talbot.
On the 15th August, at the Church of St. Marylebone, William Henry Baron Von Donop, of Woebbel in Westphalia, to Francis Mary, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., *K.C.B.*
On the 9th, at Bishop's Lydiard, Capt. Fitz-roy, of the Grenadier Guards, second son of the late Lord Henry Fitz-roy, to Lucy Sarah, third daughter of Sir Thomas B. Lethbridge, Bart.
On the 16th, at Twyford Church, Henry, second son of Lord William Seymour, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Willan, Esq. of Twyford Abbey, Middlesex.
On the 18th, at All Soul's Church, Marylebone, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Charles Paulet, second son of the Marquis of Winchester, to Caroline Margaret, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart. of Byram, in the county of York.
On the 18th, at St. George's Hanover Square, John Eden Spalding, Esq. only son of Lady Brougham by her late husband, to the Hon. Mary Wilhelmina Upton, only daughter of Lord Viscount Templetown.
On the 12th, at Milton next Gravesend, Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. to Mrs. Isabella Evans Raymond.

DEATHS.

- On the 18th July, Sir George Abercromby, of Birkenbog, Bart. in his 84th year.
On the 19th, suddenly, at Calais, the Baron de Flasseons, in his 29th year.
On the 20th, in her 33d year, at Hurst House, Moulsey, Caroline Drury, wife of Col. Sir Dudley St. Leger Hill, and third daughter of Robert Hunter, Esq.
On the 23d, at Bath, Lady Charlotte Ram, relict of the late Stephen Ram, Esq. of Ramsfort, Ireland, and of Portswood, Hants, and sister to the late Earl of Courtown.
On the 14th, August, at his house in Berkeley Square, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. in his 75th year.
On the 16th, in Regent Street, Sir Hugh Innes, of Lochalsh and Coxton, Bart. M.P. for the County of Sutherland, in his 68th year.
On the 13th, at his seat, Sydney Park, Gloucestershire, in his 78th year the Right Hon. Charles Bragge Bathurst.
On the 8th, on board his Majesty's ship Madagascar, off Nauplia, the Hon. Wentworth Ponsonby, second son of Viscount Duncannon, in his 18th year.
On the 16th, at his house on Stamford Hill, Sir Daniel Williams, Knt. Colonel of the 1st Royal Regiment of Tower Hamlets Militia, and a Magistrate of Lambeth Street Police Office, Whitechapel, in his 79th year.
On the 28th July at her house in Lower Gardiner Street, Dublin, the Dowager Lady Louth, relict of the late Right Hon. Lord Louth, and sister to the Right Hon. Lord Dun-sany and the Hon. Mrs. Burton.



ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Etched by Cheesman for the

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE

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THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

OCTOBER, 1831.

Embellishments.

SPLENDID LINE ENGRAVING BY SMART, AFTER LOUTHERBURG, OF DUNCAN'S ENGAGEMENT OFF CAMPERDOWN. Dedicated to Lord Camperdown.
FOUR PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN FASHIONABLE COSTUME FOR OCTOBER.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The print of the *Battle of Camperdown* is a specimen from Mr. Robinson's annual, *The Bouquet*, and we believe few will dispute its claim to pre-eminence among subjects of the kind ; a few proofs have been struck off, and may be had at five shillings each.

We are sorry to be obliged to omit the report of the last UNDERTAKER'S Meeting at the SHADES. The only measure of importance was a resolution that Sir Isaac COFFIN, Admiral, Sir John PAUL, Bart., Mr. DEATH, of Aldgate, Mr. GRAVES of Holborn, Mr. SHROUD, of Whitechapel, together with Mr. Priest of Parson's Green, and Mr. Clarke of Amen Corner, the Tombstone-maker, Grave-digger, and assistants, be required to rehearse, on the most convenient day, in a solemn and becoming manner, a funeral procession by land and water, and the ceremony, upon the Miltonian, or anti-church system ; and that the shareholders be invited to witness a dress rehearsal as soon as the performers are perfect in their parts. It was also resolved that those persons who had chosen their graves in right of precedence, should be entitled to register their epitaphs, and several were registered accordingly. We repeat our regret at the necessary omission of the report, but the following was the first epitaph registered, and we give it as a curiosity :

Brief is fame, and brief I found it :
Brief I held, with red tape round it.
Brief my client's life, for they
Briefly hung him up one day.
Brief my own life—brief and dirty—
Here I'm dead and ——— at thirty.

The remainder shall positively appear in our next.

The following note to "The Déjeuné" of last month was accidentally omitted :
"We insert this unpretending trifle from an unknown correspondent, because it was accompanied by a better poem already inserted. We need hardly remind the writer that it entails more discredit for the allusions to the army than can be wiped out by twenty successful papers ; however, this is the affair of the writer, of whom we know nothing."

We have not yet decided whether it was the printer's fault or our own ; but the initials S. S. were somehow given to "The Parting," a poem of our valued correspondent, Miss Pardoe.

We had prepared a review of Moore's *Life and Death of Lord E. Fitzgerald* for this month, but are obliged by want of room to postpone its insertion till our next number.

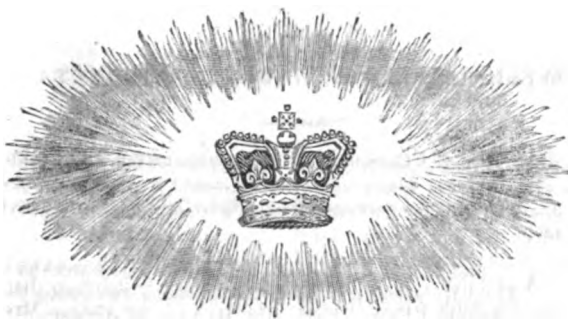
The admirable strictures on the Report of the Committee of Privilege in the Wellesley Case are received, and shall likewise appear in our next.

"Romance of the Glen," "Retrospection," "The Village Orphan," "Wedlock," and "Home," lie at Mr. Robinson's for the writers.

Many reviews and accepted papers stand over.

The correspondence between Mr. W. B. and our sub-editor, has been copied and circulated at the United Service and other clubs, with evidence of the value of a denial.

We cannot secure back numbers to anybody, the only way to insure them is to order them of a bookseller at once.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."

Dedication to the Queen.

OCTOBER, 1831.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

"PRAY how do you like your new schoolfellow, Sir Francis Vere?" said Mr. Stanley to his young son Charles, as they were sauntering rather than walking in the noble park which surrounds his fine old seat of Stanley Hall, on a bright April morning; "his grandmother speaks of him as a lad of high promise."

"Of high promise, does she, sir? Whew!" quoth master Charles, whistling to a large spaniel, and beating the sedges round a fine piece of water, by the edge of which they stood. "A lad of promise! Whew! Heigh, Dash! Heigh! One may be sure there are teal or wild ducks here by Dash's action. Heigh, Dash! Heigh!" continued master Stanley. "And so his grandmamma speaks of Vere as a lad of promise? Whew, Dash! There's a fine fellow!"

Now master Charles Stanley was a

boy still under eleven; but being clever, bold, and spirited, an old denizen of a public school, and encouraged to talk freely at home, he spoke with a decision and freedom not very usual at his age, thus exhibiting to his excellent father, and by exhibiting enabling him to correct, the rash judgments of inexperience, and the petulant decisions of a presumptuous though generous character. In the present instance, Mr. Stanley was a good deal amused by the manner in which his son had contrived to intimate his dissent from the opinion of the good old lady Vere, and when Charles repeated, "a lad of high promise, indeed! Whew, Dash! Whew!" he replied at once to his insinuation, "And why not a boy of promise, Charles?"

"Because, sir, he's so much more like a girl. You never saw such a minc-

q

ing, blushing, delicate personage as it is in all your life ; afraid of getting wet in the feet lest he should catch cold, or of going without his hat lest he should spoil his complexion. He wraps half a dozen silk handkerchiefs about his neck because he is subject to sore throats ; wears kid gloves at cricket for fear his hands should chap ; and wraps up his feet in flannel socks because he once had a chilblain. A promising boy, indeed ! Why, sir, his grandmother herself could not be a greater coddle in her own venerable person, than this precious sprig of the baronetage, Sir Francis Vere."

Mr. Stanley smiled, in spite of himself. " You'll come to kid gloves some time or other, master Charles ; for, as rough and red as those paws of yours are now, one may trust to the instinct of eighteen for that foppery. But eleven is rather early."

" Besides, sir," continued Charles, " he sports a dressing-box as large as my trunk, full of almond paste and violet soap, and *eau de Cologne*, and oil for the hair, and all manner of essences, so that one may smell him half a mile off ; and that dear part of himself, his cambric handkerchief, was tossed out of the school, only last week, by Dr. K., because it half poisoned him by stinking of otto of roses. I hope I shall never come to that, sir, even if I do turn out a coxcomb at eighteen."

" There is no telling, Charles," replied his father. " I think you a very promising subject for any folly that may happen at that time to be the fashion. But this poor boy ! What a life he must lead amongst you. And how entirely he owes his effeminacy to the accident of his being brought up amongst females !"

" I think not, sir, it is the nature of the creature. If you were to see him you would say so. All the grandmothers in the world would never make a manly lad of such a milk-sop." And Charles looked at himself as he stood struttingly flourishing a switch in one hand, and

caressing Dash—who, dripping with mud from the bank, was splashing him most manfully from top to toe, with the other—he looked as if he would fain have said " all the grandmother's in the world would never have made a milk-sop of me."

Apparently, Mr. Stanley read his son's thoughts. " Ah, Charles, you know little of the effect of education, of habit, of constant association. You yourself, if exposed to similar circumstances, would have been just as likely to turn out a missy young gentleman as this poor child, Sir Arthur Vere—his very title will make against him. But talking of the power of association, come and sit down on this bank, and let Dash return to his dear sport of beating for wild fowl, and be quiet, if you can, for five minutes, whilst I tell you a story."

Now master Charles did not very thoroughly relish this invitation. It seemed to him hardly manly to sit down for the purpose of listening to a story which, he suspected, was to be told to him for the sake of the moral ; he obeyed, nevertheless, flumping himself down in the midst of a tuft of cowslips, whilst Dash, with equal comprehension and far more alacrity, returned to his search for the wild-duck's nest, the existence of which had become clear to his sagacity amongst the sedges and sailows on the water's edge.

" Nay, it is not much of a story either," said Mr. Stanley, when both were comfortably established on their soft and fragrant seat. " Not much that deserves the name of story, though a curious fact in natural history. Do you remember admiring Dr. Lyndsay's pretty little spaniel yesterday, and wondering at his name ?"

" Romulus ? Yes, sir. I do not know which I admired most, the venerable master, with his fine upright person and keen bright eye, his white bushy wig and three-cornered hat, and clerical coat, walking so alertly and speaking so kindly, and yet with something stately about him too, or the pretty little delicate creature, so white and shining, that

* Odd names in dogs are by no means uncommon. I saw a lady's lap-dog yesterday, who was called *Spee*, and the little creature being a gentleman, there was no translating the name and calling it by the more euphonious appellation of *Hope*—for *hope* is feminine, and feminine must be, as witness Collins's ode, Lawrence's picture, Miss Sedgwick's novel of *Hope Leslie*, and the thousand and one seals, where she flourishes leaning elegantly against her anchor.

followed him—rather too much like a lady's pet to be sure—but the little dog and the master matched each other well, both seemed courtly and dignified, a sort of people whose company did one honour."

"The master's company would do honour to any court in Europe, Charles. You are right there. He is one of the most learned and eminent persons in England, and as remarkable for his high qualities as for his vast attainments. But it is with Romulus that we have to do at present. Romulus's mother belonged to your kind friend Colonel Bruce, the gay, gallant, handsome sportsman, whose manliness and gentlemanliness you admire so much. She was a beautiful little spaniel, of the Marlborough breed, excellent as a sporting dog, and a great pet with her master. She had just been confined with Romulus and another pup, and was very literally in the straw; when one fine morning, in September, Colonel Bruce sallied forth with his gun and his pointers, partridge shooting, little suspecting that his poor pet, whose attention had unluckily been caught by the gun and the leathern gaiters, had left her puppies to follow him to the field. The pointers were ranging the stubble, when Colonel Bruce heard a rustling in the hedgerow close by; he saw nothing, but taking for granted that it was a hare, fired, and killed his little favourite dead upon the spot."

"Oh, papa! Poor Colonel Bruce! What a sad accident! How shocked he must have been!"

"Shocked enough, Charles. Even now he says he can scarcely bear to think of it. The poor little creature, when he discovered her amongst the long grass and reeds, uttered one faint moan, looked up in his face fondly and piteously, tried to lick his hand, then gave one shiver, stretched out her delicate feet, and died. Well, she was dead! But the puppies! What was to become of them? Only three days old, and smaller than rats!"

"What did become of them, father?"

"Why, luckily, Mrs. Bruce had a favourite cat, whose kittens had just been taken from her. The pups were put to pussy, who took to them as if they had been her own offspring, and brought them up with all imaginable care and success."

"Well, sir, now I find the reason of the name.—Well?"

"Romulus you have seen. He is rather smaller, perhaps, than he might have been if nursed by his own mother, but that, in a Marlborough spaniel, is a merit; and Remus (for so, of course, the brother twin was called) is smaller still. Their foster-mother did them all possible justice; and was fonder of them, and nourished them longer than she had ever been known to do by her own kittens. But the extraordinary part of the story is, that with the cat's milk these little doglings imbibed also the cat's habits; would sit and wash their faces with their paws, were excellent mousers, and would watch a rat-hole for an hour."

"Oh, papa!"

"Fact, I assure you, Charles. The celebrated cat, who was turned into a lady at the prayer of her master, never caught a mouse in better style than Romulus, who, moreover, would no more wet his feet than his purring foster-mother, or Sir Arthur Vere."

"Oh, father!"

"It's the simple truth, I assure you, Charles; and proceeds, in both instances, from the same cause, example and education; and the selfsame story, which throws some light on the origin of that poor boy's effeminacy, may also afford good hope of his reformation; for whilst Romulus, under the tender care of Dr. Lyndsay, which (no offence to him) may in this instance be compared to the tutelage of Lady Vere, continues to pursue and practise all his catish propensities and habits, Remus turned into Colonel Bruce's kennel, which (no offence to that repository of doggish learning) may be not unaptly likened to the riotous seminary, yclept a public school, has recovered all his canine hardihood and accomplishments, is famous in cover and hedgerow, as good a waterdog as Dash himself, and as little likely to notice a mouse, or wash his face with his paws, as that sagacious quadruped. And now, Charles, may we not have hopes of Sir Arthur?"

And Charles assented—and so it proved. Before two years had elapsed, young Vere, stimulated by ridicule, had flung aside his kid gloves, his flannel socks, his perfumery, and his foppery, had overcome his horror of wet feet and

chapped hands, and had become the best rowler, and the second best cricketer of his form.

N.B.—The canine part of my little story is literally true. Romulus is still

living, and the property of no less a person than the venerable P——, of M—— College, the learned and excellent Dr. R——

LAY OF THE OLD BARD.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Yes, I know that a shadow is over my eye,
 Like twilight's dim cloud when the bright sun has set ;
 But bring me my harp, for my pulses beat high,
 And the spirit of melody dwells with me yet.
 What ! though the cold world, and the care that it brings,
 May have scar'd a few flowers of fancy's sweet chain,
 While the magic of music still lives on the strings,
 It will teach all the roses to blossom again.
 Though old Time hath been writing in lines on my brow,
 The record of years that are faded and o'er,
 And young Beauty but smiles when I sue to her now,
 Yet still I can sing what I sigh'd for before—
 Then give me my harp, and I'll tell you of eyes
 That could melt by their softness, and awe by their pow'r,
 As clear as the stars in the pure southern skies,
 All quivering with light in Love's beautiful hour !
 I'll tell you of whispers in glen and in glade—
 I'll tell you how blushes and beauty replied—
 I'll tell you of vows breathed in secret and shade—
 And I'll tell you a thousand fond fancies beside ;—
 And shall I be sad, when such memories as these,
 Like torches, still light up the *hall of my heart* ?
 No—bring me my harp, and I'll smile as I seize
 The half-redeem'd treasures from memory's mart.
 Then say not again that I'm feeble and old—
 My spirit disdains to reply to the taunt ;
 While Woman still charms, can the feelings be cold ?
 Can the bosom be chill'd which *her* image will haunt ?
 No—bring me my harp ; and while younger men woo,
 I'll teach them the flatteries maidens love best,
 And as long as that harp, and my heart remain true,
 How welcome are Time and the World to the rest !

TALES OF THE CAVALIERS.

No. I.

THE CHILD AND THE PICTURE.

“ We call back, maid of Lutha,
 The years which have rolled away.”—OSSIAN.

ONE day last winter as I was passing Puffinwell's auction-rooms, I was attracted by an advertisement for a sale of pictures, which, trusting the catalogue, left no longer any occasion to visit the

Louvre or the Vatican. There is a great pleasure in being cheated at an auction, and I immediately turned in.

The sale was more than half over, and to judge by what remained there had

been great market for good pictures. At my entrance into the room the two exhibitors were occupied in lifting more than ten yards of canvass to the green baize bar, at which the names of Correggio, Poussin, Paul Veronese, and Michael Angelo, were called with as little ceremony as half a dozen drunken cads at Bow-street. I tried various lights to gain a sight of the vast subject before me, but the painting was so dark and the November light so bad, I could distinguish nothing but a black shadowy confusion, and five or six pale round objects, which I took to be the interior of a kitchen and half a dozen heads of white brocoli suspended from the rack.

Mr. Puffinwell looked at the painting out of the tail of his eye, with a leer of admiration.

"A splendid picture by Titian!" exclaimed he.

"Titian! paint brocoli!" thought I, and pressed nearer the canvass, but it was still brocoli or perhaps cauliflower!

"Splendid heads!—A family by Titian!" exclaimed Mr. Puffinwell.

"They are large heads," thought I, and that they were all of one family there was no room to doubt—for each particular head was as like the other as any half-dozen cauliflowers in Covent Garden—and I smiled at the auctioneer's wit.

"A Doge of Venice and five senators!" exclaimed Mr. Puffinwell.

"The devil!" whispered a voice behind me, and I, who participated in the surprise, forced my way up to the foot of the picture.—It was very true, however, they were portraits, and what I had taken for the crimp, white, flowery heads of cabbages, were the wrinkled brows, furrowed cheeks, and puckered noses of six sour old graybeards, who looked as if they yet smelled the black fusty crowd of brokers beneath them.

Mr. Puffinwell looked hard at me, as I stood with my eyes fixed on the canvass—"What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this noble picture—a thousand guineas?" and he bowed to me with a persuasive smile. I shrunk into the crowd. "Do me the honour to name your own price, gentlemen," continued the gracious auctioneer—"900—I am persuaded you will not allow me to say less than 900!—900 guineas, for this noble picture—the finest Titian in Great Britain—800—700—600—500—400—

300—200—100. Upon my word, gentlemen!—I hope there are no foreign amateurs present to witness this fall of British spirit—100 guineas, for a matchless Titian!—50!—40!—30!—20!—10!—5!" Old —— nodded his white smooth face, and broad-brimmed hat—"Five! five! gentlemen, is a beginning—six!—seven!—eight!—eight and a half—nine (thank you, gentlemen)—ten!—for ten guineas!—going for ten guineas!—the Doge of Venice and six Senators going for—ten guineas!—great Titian going for ten guineas!—Gone, by G—!"—and he knocked it down with such a stroke as though he had been Jephtha, and the picture his daughter.

Several other "noble," "splendid," and "matchless" paintings were disposed of at such prices as might have led a bystander to fear that he should see an angel of Guido, or a lamb of Paul Potter, set up in place of *Tumble-down-Dick*, or the *Red Lion at Brentford*. Whether from this or any other apprehension, the amateurs had begun to drop off, when a tall thin old man in a dark rusty suit tottered into the room. To judge by his appearance he might have been the elder brother of old Parr—for his face was wrinkled and puckered like *tripe au lait*, and much of the same complexion. The hair which fell from under his half-cocked hat was as white as flax, and his short thin legs closely fitted in tabby silk smallclothes, looked like a forked radish, under the vast flapped waistcoat, and square ruffled coat, which seemed to be the very holiday "thunder and lightning" of the Vicar of Wakefield's Moses.—Could he have been squeezed and dried like a dead fly, Puffinwell would have inlaid him in canvass for a Hogarth.

He pushed through the crowd to the corner immediately below the auctioneer. As the next picture was elevated, he put on his spectacles; but at the first glance he turned away as if slapped on the face, and reseating himself, began to read his catalogue without any notice of the bidding—another and another "great master" was sold, but his attention went no further than the first glance—once or twice Puffinwell suspended his hammer with a solicitous look, such as a wife gives to her husband when he is going to lose the odd trick with the thirteenth trump in his hand, but as the old man caught his eye he drew a sharp breath

through his gums, and started aside as if one had trod on his corns.

At last a picture evidently modern was produced. Puffinwell drew back in his pulpit, and folding his arms looked round upon the company like a country pedagogue when he is going to give holiday to his school. It was a small marine painting which appeared to represent a morning after a storm. The sea and the sky were yet darkened by the heavy clouds, and the wreck of a ship appeared at a distance among the rocks, but a bright ray of the rising sun broke upon a group of figures, on the strand, and lit up an august female figure, and a noble-looking man who knelt at her feet and presented an infant whom he appeared to have rescued from the waves.

"There is a *gem*, gentlemen!" exclaimed Puffinwell, "a gem by *Gavin Hamilton*!"

The old gentleman suddenly raised himself on his crutched stick, but at the first glance of the picture he started—leaned forward—and standing on his tiptoes almost touched the canvass with his spectacles. For several moments he stood with his eyes fixed on the head of the kneeling man. At last he turned suddenly away, but did not sit down, and remained standing opposite the auctioneer.

"Gentlemen," said Puffinwell, "allow me to say, for this splendid effort of modern talent, 200 guineas—200 guineas for '*the Birth of Cupid*,' by *Gavin Hamilton*!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed a lady near me, "*the Birth of Cupid*! what a Paphos! and that wreck looks more like a seventy-four than any bark of *Venus*."

"That is nothing, madam," said I, "if you should go to Italy, you will see the ship out of which *Jonah* was cast, sailing under *St. Mark's* ensign, and she herself as pretty a Venetian *Polacca* as ever was seen in the Adriatic."

"Fifty guineas!" said Mr. Puffinwell, who had plunged to that sum while we were speaking ten words, "for fifty guineas!"—but nobody answered. The old gentleman looked impatient, but he waited till the first bidding was made at ten guineas, and immediately nodded his gray head at the auctioneer—15—20—30—were successively offered, but he met each without a check; and I saw one of the dealers glance significantly to

his neighbour, and at each bidding of the old gentleman another instantly went beyond him. He made no hesitation, however, nor sign of impatience, but stood with his hands folded on his stick, and met every advance by the short, silent, determined nod of his three-cornered hat. At length the bidders began to slacken, and once or twice there was a long pause; but, just as the picture was going to be knocked down to the old gentleman, a lingering competitor tried another venture—the old man immediately took it up. At last, "Ninety guineas!" proclaimed Puffinwell—none answered—"going for ninety guineas!"—the hammer was suspended in the air, made a sudden flourish for descent—but none spoke—again it was lifted, "going, going, going, for—ninety guineas!" and he struck the desk.

The old man eagerly stretched out his hand to the attendants, as they lifted the picture, and taking it under his arm whispered a word to the auctioneer, and hobbled hastily out of the room.

The auction now broke up, and I left the room with the crowd, thinking that the old gentleman had not more wit than his fellows.

A few days afterwards, Lord Archibald Fitzjames invited me to see Dr. Cameron's paintings. "He is an old misanthrope," said he, "and lives like a hermit; but he has a choice collection, and what will be more to you, he is a Highland Jacobite, speaks Gaelic, and all his family was out in the 45—you may believe he is above ninety years old. yet his memory is entire, and if you talk of tartan and the *prince*, he will tell you as many old stories as would furnish half a dozen series of tales to the author of *Waverley*."

We immediately drove to a dark, dusty-looking house in Great George-street, Westminster. The door was opened by a gray-haired footman, in a faded but ample livery, which would have become the courtly days of Queen Anne, and it seemed to be unnecessary to ask if the Doctor was at home, for the old servant stood with the door in his hand; we followed him through a long passage, hung with old portraits, till we were introduced into a library at the back of the house; but what was my surprise, as I entered, to recognise my old "*thunder and lightning*" friend of the auction?

He rose and received us with an alacrity and urbanity which confessed nothing of the age or misanthropy for which I was prepared. "Mr. Mac Donnel, of Glendulochan," said Lord Archibald, presenting me.

"Hey! *Mac Alain Mhic Raouil!*" exclaimed the old gentleman, addressing me by the patronimic of my family, and as he observed my surprise—"Troth lad, ye'll no mind me—but I kent y're grandfather when he was a bit *Prut-chach*."

"*Prescarve me!*" as you would say, Doctor, "are you going back to his grandfather already?" said Lord Archibald.

"His grandfather! Ou I kent him when he was a bairn," replied the old man: "and's great grandfather when he was a prettier man than yoursel. But, my lord, ye'll gang out just, and tak tither tirlie in the pairk, and look at the bonnie lassies. Ye'll be fashed to hear my auld warld tales, and I maun crack wi' the young man awhile; it's no every day I'll see his father's son nor his father's people's sons. Troth I'd be glad to see ain o' the auld black '*hudies*'* that flie about the tour, for I'm thinking there'll be none else left nou."

Lord Archibald took his hat. "I told him you were an old misanthrope," said he, laughing, "and I'll go while you are in good humour."

The old man looked in his face, and laid his thin hand on his arm. "Will the sun come to those who lie there?" said he, and pointed to the abbey, now brightened with sudden sunshine. Lord Archibald's smile passed away. "Weel, man, gang awa', gang awa', and look at '*the glorious ladic*,' and bonnie bright Julia de Campabella, and when yon sunshine is gone, come back for '*Mac Alain Mhic Raouil*!' and he pushed him gently to the door.

As soon as he was gone he made me sit down in his own great tartan arm-chair, and for a long while occupied me with inquiries after the scenes and descendants of his former friends. The tears often started to his eyes as I spoke, and suddenly brushing his hand across his white brow, "Come awa', laddie," said he, "come awa', and see the pic-

tures. We'll be losing the bit blink o' winter sun."

He opened the door into the drawing-room, and I beheld the walls covered with exquisite cabinet pictures. For a long time I admired, with insatiable delight, such a collection as I had never seen except in the Elysée Bourbon. The old gentleman seemed never weary of my attention and inquiries, and having taken me through several other apartments, brought me into a small bedroom, where I immediately discovered the *Gavin Hamilton*. I stopped suddenly before the picture, and for some moments gazed upon it without moving.

"Do you know that noble face?" said the old man at last.

"I have some faint association of the features," I replied, "something that seems to recal, I don't know why, our old house and Loch Dulachan, when I was a child."

"It is CHARLES EDWARD," said the old man.

"*The Prince!*" I exclaimed; and advanced eagerly to the picture.

"THE KING," said the old man.

For a long time I gazed upon it, and the old man stood by without speaking. "Do you know the incident, sir?" said I, at length. The old man shook his head.

I continued to pore upon the picture with intense interest, for the emblems, situation, and the characters seemed filled with circumstance; but I could not recollect any event to which they might allude, and at last my curiosity overcame my hesitation, and I again ventured an inquiry.

The old man paused. "Sit down," said he, at last, "I will tell you what happened to me sixty years ago."

I sat down beside him, and for several moments he mused in silence, lifted his eyes, and smiled. "Sixty years ago!" he exclaimed, "and it seems but yesterday!" He gazed steadfastly upon the picture. "I promised—I swore—never to reveal it," said he, "but he is gone—they are all gone—and you will not tell it to another."

I gave him my assurance—he grasped my hand. At length, "Were you ever in Italy?" said he.

"No," I replied, "Never."

* Pied crows, or hooded crows.

"Whoever has travelled from Parma to Florence," said he, "must remember the little convent of St. Rosalie. I think that I can yet see its deep Gothic portal, half overshadowed by the old gigantic plain, the long gray rampart of the dormitory, sprinkled over with lichen and wallflower, the narrow pointed windows peeping through the ivy, and the white spires of the chapel blinking over the avenue of chestnuts which leads to the great gate.

One evening I had loitered in the choir after vespers had ended. It was the close of an August day. The air was deathly still, and the last rays of the setting sun faintly glimmered through the stained window, and stole their rainbow pencils from the chequered pavement and cold dim cloister.

I watched the receding figures glide through the momentary light, and listened to the footfall of the peasants who had lingered to drop a bead before the shrine of St. Rosalie, till the last solitary step passed away, and not a sound whispered along the aisle but the shiver of the trees before the porch, and the chance closing of a door within the convent.

I was roused from my reverie by a heavy step and the jingle of spurs upon the pavement; and, looking suddenly towards the portal, saw a tall dark man advancing up the cloister. He was wrapped in a black cloak, which concealed his whole figure; but as he crossed before the window, the faint light glanced beneath his broad hat, and gave a momentary glow to the stern swart cheek, the piercing eye, and thick moustache half visible above his muffled cloak. As he approached I heard the clank of a sword on the pavement, and a sudden doubt of the celebrated Torrifino crossed my apprehension; he stopped before me, and with a slight salutation hastily demanded, "E ella il Sig' Dottor Cameroni Scozzese?"

I looked at him for a moment before I answered that I was; but as soon as he had heard my reply he requested me to give my assistance to "one in need of immediate attendance."

I was astonished at this demand, as I had no idea that my profession was known. I made some hesitation and inquiry concerning the nature of the required service.

"The relief of the malady, and not

the circumstances of the patient, is the province of a physician," replied the stranger; "and for the present occasion you will best learn by an inspection of the individual."

I mused for a moment, but at last—"Show me the way," said I.

"My carriage waits in the avenue," replied the stranger. "But I must beg your excuse for what may seem an unpardonable restraint. There is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstances of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the *veturin* to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the pal—to the house of the patient."

"No," I replied, hastily, "certainly not; I cannot submit to any proceeding of such mystery, and I must request of you to resort to any other than a Scottish gentleman, if you would procure an accessory to actions which require such concealment."

"Signor!" exclaimed the stranger; but suddenly checking himself, "Signor, I respect your doubts; by one word I could dispel them. But it is a secret which would be embarrassing to the possessor, and you might hereafter find it dangerous to be acquainted with that with which ignorance will prevent you from being compromised. It concerns the interest and the safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of the exiled Scottish Jacobites."

"What! whom?" I exclaimed.

"I can say no more," answered the stranger. "But if you would venture any service for one who was once the dearest to your country and your cause, follow me."

"Let us go," said I; "lose no more time," and I hurried towards the door.

The stranger hastened before me, and as we came out on the open green before the convent, I saw a small dark *veturino* standing under the trees. My conductor preceded me to the carriage, and as he assisted me to enter spoke a single word to the driver, who, as soon as we were seated, drove off at a rapid pace. As we proceeded along the avenue, my companion drew down the silk blinds of the windows; and, folding his arms, leaned back into the corner of the carriage in deep silence.

We continued with unabated speed, till suddenly the *veturino* made a sharp turn, and the smooth even rumble of

the wheels upon the turf changed to the hard rattle of a high road, from which the hot dust reeked thick into the carriage.

We must have driven near half an hour when the horses stopped; and my guide drawing a black silk mask from his cloak, "I sincerely apologize for this restraint," said he, "but I beg you to consider that I am obliged to require it, as much for your own welfare as theirs whom I serve."

As soon as I had put on the mask the door of the carriage was opened, and my companion assisted me to alight. For some moments he led me forward at a quick pace over a damp soft sand, till suddenly I distinguished the light ripple of water and the splash of oars at a little distance. My guide stopped, and in a few moments I heard a boat ground upon the shore. The next instant some person leaped on the sand. I was lifted into the barge, and my companion, having seated himself beside me, drew round us the curtains of the awning.

The boatmen immediately put off, and rowed quickly from the shore without a word having been interchanged by any person on board. I conjectured that we were upon the Arno, and waited with impatience for some signal of our landing; but the men began to sing to their oars, and continued to pull with a velocity which appeared aided by the stream. Once or twice we passed another barge, and I felt my companion draw the curtains closer as it went by: but the crew gave us only an evening hail, and in a short time the deep stillness and increasing chill indicated that the night had closed.

At length the boatmen suddenly ceased their song; a short murmur passed among them, and presently the barge stopped. My conductor rose from his seat, and assisting me over the benches I stepped out upon the pavement of a landing-place. My heart beat quick as my conductor led me up a flight of steps which brought us to what appeared, by the rustle of trees and the smell of the plants, to be a garden alley.

For some moments, as we advanced, the air was strongly scented with orange-flowers and geraniums, till, by the sudden change of footing and the echo of our steps, I perceived that we had entered some building.

We proceeded through a long range

of apartments, when suddenly my guide stopped; and removing my mask I looked round upon a splendid saloon, hung with crimson velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor; at the further extremity a pair of folding doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a long conservatory, through the stained glass of which the broad pale moon shone among the leaves and flowers, with a faint glistening light strongly contrasted to the warm glow of the wax tapers on the gilt frames and crimson hangings of the saloon.

While I stood fixed in amazement, my conductor rang a silver bell which stood on the table, and a beautiful little page, richly dressed in scarlet satin, ran into the room, and eagerly spoke in German to my conductor.

The dark countenance of the cavalier glowed suddenly, giving some hasty command to the page. "Signor Dottore," said he, as he quitted the saloon, "the most important part of your occasion is past, but I have sent to inquire if your attendance is still desired."

At this intimation I began to have a suspicion, that I had been summoned to assist at the catastrophe of one of those intrigues not unfrequent among the Italian ladies. I called to mind several instances of such mysterious visits as my own, and my curiosity was now only occupied by the indications of rank and splendour by which I was surrounded.

As I glanced upon the vast candelabra and silk ottomans, my eyes were suddenly caught by a splendid *Highland broadsword and bonnet*, which were thrown carelessly on a couch. I stood fixed with astonishment—the page re-entered the saloon, and speaking briefly to my guide, he arose, and, lighted by the boy, brought me through a splendid suite of apartments till we came to a small anti-room, decorated with several portraits, among which my transient glance recognised one of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VII.

The page crossed the room on his tiptoes, and gently opening the door at the opposite extremity, as I passed, it closed softly behind me, and I found myself alone in a magnificent bed-chamber. The still solitary light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment, and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed which

stood beyond. But I had scarce glanced around me when the rustle of drapery called my attention to the couch, and a lady stepped hastily from the shadow, and saluting me in English, conducted me towards the bed. The curtains were almost closed, and by the side sat a female attendant, lulling an infant enveloped in a mantle; but as the nurse arose at my approach the edge of the embroidered velvet fell from its face, and I caught a momentary glance of features which could not have been many hours old.

As the attendant retired, the lady drew aside the curtains, and by the faint light which fell within the bed, I imperfectly distinguished the pale features of an exquisitely beautiful face which lay wan and languid, almost enveloped in the down pillow. The shadow of the curtains gave but a faint trace of the lovely countenance, but a single beam of the taper glanced upon the dark blue counterpane, and shone across a slender arm, and hand, which lay upon the velvet, still, and pale, and passive as an alabaster model.

The lady spoke a few words of German, at which the patient slowly raised her large dark eyes, and endeavoured to lift her hand towards me. It was cold as marble, and as I held my fingers on the pulse they could scarce feel the low intermitting throb.

For many moments I vainly endeavoured to count the vibrations, while the lady stood motionless beside me, her eyes fixed intensely on my face. "If you will give me leave," said I, endeavouring to suppress any indication of the danger of which I was sensible, "I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost."

The lady brushed a tear from her eyes, and conducted me in silence to a writing cabinet, on which she placed the taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection I glanced accidentally on the toilet table which stood beside me.

The light of the taper shone full upon a number of jewels which lay loosely intermixed among the scent-bottles, as if hastily put off and cast by in confusion. But what was my surprise to recognise an exquisite miniature of my noble, my unfortunate, my exiled Prince, Charles Edward. For some moments I sat with my pen motionless in my hand, and my

eyes fixed upon the painting. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince in the very dress, the look, with which I had seen him ride into the field of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, I gazed upon it till the features swam away in an indistinct glimmer of tears.

An approaching step roused me to recollection, and hastily passing my hand over my eyes, I began to write, as the lady approached the toilet; and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between me and the table. It was but an instant, and she retired; but when I glanced again to the jewels, the face of the miniature was turned.

It was some moments before I could recal my recollection to my patient; but when I had concluded the prescription I arose, and, handing it to the lady, inquired if the invalid had sustained any mental agitation.

"An incident occurred to her this morning," replied the lady, with some hesitation, "which, her physician being absent, caused the occasion for your advice—but she has had for some time—and indeed still has, cause of the deepest anxiety."

I again felt the pulse of the invalid, and would have desired to see her features, but I observed that they were solicitously shaded from the light, and I forbore to urge my wish. For a few moments I continued to hold her hand, my eyes fixed upon the dim, pale, fragile shadow so beautiful even in its uncertainty; but at length I laid down her passive hand, and, retiring from the couch, gave such directions as were necessary for the relief of the sufferer. To these I added some assurance of hope for her speedy amendment, more adapted to the consolation of the attendant, than the result of my own conviction.

"We thank you," replied the lady, with a sigh, "your expressions will be acceptable to her, to whom, though a personal stranger, your skill and your character are well known. An apartment has been prepared for you in the palace in the villa—for which we must entrust your occupation this night; in the morning the arrival of a physician from Florence will relieve you of a service which I fear will be remembered more valuably by the receivers, than the giver."

As she spoke she conducted me to the door, and dismissed me to the anti-room, where I found the page and my conductor awaiting my return. The cavalier sat with his face resting on his hand, and his bent brow fixed upon the door; but at my entrance he looked up eagerly, and hastily inquired after the state of my patient.

"She is very weak," I replied, "but I hope—I trust she is in no immediate danger."

"*Danger!*" exclaimed the cavalier, starting up, "Is there any apprehension that her maj—that the lady is in *danger!*"

"I do not say she *is* in danger," I replied; "on the contrary, I mean to imply, that if she has care and tranquillity, and the fever does not increase, there is no reason to despond."

"Then there may be?" replied the cavalier, hastily.

"Certainly," I answered, "no violent indisposition is without a possibility of an unfavourable turn."

The cavalier stood for some moments without reply, while the page looked from one to the other with uncertain eagerness. At length the cavalier turned suddenly, and motioning to the door, the boy took up the light and led the way back to the small saloon through which I had before passed. It was now lighted with several tapers, and in the short interval which had elapsed, a supper-table had been covered.

As we entered, my attendant repeated the intimations of my required stay, and inviting me to some refreshments, seated himself opposite me at the table; no servants appeared during the whole meal, and we were attended only by the page. My unknown companion served me with a politeness and hospitality, the courtesies of which appeared more natural than the unbroken taciturnity which he otherwise maintained; but as soon as our meal was ended, he offered to conduct me to my chamber, and introduced me to a small but richly-furnished cabinet adjoining the saloon in which we had supped. "I hope," said the cavalier, "that you will sleep here as sound as in your own chamber, and I trust that there will be no cause for interrupting your repose." As my attendants retired, I listened to hear the turning of the lock, but I distinguished only the click of the latch, and their footsteps passed

away. I examined my apartment with a vague curiosity, to find something that might indicate the house in which I was. I found, however, nothing to engage my attention but the splendour of the furniture, and my next attempt was to ascertain whether the door was secured.

Approaching cautiously I turned the lock; it opened at once, and gently unclosing the door, I looked into the supper-room. The lights were gone, and I saw only a faint gleam of the moon which stole faintly through the open windows.

I was in the act of stepping out to gain a sight of what was without, when I thought I heard a low sigh, and as I stopped and hesitated, the wind half-lifted the silk curtain of the opposite lattice, and a broad gleam of moonshine falling upon one of the ottomans, discovered the figure of my mysterious guide, his head wrapped in his black cloak, and the hilt of his sword half concealed under the mantle.

I stepped cautiously back, and closing the door without noise, threw myself on the bed, but I was incapable of sleeping, and several times I heard the heavy chimes of a turret clock before I became insensible to the tumult of conjectures which occupied my thoughts.

I was suddenly awakened by a confusion of sounds, and starting up in bed, heard hasty steps hurry past, and several voices conversing with an eager but suppressed tone in the saloon. I listened for some time with suspended breath, but I could catch no word, till at length all became still, and I again lay down. In a few moments, however, a heavy step approached the door, the lock slowly turned, and a ray of light glanced into the apartment. I started up, and drawing back the curtain, saw my mysterious summoner, his pale countenance touched with a severe wanness by the light of a small lamp which he carried in his hand.

When he saw I was awake, he advanced to my bedside. "The physician has arrived," said he; "your patient is not worse, and though it is adding inhospitality to inconvenience, I must entreat of you to rise and allow me to attend you on your departure."

I would now very willingly have taken some rest, but I immediately complied, and, throwing on my cloak,

prepared to follow my conductor. While I was occupied, I thought there was something embarrassed in his manner, and once or twice that he was going to speak, but he said nothing; and as soon as I was ready, preceded me to the saloon.

A single taper stood on the table, and my eye was instantly caught by a silver crucifix, and a rich missal which lay open on a small desk*. At the same moment my attention was diverted by the sound of a step, and I saw the thin white figure of a priest, dressed in his cope and rochet, pacing slowly through the apartment. As he approached I recognised a pale venerable old man, his white hair thinned to a few scattered locks, and his furrowed features and bending figure touched by a hand heavier than that of time. At the sound of our steps he turned suddenly, and as we came near saluted me in English with a gravity approaching to solemnity; then making a brief apology for the question, abruptly demanded if I had any affairs which required my stay in Italy.

"None," said I.

"Then you would have no disinclination to pursue your travels in another country?" he continued.

"I am a Scottish exile," I replied, "and therefore all countries are alike to me, without place, object, or interest."

The pale emaciated features of the priest turned upon me with a melancholy look; but again resuming, "It is absolutely unavoidably necessary that you should set out to leave Tuscany to-night, and while I regret the impossibility of giving you any explanation which might justify such an apparently unwarrantable interference in your actions, I must entreat your confidence to the assurance that if the events of this night were disclosed, they would produce the most ruinous consequences upon those the deepest concerned in that cause to which your misfortunes have proved your fidelity."

"May I venture to ask," said I in amazement, "by whom I am thus well known?"

"I am the friend of your friends," replied the priest, "but more I cannot answer. The day may come when we may meet again—in a better hour—but that we may, I request you to give me your solemn oath that you will never divulge to any living what you have seen, heard, or thought, since you left the church of St. Rosalie."

I paused for a moment without reply.

"I am aware," continued he, "that this is a hard request, and to one of your honour and character, looks like an unjust doubt—yet it is not that your fidelity is suspected. But human nature is weak—you may have a wife, a child—and in an hour of confidence you might drop—some word to them—and—"

"I had a wife!—I had a child!" I answered, endeavouring to command my voice. "My son lies on the field of Culloden—my wife—is with those who will never speak with mortal man."

The priest turned away his face, and remained for some moments in silence, and at length he grasped my hand—"He has a child this night—" said he, "who may yet be a son to the childless—a father to the orphan. By all that you would have done for the safety of your own, refuse not service to one no less unfortunate!"

An almost certain conviction flashed upon me—"What!" I exclaimed, "can it be!—There is but one who can be a father to the orphans of my country."

The priest held my hand in great emotion, and suddenly turning away, walked once or twice through the saloon.

I gazed after him—I looked to the cavalier, he sat with his bent brow averted, and his mouth rested on the hand which was clenched on the hilt of his sword. At length the priest stopped before me.

"My son," said he, in his wonted voice, "Let us finish the last which remains to be done."

The cavalier arose. "I will do whatever you ask," I replied. "You could not require what was unworthy of my father's son."

The priest grasped my hand in silence: the cavalier uncovered his head,

* About the 45 there were a few of the old reformed high church, who, as in the time of Charles I., wore the crucifix as a simple sacred symbol, used the ecclesiastical habit worn by the original Western Church, and, divested of the verbal office to the Saints and the Virgin, retained the solemn and beautiful musical service instituted by St. Benedict.

and I laid my hand on the missal. For a moment there was a deep pause, the priest raised the cross, and lifting his hand, I swore "never, but at the command of my king, to speak what I had seen or thought that night, for fear or reward, in the hour of confession, or on the bed of death."

The priest made the sign of the cross and replaced the crucifix—"God give you to speak of it," said he, "in the ears of all the earth. And now, my son, farewell; we shall, perhaps, meet no more in this world, for the years of my exile are few, and yours will be spent far from hence; but carry with you the assurance that you will be remembered by those who have fought, and suffered, and worn out their lives in banishment for Scotland."

He passed the sleeve of his rochet across his eyes, and placed in my hand a weighty purse. I earnestly refused to receive it, but he would not hear me. "Those whom you have served are indeed poor," said he; "but they are richer than you. Here is that will bear your expenses to any part of Europe, and when it is gone, keep the purse as the memorial of an unknown friend, to whom you may one day present it in a happier and better hour."

He pressed my hand once more, the cavalier put on his hat in silence, and conducted me from the room. We returned to the great saloon which I had first seen, and where my guide again requested me to assume the mask which lay where I had left it; as soon as I had complied he took my arm, and in a few moments I heard the trees rustle around us, and felt the night-wind blow fresh in my face. After descending the steps which I had before mounted, I was again placed in the barge, and with the same silence as before, the boatmen immediately put off and rowed from the shore.

We must have continued our voyage for above two hours, during which time my guide never spoke, and I heard no sound but the plash of the oar, and once or twice the bay of a distant dog. At length the bell of a church came faintly down the water, and in a little time the barge suddenly grounded, and one of the boatmen taking me on his back carried me through the water to the shore.

For a few moments my attendants stood in silence, but presently one of

the party made a low whistle, and immediately I heard the sound of wheels and the tramp of horses in the sand. As soon as they stopped there was a momentary bustle around me; the steps of the carriage were hastily let down, and my guide having assisted me to enter, seated himself beside me, and we drove off at great speed.

My mask was removed on entering the *veturin*, and in a short time I saw the morning begin to dawn; but as the light advanced I observed that the blinds of the carriage were closed, and the sunshine began to glimmer through the silk before we stopped. At length I heard a faint jingle of bells and the rumble of carriages. Suddenly the wheels of the *veturin* rattled upon the stones of an ill-paved street, and my companion drawing up the blinds, I saw the market-place of a large town, thronged with booths, peasants, and fruit-women.

Our carriage drove up to a hotel in the centre of the square, and my companion immediately alighting, spoke a few words to the postillion, and we followed the host into the house.

I now observed for the first time that the cavalier had changed the peasant's hat, which he wore on the preceding evening, for an undress military cap; and as his cloak hung loose on his shoulder, I caught a momentary glance of a small black cross upon his breast.

He could not have overlooked the involuntary scrutiny with which I regarded him, but he passed it with a manner of perfect ease and even dignity, expressing a hope that I had not suffered from want of rest, and inquiring if I would do him the honour to continue my journey without stopping where we were.

I could scarcely forbear smiling at the courtesy of a request which was intended as a command; but I replied that I had been too long accustomed to sleepless nights and change of place to regard either; he looked at me, I thought with sadness and hesitation, but he replied only by a bow, and immediately left the room.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned: "Your *veturino* is ready," said he, "but first let me inquire if there is any thing in which I can receive your commands, and by what road you would

wish to travel? I would recommend to you, however, Civita Vecchia; for there you will find vessels to most parts of Europe."

"All roads—all ports are alike to me," said I. I took up my hat, the cavalier led the way to the court, and crossing the yard we entered an obscure and narrow street at the back of the inn, and I observed a veturino standing under the shadow of the overtopping houses, the shade and silence of which formed a striking contrast to the bright glare and mixed buzz of the crowded marketplace. The door of the carriage was open, and as the cavalier assisted me to enter—"I have caused the best provisions which could be procured to be provided in the carriage," said he, "and you will reach * * * * in a few hours." As the door was about to close he held out his hand; "If ever we meet again," he added, "it will be as friends whom fortune has united in the same cause."

For a moment he held my hand with a strong grasp, then turning to the postillion, "To * * * *," said he, and the carriage drove rapidly down the street.

It was the third evening after my arrival at Porto Franconi; the wind, which had prevented my departure at Civita Vecchia, still continued contrary, and towards sunset I wandered out along the shore to get sight of the distant summit of Monte Cielo, which foretels an easterly wind by a cloud upon its brow. But its sharp cone towered clear and naked like a dim pyramid in the blue sky; and sitting down upon a rock above the beach, I continued gazing in absent abstraction upon the preparations of a group of fishermen, who were preparing their boat to go out to sea.

As I chanced to glance towards the south I observed a large vessel which appeared standing for the port, and by the breadth of her canvass, and the white flicker which flashed at times upon her maintop, I distinguished at once that she was a ship of war.

Whilst I watched her broad dusk shadow glide against the sunbeams, an old fisherman came hobbling up, under the weight of his huge boots, and two or three frieze great-coats which he carried over the boat-hook on his shoulder. As he passed I made an inquiry

concerning the vessel which had attracted my attention.

The old man stopped, and glanced to the sea, and brushed his gray brow,—
"She is an English ship," replied he; "she's been standing off and on all day."

"Do you know her name?" I asked at a careless venture, which anticipated a negative.

"The Albina, Commodore O'Halloran," answered the old man.

"She is running for the port, I suppose," said I, as she continued advancing towards the mole.

"Not she!" replied the sailor; "she'll stand away again before she's within gun-shot of the Moor."

"She's not beating," said I, "and the wind's fair for the west."

"Faith no," answered the old man: "she's not beating."

"What do you think she's doing then?" said I.

The old man drew down the corners of his puckered and fishlike mouth in silence.

"Had you seen her before?" I asked.

"This morning, before light," replied the fisherman, "I saw two rockets thrown from the moor's-head—yonder black point. In a few minutes after, there was the report of a gun in the offing, and when the day broke the frigate was standing in for the land."

"Perhaps," said I, "she was doubtful of the roadstead. Is there a signal-post on the point?"

The old man smiled; "No doubt," replied he.

"Why," said I, "is it any thing remarkable?"

"Oh, no—nothing," replied he; "only that the signals are not such as you think."

"How so?" said I.

The old man looked round upon the beach, then pointing to the east—"Do you see that little deep creek?" said he. "On that rock, under the cork-trees, Geronimo Gaspironi has landed more tobacco than ever came through the customs of Porto Franconi."

"But what should that have to do with a British ship of war?" said I.

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and again mumped his grizzled beard with emphatic silence.

"Do you suppose," said I, "that any

on board an English frigate would venture to hold such correspondence?"

"The captain of that ship would venture to hold correspondence with the devil," answered the old man. "It was he carried off Donna Maria de Gonsalva, the Spanish captive, out of the middle of Algiers."

"And you think he is now on some such adventure?" said I.

The sailor looked doubtfully to the ship. "It is twenty years ago," said he; "but he is not yet the man to be baffling about on a wind for nothing."

While he spoke, the fisherman hobbled from the boat; and the old man heaving the cloaks upon his shoulder, hobbled down to the beach. I continued to ramble along the shore, and, absorbed in conjectures upon my late extraordinary adventure, wandered on regardless of the distance or the declining light, till I was suddenly impeded by an abrupt ridge of rocks, and, looking round, discovered that I had passed the point and entered the very creek which the fisherman had pointed out as the haunt of Gaspironi. The discovery recalled my attention, and I looked round with curiosity upon a scene which bore strong characteristics for the romantic and adventurous.

The sun had long set, and the dim yellow twilight which shone over the western cliff threw into the bay an uncertain glimmer, which gave a deep solemnity to its solitude and stillness. It was a narrow quiet basin, overhung by high precipitous steeps, shadowed with cork-trees and palms, and as far as I could perceive, possessing no outlet but over a small shelf of rock by which I had entered, and through a deep narrow defile, which, overgrown with trees, ascended from the bottom of the creek. On either side of the entrance a reef of rocks ran far into the sea, and though there was now scarce a ripple on the water, a long and frequent flash of surf brightened in the moonshine, and indicated the slumbering breakers which surround the dangerous channel. Within, the bay seemed formed by nature for quiet and security; not a breath disturbed the black still mirror of the water which lipped upon the sands, and the track of wheels and mules gave recent evidence of numerous visitants.

I gazed upon the wild picture with an imagination that grouped its characteristic figures, till I looked involuntarily to the sea for the effect of the smuggler's galley, when I was suddenly struck by the vast black silent shadow of the English frigate lying with her sails aback, not a gunshot from the entrance of the creek.

I almost started at the coincidence of the fisherman's hints, and continued to watch the ship as the rising moon shed a bright silvery stream across her shadow, strongly contrasted to the dark void shape of her broad hull and motionless sails.

I remained so long without observing the smallest change of place, that I concluded she had anchored for the tide, and was turning to leave the creek when I thought I heard the tread of a horse behind me. I stopped and listened for some moments—it did not return, but all at once I plainly distinguished the approaching tramp, and in a few moments the dark shadow of a horseman emerged slowly from the hollow way. He stopped upon the sand, and stood motionless in the gray moonlight, but suddenly he turned towards the path, and made a short low whistle, which was immediately followed by the soft rumble of wheels and the heavy trample of horses in the sand.

I watched the road with eager curiosity, and in a few moments a small dark veturin, driven by a postillion, issued from the deep gorge of the defile. The rider immediately proceeded, and was followed by the carriage towards the very spot where I stood under the cliff. I know not why—but I felt an involuntary sensation of being one too many for the occasion, and as the rider approached I stooped behind some fragments of fallen rock, through a chink of which I had a secure view to the outlet of the creek.

The horseman and the carriage passed scarce a pike's length from the place where I lay, but what was my astonishment when, as the moonlight fell through the trees upon the group, I thought I recognised the figure of my mysterious guide from St. Rosalie.

I lay breathless with amazement, and as the cavalier turned the rock, the broad moon shone bright on his face, and showed distinctly the pale stern fea-

tures so deeply imprinted upon my memory.

The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier having glanced hastily round, blew a loud shrill whistle. The echo had scarce died away along the cliff, when the long black shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind the reef of rocks on the western entrance to the creek. She pulled straight for the spot where the veturin stood, and in a few moments I saw her stern brought round to the sand, and all her oars fly up into the moonlight.

The cavalier had already alighted, and opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady closely muffled in a white mantle. As she descended, I observed that she bore in her arms some object which she held with great solicitude, and at the same time an officer leaped from the boat and hastened towards the travellers. By the glimmer of the moonlight upon his shoulders, I saw that he wore a captain's epaulettes, and making a brief but profound salute to the lady, he conducted her towards the galley.

As they approached, the lady unfolded her mantle, and, turning to the cavalier, I heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished for a moment the glister of a little mantle and white cap as she laid her charge in the arms of her companion. The officer immediately lifted her into the boat, and as soon as she was seated the cavalier redelivered to her the child, and folding it carefully in her cloak, I heard her half-suppressed voice lulling the infant from its disturbance.

A brief word and a momentary grasp of the hand passed between the lady and the cavalier, and the officer lifting his hat, the boat pushed off, the oars fell in the water, and the galley glided down the creek with a velocity which soon rendered her but a shadow upon the gray tide.

In a few minutes I lost sight of her altogether, but I still distinguished the faint measured plash of the oars and a feeble wail of the infant's voice float along the still water.

For some moments I thought I had seen the last of the little bark—which seemed to venture like an enchanted skiff into that world of black waters; but suddenly I caught a momentary glimpse of the narrow boat, and the dark figures of the men gliding across the bright stream of moonlight upon the tide; for an instant after, a faint gleam blinked upon the white mantle of the lady, and the sparkle of the oars, but it died away by degrees, and neither sound nor sight returned again.

For more than a quarter of an hour the tall black figure of the cavalier continued fixed upon the same spot, and in the same attitude; but suddenly the broad gigantic shadow of the frigate swung round in the moonshine, her sails filled to the wind, and dimly brightening in the light, she bore off slow and stull and stately towards the west.

For a little time the red glimmer of the cabin windows struggled with the moonlight, but gradually they faded, till they were lost, and the shadowy sails and dusky hull disappeared like a vast phantom upon the gray water."—

The Doctor stopped and sat with his thin hands clasped upon his knee, and his white brow bent upon the fire.

"And what became of the infant?" said I, at last.

The old man lifted his hand to the picture.

I gazed upon it in silent uncertainty. "The waves took him," said he, at length, "the waves give him up."

"But *when—where—to whom!*" I exclaimed.

The old man raised his eyes and shook his head, "*God alone knows!*" said he.

BALLAD OF THE LORD MAXWELL.

(NOT) BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

EARL MAXWELL was as brave a lord
 As ever mounted battle steed ;
 But he has ridden a perilous raid,
 And a woful doom for him's decreed.

Alas for good Lord Niddisdale,
 For mony a heart for him is sair ;
 And mony a lord besought the king
 The gallant hero's life to spare.

And mony a noble lady kneel'd,
 With round tears poppling frae the e'e:
 " Now for the sake of heaven, my liege,
 O grant Lord Maxwell's life to me ! "

But our good king he smiled a smile,
 And winkit joyfu' wi' his e'e :
 " Give me one kiss, my comely dame,
 And a gallant boon I'll grant to thee.

" And now to pleasure thee and me,
 I swear by this right hand of mine,
 His head thou on a pole shalt see,
 Ere I again sit down to dine.

" How likest thou that, my noble dame,
 For traitor's life that pleadest so ?
 If I were in Lord Maxwell's power,
 My royal head would soon be low."

But then came good Queen Caroline,
 And low she kneel'd upon her knee :
 " Now for the sake of heaven, my liege,
 O grant Lord Maxwell's life to me ! "

" Get up, get up, Queen Caroline,
 You ask what never can be done ;
 I'll rather yield the British crown,
 And place it on your dainty son.

" That dangerous, daring Border chief,
 Must suffer death without remeide ;
 Had he a hundred popish lives,
 I'd snap them like a brittle thread."

Then word's-gane to the prison cell,
 Where noble prisoners lay forlorn,
 That good King George had ta'en his oath,
 That all the three should die the morn.

Lord Niddisdale he raised his head,
 A scowl hung o'er his dark e'e-bree ;
 " I care nae mair for your King George,
 Than that poor reptile cares for me.

" He weens to him the power is given
 To 'reave my life whene'er he may ;
 But it is register'd in heaven,
 And proof against all earthly sway.

Ballad of the Lord Maxwell.

- " I dream'd a dream this hinder night,
 I know 'twas sent to me for good ;
 I dream'd I was a noble bird,
 Of the imperial falcon's brood.
- " But flew I east or flew I west,
 There was an owl that cross'd my path,
 A sordid and a hateful bird,
 That threaten'd me with chains and death.
- " I soar'd away into the cloud,
 For there was dread my heart within ;
 But flew I east or flew I west,
 From that mean bird I could not win.
- " At length he mured me in his den,
 From which he left me no retreat ;
 He pluck'd the feathers from my breast
 And all the talons from my feet ;
- " But down there came a bonny bird,
 An eaglet of the mountain gray ;
 And with one blink of her blue e'e,
 She wiled me from the owl away.
- " Then though the owl with murky soul
 May glory in his base design,
 Some angel bird may bring the word
 That saves this forfeit life of mine."
- " Alas ! my lord, these bounding hopes
 Are nothing whercon to rely,
 In vain the queen has craved your life,
 To-morrow you are doom'd to die."
- " To-morrow, is as long a look,
 As twenty years that are gone by ;
 But I'm prepared for death or life,
 And monarch's malice I defy.
- " Jailer, I hear one at the gate,
 That calls for you, and names my name ;
 That is a voice which never yet,
 To me with evil tidings came.
- " Good jailer, haste, and ope the gate,
 For well that cheerful voice I know ;
 It is my Lady Maxwell come,
 From Scotland, through the frost and snow.
- " Since last I left the banks of Nith,
 Through perils sore, and hopeless strife,
 I have not heard one cheering sound,
 Till this the last night of my life."
- The jailer hasten'd to the gate,
 This late intruder's face to see,
 And there stood Lady Niddisdale,
 With icicles aboon her bree.
- " Let open wide your prison doors,
 Good jailer, throw them wide to me ;
 For at the last the bill hath pass'd,
 And all the prisoners are free."

" To hear those blithe and long'd-for news,
Fair lady, I rejoice indeed ;
For what so grievous in a land
As knights for loyalty to bleed ?

" The brave and just may be misled,
But steadfast loyalty and faith
Who can condemn ?—I knew our king
Would save the noble lords from death.

" Here's money for the guards to drink
King George's health in bumpers deep,
And those who plodd the prisoners' lives,
O bless'd and happy be their sleep !"

" Welcome, my own dear Winnifred,
The loveliest flower of Niddisdale !
So sweet a sight ne'er met mine eye—
But why, my love, so deadly pale ?

" If at the last the bill hath pass'd,
That frees my hapless friends and me,
Methinks my lovely lady's cheek
The cheerful news should verify."

" Alas ! my lord, 'twas but a blind
To lull the jailer's jealousy ;
'Tis true, the bill hath pass'd the peers,
But there's no grace for thine or thee.

" For Kenmure, Derwent, and thyself,
The king treats every suit with scorn,
And he has ta'en his solemn oath
That all the three shall die the morn.

" I waited in his corridor,
With many a sigh and bitter tear ;
For oh ! what will not woman do
For husband so supremely dear ?

" I threw myself down at his feet ;
He spurn'd me from him with disdain !
I seized his robe—I pray'd—I wept—
But, ah, I wept and pray'd in vain.

" He dragg'd me through the corridor,
With many a wince, and kick, and fling,
And aye he cried, " Cut off her hands,
'Tis treason thus to seize a king !"

" Well—let the tyrant do his worst :
A curse on the usurper's reign :
Estates with him I would not change,
Since thou art in my arms again !

" My wife—my love—excuse this tear,
Not for myself my heart is wrung ;
It is for leaving thee forlorn,
And my two helpless children young.

" But for our royal Stuart's race,
As I have hope in heaven above,
I'll welcome death in any guise,
As firmly as my wife—my love !"

Ballad of the Lord Maxwell.

"Lord Maxwell, I have loved thee well,
And much have dared and done for thee ;
Give me thy troth, 'tis all I ask,
That thou'lt be ruled this night by me.

"I have a prayer I oft have pray'd,
And at the boon will ne'er repine,
It was that I might have this chance,
And risk this worthless life for thine.

"Two lady suits are on my back,
Two lady hoods upon mine head,
And thou shalt pass the guards for me,
And leave me prisoner in thy stead."

"My noble, my devoted wife !
What heart e'er glow'd with love like thine ?
No man on earth could take thy life,
For this attempt to rescue mine.

"I'll make the trial—other chance
To save my life can not remain ;
But if in jeopardy thou'rt set,
I'll come and take thy place again."

"Have thou no dread—the king that could
Possess as little lack of grace,
Could never show his head again,
Nor look a lady in the face."

Behold the lord of Niddisdale
In lady's trim array bedight,
With cork-heel'd shoes, and farthingale ;
It was, forsooth, a gallant sight !

In silk mantle and riding-hood,
A lady's graceful step he kept,
But hid his face within his arm,
And shook his head, and sobb'd, and wept.

The grateful jailer bow'd his head,
As slow the stately dame withdrew,
And every guardsman bless'd her heart,
And wish'd the happy tidings true.

Oh, when the lady of Niddisdale
Heard all the doors clash, one by one,
She laid her down and wept for joy,
For then she knew the prize was won.

She kneel'd, and thank'd her Maker dear,
With more delight than tongue can tell,
There never was as blythe a heart
Lock'd in a prison's lonely cell.

Lord Maxwell's safe in friendly hall,
Where friends around him weep for joy ;
But woman's love was all the theme,
Sublime and pure without alloy.

They called it "jewel of the earth,
Since human crime and love began,
The only beam on sorrow's path,
The rainbow of the soul of man."

Next morn the officers of death
Entered the prison's lonely room,
With warrants sign'd and halberds bright,
To lead Lord Maxwell to his doom.

Behold, there sat a courtly dame,
Lovely as blossom on the tree,
Who welcomed every one by name,
And smiled at their perplexity.

But the poor jailer's cheek grew wan,
And o'er it pour'd the burning brine:
Says he, "My lady, it will stand
Full hard with both your head and mine.

"For good King George hath such despite
Against the lord of Niddisdale,
The very mention of his name
With fury makes the monarch pale."

Lord Harvey's gone before the king,
And low he kneel'd upon his knee:
"My gracious liege, I grieve to say
That tidings strange I bring to thee.

"This morn we went unto the Tower,
To bring Lord Maxwell to his doom,
The doors were lock'd, the traitor gone,
And a fair lady in his room!"

The king pull'd off his ample wig,
And threw it on the flame at ance,
Then ran to seek his royal hat,
To keep the wig in countenance.

He could not find it, but he found
The Liturgy, a book of fame,
He threw it at Lord Harvey's head,
And then upon the burning flame.

"I am betray'd! I am betray'd!"
Our good king cried with eldrich howls,
"You're traitors all! You're traitors all!
A pack of base intriguing souls!"

"Restrain your rage, my gracious king,
The dame her husband's life hath won;
I only am the messenger,
To crave what next is to be done."

"What's to be done? A tale indeed
Befitting train of treachery;
Cut off her head—that's to be done,
And bring it in an hour to me."

When word was brought unto the lords,
They wist not what to do or say,
The lady's life was forfeited,
And sore perplex'd and grieved were they.

But good Lord Holland rose and said,
"My lords, our rights we must retain,
The king can pardon—not condemn,
Such deed must not our annals stain.

Ballad of the Lord Maxwell.

" This lovely, this devoted dame,
 Hath laid her life in jeopardy,
 But 'tis for love—let us, for shame,
 Combine and set the lady free."

But good King George was sore displeased,
 And to his passion wild gave way,
 And not one wig in all the court
 Escaped the flames that direful day:

Till Lady Howard's wrath was roused,
 And thus she said, right spitefullye :
 " Well may you fume, for 'twill be long
 Ere lady lay her life for thee."

Oh ne'er flew bird out ower the dale,
 So lightsome, free of all alarms,
 As flew the lady of Niddisdale
 To clasp her husband in her arms ;

And say farewell, for straight he sped
 To lands that lie beyond the sea,
 Weening he left his lady-love
 Released from risk or jeopardy.

But wo betide our noble king,
 No reason could his wrath restrain,
 For he has sent both horse and foot
 To bring the lady back again.

They chased her o'er the Border fair,
 They chased her down to Niddisdale,
 And then away to bonny Traquair,
 But all their wit could not avail.

For friends in need are friends indeed,
 And those the Lady Maxwell found,
 Who was concealed in tower and field,
 And safely shipped to foreign ground.

Few men would die to save their wives,
 And fewer wives for boisterous men,
 Or trust their fair and precious lives
 Deep in a prison's deadly den.

But in that day when Stuart's race
 Made their last struggles for the sway,
 A chivalry we then can trace,
 Which evermore hath pass'd away.

But of all wives the top and wale,
 For all that could high dame beseech,
 The bonny lady of Niddisdale
 The highest stands in my esteem.

God prosper long our noble king,
 And all his lords of old renown,
 And curses on each reptile thing
 Would trample ancient honours down.

THE RIVINGTONS.

"Look on this picture, and on this."—SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. RIVINGTON was a widow, still young and well-looking. She felt that society retained many claims on her, and she anxiously anticipated the establishment of her daughters, to free her from the restraints and fetters of maternal duty. For one of her children she confessed that she had little fear, but what could be done with the incorrigible Matilda? Just sixteen, at that fairy age when the world is all *coulour de rose*, and hope smiles over the landscape of existence, Matilda Rivington could not agree with her mother that General Grenley was the identical man calculated to make her happy—a gray-haired lover!—a gouty bridegroom!!—a copper-coloured husband!!!—she shuddered at the bare idea. "Depend upon it, mamma," she would say, between jest and earnestness, shaking her head, while her auburn tresses glowed in the light, "depend upon it I am not destined to bear the illustrious name of Grenley."

Eliza was of quite another disposition; although but one year her sister's senior, she had the settled character of five-and-twenty. She was a finished beauty; her eyes were as black as jet, large, soft, and pensive: her hair, of the same deep tint, was braided simply across her unusually high and placid brow, and there was that pure and lovely bloom upon her cheek, which looked as though some magic power had caught a blush mantling on it, and had fixed it there for ever; her figure and her feet were perfect, and the calm gentleness of her manner were in such exquisite keeping with her style of person, that no eye turned on Eliza Rivington which did not linger on her beauty. This was the most fitting face in the world to relieve Matilda's perpetual sunshine, for Matilda, lovely as she was, boasted attractions of another kind; hers was the very joyousness of nature, flashing out in every feature, in every motion, and in every tone; her bright blue eyes laughed with her heart's mirth, and her rosy lips smiled an echo to its lustrous happiness—it would have struck on the soul of a cynic, and gain-

said his practice more than a score of theories.

Archibald Fortescue, the presumed suitor of the elder Miss Rivington, was the second son of an old and wealthy baronet; gay in his habits, and buoyant in his disposition. It was a marvel among "all the world" in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Fortescue had not selected the younger sister; yet had he never vacillated for an instant, and from the first time he beheld Eliza Rivington, he had been, even as her mother expressed it, "her very shadow;" beyond this, the family themselves knew as little of his intention, save by inference, as the most unconcerned of their acquaintance. There was "an understanding," it is true, but how it had originated, or when it had commenced, no one knew. Eliza herself was satisfied that he loved her, that she was to be his wife; yet he had not said one decided syllable on the subject—he selected her ornaments, he directed her avocations, he almost limited her acquaintance—she paid no visits, she accepted no invitations, in which he was not included; and, in fine, she gave herself up to him heart and soul, in all the guileless confidence of woman. Archibald Fortescue was her first love, and as she looked on his fine and manly countenance, she felt that the world contained for her but one image!

The declared lover of Matilda was a being of another mould; aged some fifty-three or four years, his hair marbled slightly with white, his complexion varying from dull yellow to pale brown; his eyes of the lightest gray, small, keen, and quick; and his figure erect, meagre, and skinny. But General Grenley was an unexceptionable match, for he had offered to settle two thousand a-year on Matilda, and to defray the expenses of her own carriage—what more could be wished? In short, Matilda would not marry Mr. Persivette, who had first proposed to her, and her mother was resolved that she *should* marry General Grenley.

"Yonder is the general's pony phaeton coming up the park;" said Mrs. Rivington to Miss Dora Trevor, her

maiden sister, "and here, most *à propos*, is Matilda." It was even so,—as she spoke her daughter entered the library: never had she looked more lovely; whether from light-heartedness, or a shade of that coquetry which is inherent in woman, Matilda had twisted some carnations among her ringlets, and Mrs. Rivington, as she looked on her, could not suppress a smile of maternal pride. "Here comes the dear general—Dora, be good enough to wheel up that ottoman."

"I will do it, aunt," said Matilda, gaily; "I have as much compassion for the poor old gentleman's gouty toes as you have, tender-hearted as you are;—there now—by the time he has got tired of the country, and returned to Park Lane and Mulligatawny soup, I shall have become quite a finished nurse;—I wonder who attended him in 'the liver,' as he calls it."

"Matilda, I will not allow such ridiculous remarks—the general does not deserve them from *you*—so liberal and generous as he is."

"Certainly he is willing to pay well for a new plaything," said Matilda, with sudden gravity; "but, thank Heaven, women are not saleable in England."

Mrs. Rivington bit her lip.

"General Grenley," said a servant; and the suitor entered.

"My dear madam, do not rise—suffer me to make my salaam without disturbing your delightful little circle—you are well, I trust, and my fair enslaver yonder by the harp—Miss Matilda, I kiss your hand."

"You must have had a lovely drive, general," smiled Mrs. Rivington.

"I know not of one so beautiful, as from Grenley Lodge to Elm Park; at least none equally so to me—and to-day the sunshine without, and the anticipation of sunshine within, gave it an added charm."

Matilda, as he ceased speaking, listlessly drew her harp towards her, and played with exquisite taste, and arch meaning, the lovely ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed the lover, rapturously, "*will* you favour me also with "My love she's but a lassie, yet?"

"Is this it?" asked Matilda, and stifling a saucy laugh as she marked the

tender air of her antiquated suitor, she gaily swept the chords, and after a skillful cadence broke into the air of "Duncan Gray came here to woo." Mrs. Rivington looked half angry, and Miss Trevor half amused, while Matilda, as if suddenly recollecting herself, put the harp from her, saying, carelessly, "Oh no! that is quite another affair—the air has escaped my memory."

"That head-dress is perfectly bewitching!" said the enamoured general, looking tenderly on his mistress. "Nothing can equal flowers in the hair of a pretty woman."

"I prefer diamonds," observed the young lady coolly.

"I brought home a profusion of jewels from the East," remarked the general, with affected carelessness, to Mrs. Rivington. "I am a perfect amateur of gems."

"*A propos*, of the East, general," said Matilda, as she took up her embroidery, "did you ever attend the Madras Spinster-market? and do the young ladies really stand on the top of tar barrels, made up in lots, and ticketed, to be bid for like foreign china at Christie's?"

Such was the light-hearted girl, who within a twelvemonth was sacrificed to interest. Her mother was peremptory, her own fancy somewhat dazzled, and her heart untouched. At the very age when the yet unformed character is ready to receive the impress of every new feeling—when the actions are those of impulse rather than of conviction—when it depends on circumstance alone whether the heart shall in afterlife be genuine or artificial in its dictates—was Matilda Rivington led to the altar by one to whom she was utterly indifferent. "Remember," were her last words, as the enraptured suitor took her hand on the morning of their union; "remember, General Grenley, that if I hereafter prove other than you now think me, this marriage was at least not of my seeking."

Mrs. Grenley was the idol of the metropolis for a winter; the charm of the continent for three seasons; and she then returned to Grenley Lodge to rusticate for some months. During this time, Mrs. Rivington had never seen her child, and she had consequently dwelt with delight on the idea of their next

meeting; it was therefore with a feeling of successful pride and self-gratulation that she drove over to Grenley Lodge to witness the splendid happiness of which she had been the author. The general was engaged with his steward, but Mrs. Grenley was visible—the mother hurried to the boudoir, entered, and started with surprise. Matilda rose to embrace her, but it was no longer the Matilda whom she had proudly pressed to her heart when they parted—her naturally high spirits, and unoccupied affections, had aided in exaggerating her continental tastes, and she had returned to her native country a finished coquette. She had been sitting, or rather lying on a low couch in a *déshabille à la Psyche*; her once glowing cheek overspread with rouge, and a settled smile playing about her lips, serving rather to display her very fine teeth, than to express gaiety of heart: her first care, after embracing her mother, was to introduce to her the Comte de Trevillier, between whom and a French poodle she very soon divided the principal share of her attention.

"And so Eliza is not married yet, but is gone to Beechy for change of air—she is a fortunate girl, free from all matrimonial horrors!—*Ah! mon ami, ce malheureux chien va détruire mon cache-miroir—tirez-le de ses dents, je te prie—*"

The young count did as he was desired; rescued the costly shawl, and reseatd himself on a low stool beside his fair hostess.

Mrs. Rivington was all amazement. "Where is the general, Matilda?"

Mrs. Grenley shrugged her shoulders. "Cannot account for him, *ma belle maman*. I see him at dinner; he always comes in with the Mulligatawny—touch the bell, count; his man will know where he is."

The gentleman obeyed, and then moved a few steps towards the door. "You are not going, De Trevillier? You know I cannot spare you."

"Madam may have something to communicate to her mother."

"Nothing, absolutely nothing—she knows all my history *de bout en bout*. I am married to an antique gentleman, and I am striving to feel the wretchedness of such a match as little as possible—*c'est un conte qui ne prend que peu de temps à se dire*. And so Fortescue has really not offered to Eliza—I suppose, how-

ever, she is tired of him by this time; so it is all very well."

"I wish she were," sighed Mrs. Rivington.

"*Tranquille Cupidon*.—What! still the green and yellow melancholy? she must leave it off—it is quite *outré* in this age—only passable in a *petit bourgeois*—*De Trevillier, mon mouchoir*.—I suppose the general told you, mamma, in his last two-ounce-letter, that he is going to roast a herd of oxen on the birth of his heir—for myself, I look forward to it as a perfect bore—oh! here comes my lord—every step he takes shakes my nerves like the shock of an earthquake."

As Mrs. Grenley thus announced the general, he entered the apartment, and met Mrs. Rivington with cordial if not graceful warmth.

"Many thanks for this early visit, my dear madam; I had just ordered the carriage to pay my respects at the park; I suppose Matilda has told you of all our hopes and expectations?—Do you not think she is much improved by her travelling? scarcely like the same person—"

"Scarcely!" echoed the mother with a sigh.

"*Monsieur veut-il une chaise?*" asked the count, as he placed one beside that of Mrs. Rivington.

"Thank you—thank you—the best creature, my dear madam, in all France—formed such a friendship with us, that he could not bear our leaving the country, and eventually consented to accompany us to England—I do not think that Matilda could do without him."

A suppressed smile played round the lip of the young wife, and was reflected on that of the best creature in all France.

"And so poor Eliza is very ill—considered consumptive—should try Cheltenham—I intend that some time hence Matilda shall visit Cheltenham."

"Not for the world! I should die of the horrors; meeting at every step copper-coloured bilious-looking old nabobs—oh! for Heaven's sake, general, I have had enough of that."

A pang smote on the heart of Mrs. Rivington—so changed! and this was in a great degree her work. She had sacrificed her child at that early age when the disposition is undecided, and

that which might have been foreseen, had come to pass. Matilda had married a man, indifference for whom had grown into disgust; her feelings, chilled where they should have been kindest, clung to other and more pleasing objects; she became the child of folly and of whim: every little affectation had expanded and flourished in the hot-bed of continental society, and she returned to her own country, English in nothing save her birth.

Eliza meanwhile had passed her time very differently. For a while hope was buoyant, and Archibald Fortescue all which the fondest heart could picture to itself; but time sped on; month followed month, and year succeeded year, and she was still in the same state of sickening suspense. Her spirits failed beneath the trial, her health fled with them, and the faculty declared that the seeds of a consumption were sown. Fortescue was in town when this appalling declaration was made. Eliza heard of him at intervals, but never from him—she could not urge him to write; for although situated as she felt herself to be, her own heart would have acquitted her, she yet shrank from making a request which her reason bitterly told her should have come from him—Archibald Fortescue had intimated no wish of the kind: he had parted from her kindly, tenderly—he had seen her tears, for those she could not repress—and now she heard of him as the life of the *soirée*, and the idol of his set—she was told that he drove the most striking equipage in the park, that he lounged with the loveliest women at the opera, and finally that he had made a conquest of one of the greatest heiresses in England. This was the finishing stroke—Eliza drooped daily; the sun of her youth was overshadowed. Hopeless and unrequited affection was withering up her existence. Other and wealthier suitors were at her feet, but her mother urged, threatened, and besought in vain. “You bade me give my heart to Fortescue,” would she say, “and I obeyed you. More I cannot do.”

On learning the return of her sister, Eliza hurried home. “I can pour my sorrows into her ear,” she whispered to herself; “and, light-hearted as she is, she will weep with me over my withered hopes.” How then did her bruised spirit

recoil upon itself, when Matilda talked of her unhappiness as a mere imaginary evil; declared it to be in bad taste—*outré*—*mauvais*—and plebeian; and recommended dissipation as a cure for her heart-sickness! “Were you in my situation, *ma belle Elise*, heavens! tied to old age, ugliness, and decrepitude, then indeed you might complain; but I am determined not to make marriage such a log, that I must clank its chains at every step, like a felon—*ma foi, non*. There is a cure, *belle désolée*, for every evil; a woman’s heart should be her slave, not her tyrant. My mother tells me, Eliza, that you might have married Lord Littledale—*eh, pourquoi donc?*—but no;” and a shade passed over the brow even of the volatile Mrs. Grenley. “You are right; never, never give your hand where your heart is uninterested. Heaven knows!—but enough of this;” and she turned to a mirror, and warbled the air of “*Garçon volage*,” as she adjusted a stray ringlet. Eliza rose; hastily wiped away a tear, and left the room. “Mr. Fortescue,” said a servant, and Archibald himself entered in a travelling dress, at one door, as the Frenchman lounged into the room through another. “A thousand apologies, my dear Mrs. Grenley, for my appearance, but I heard that you were in England, and I would not delay, for one unnecessary moment, paying my respects to you. I thought to have caught you in Park-lane, but I was under an engagement to drive Lady Lucy Cliver to the Exhibition, and your *cortège* had left town before I returned.”

“And *en vrai Quichotte* you have followed us to the country?—*mille grâces*. Mr. Fortescue, Eugène, Comte de Trevillier.” The gentlemen bowed coldly as their respective names were uttered by a pair of the prettiest lips in the world; and Archibald seated himself beside his hostess.

“I hear that Miss Rivington is indisposed—sorry to hear it, very sorry; I was told so by Beauvilliers last Tuesday.”

“*Maladie de cœur, mon ami*.” Fortescue coloured painfully. “Have you seen her yet?”

“No; I could not conveniently visit Beechy on my way down: that horrible Lady Lane talks of her sweet Laura, till I feel as though I had taken a syrup

bath—cloyed to death. I always ‘cut’ the Hall.”

“I meant had you seen her as you entered; she had not left the room a moment when you were announced.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Fortescue, with a start which had in it far more of annoyance than gratification. “Returned! recovered, I trust?”

Mrs. Grenley curled her lip. “*Tout-à-fait Anglaise*—sentiment is bad taste nowadays—too English—she is ill, very ill, consumptive they say: *Je ferai tout mon possible* to cure her—poor girl! it affects me sensibly.”

“*A propos*,” continued Mrs. Grenley, “you will wish to see Eliza—*la cloche, Comte*.” The count obeyed; and Mademoiselle Félicie, the lady’s prime minister, swam into the room, received her orders, and withdrew. “The best *coiffeuse* in Paris, Fortescue; am I not fortunate? She says we are a *nation de barbares*, and I almost agree with her.”

Eliza obeyed the summons, and her pale cheek crimsoned as she recognised Fortescue; she made one hasty step forward, and stopped: the tears of agitation and wounded feeling trembled in her dark eyes, and she remained silent.

“My dear Miss Rivington, Eliza!” exclaimed Fortescue, surprised into emotion by her changed and careworn appearance; “surely, surely it was unkind not to let me know that you were so ill.” Eliza looked at him reproachfully. “You know you have not a friend on earth more interested in you than I am.” The large tears fell heavily on the cheek of the invalid. Fortescue led her to a window; it overlooked a gay terrace, redolent with flowers. “I cannot bear it,” said Eliza, “it is too light, too gaudy.” As she turned away he caught her hand. “Eliza, have you thought of me since we parted?”

“Do you ask me?” murmured the unhappy girl. “Yes; many, many times: I have thought of you in sadness of spirit, in hopelessness of heart. I have tried to picture to myself a likeness of your destined bride: I have heard that she is beautiful, and wealthy, and high born.”

“You are talking in riddles, Eliza. I have been a coxcomb—a heartless despicable coxcomb; but beyond this I am guiltless.”

“Hush, Fortescue—words are vain now: there is no future for me in this world, or I should still shrink from telling you of my sufferings. I gave myself to you in the pride of my youth: I had not a wish or a thought of which you were not the object. How have I been requited? I trusted to you, and was deceived: I relied on your affection, and it failed me. I should have scorned, miserable as I was, to owe any thing to your honour. I am dying now, Fortescue, and I am grateful that it is so: live happy, and forget me. I am weak, bodily and mentally. I forgive all; and may the blessing of a blighted and a breaking heart rest on you for ever!”

“My own Eliza—”

“Oh! Fortescue, spare me, spare me, I cannot bear that tone, that look. I have endured much, very much; but I shall not suffer long. I little hoped to see you again—now I shall die happy. Go, Archibald: marry, and forget me. Do not, do not break the heart of your new mistress—marry her; one victim is enough.”

“Never—so help me, Heaven! Tie myself to a heartless coquette? A pistol were a better fate. I have flirted, I have trifled, it is true, and how bitterly do I expiate my offence; but it cannot, it *shall not* be too late!” Eliza sobbed convulsively.

“Amid all the wanderings of my fancy, my heart has never changed; you have ever been its idol.”

“How often then, Archibald,” said Miss Rivington, with a melancholy smile, “have you overthrown the pedestal on which it was reared?”

“I know—I feel all the misery I have caused; but my whole life shall be one effort at reparation, from this hour.”

“It is too late,” said Eliza, faintly. “I feel that all is nearly over with me—joy and sorrow; hope and disappointment. Fortescue, should you ever live to be a father, deprecate as the greatest curse for your poor girls, that bane of domestic happiness, *an understanding*. Tell them—but I am strangely confused—tell them, Archibald, never to love as I have loved—as I *do* love.”

“You are exhausted, Eliza; lean on me. This conversation has excited you. Look up, love; you are too dark a prophetess; your sombre predictions shall be

gainsaid; you will yet live, and be happy with your Archibald." He paused, as he saw a fearful smile expand on the features of his victim; he threw his arm round her, and she leant heavily on his shoulder. "Oh, Archibald!" she murmured, "this is to die blessedly; in your arms death loses its terrors; on your breast it seems almost happiness. Hush!—not a syllable. Do not be alarmed; you see that I am calm." She paused a moment, and then added, faintly, "Heaven bless you, Archibald; this moment overpays all my sufferings—bear with me, for I am sick at heart—I am strangely bewildered too." She pressed her hand to her pale brow, and Fortescue started as he heard the hollow death-announcing cough which shook her frame. "Poor Matilda! love her for my sake; faulty as she seems, remember that she was sacrificed to ambi-

tion, and that her fate alone has made her heartless. Advise her—be as a brother to her—unhappy girl! I fear that this will be a severe trial, for I know she loves me—and now—Archibald—my first—my only—" She shivered convulsively on his breast for a moment, and then fell senseless in his arms.

"Eliza—my love—speak to me!" cried Fortescue, and his agitated manner attracted the attention of Mrs. Grenley, "*Voilà un dénouement!*" she exclaimed to De Trevillier, as she hurried to the assistance of her sister, "she has fainted. *C'est peu de chose*, Fortescue, she often faints." But Matilda was in error. All human means were adopted, but in vain; and Mrs. Rivington was summoned to the bed on which her eldest daughter lay cold in death, to weep over this second victim of her heartless policy.

S. S.

DRINKING TEA.

I'm not a gossip—no, not I,
 I mind my own affairs;
 But now and then I have a chat
 With Mrs. Dobbs upstairs:
 We're not at all political,
 No blue-stockings are we,
 We only talk of *this* and *that*,
 As we are drinking tea.
 There's young Miss Hill is very high,
 And likes her Hyson strong;
 There's Susan Spriggs, who often takes
 A cup of good Sou-chong.
 The Bell-man's son is such a beau,
 He'll only sip Bohea,
 I never will call there to chat
 When they are drinking tea.
 My pretty neighbour, Mrs. Peake,
 Is partial to Pekoe;
 In fact, all ladies like their tea,
 Wherever you may go—
 From five to nine, if you pop in,
 A female friend to see,
 If she's at home, you're almost sure
 To find her drinking tea.
 The men may sneer; it matters not
 To either me or you—
 We all take tea "con spirito,"
 And most of us Congou!
 There's Mrs. Hobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs,
 And Mrs. Squibbs, and me,
 We're very fond of penny whist,
 And always drinking tea!

S. S.

THE HOLY OIL.

FAR distant be the day which shall behold another coronation. Whether, when that day shall come, the improved spirit of economy will strip it still further of its imposing splendour, so as to leave it nothing commensurate with the grandeur of the subject and the rarity of the occasion, is a point upon which it is not worth our while at present to waste a conjecture; and we sincerely hope that an indulgent Providence will permit a long interval for reflection to intervene, before the opportunity shall arrive which may enable us to decide how much more of the ceremony, retrenchment, with its *coup d'épée*, shall be parsimoniously pleased to curtail. Let it not be supposed that we are at all hostile to economy in the abstract. On the contrary, we revere it as a virtue, which, in private life, is the basis of all independence, whether of fortune or of character. But the august ceremony of a coronation is a different affair. *Publica sunt hæc negotia, non privata*; and they know little of philosophy or of morals who do not know that parsimony is not always prudence. A mind that is influenced by no other considerations than the amount of savings, is of a very poor order. Not but that expense in public matters is a thing to be attended to. A minister does well to guard against an excess of expenditure. Taking this as his general principle, he is praiseworthy. But the value of every general principle depends on its particular application; and in the mind of every enlightened man this truth will be always uppermost.

With reference to the Coronation, we think there is much in which our rulers of the present day might have found employment for their pruning-hooks of infinitely more importance than any thing connected with the question of pounds, shillings, and pence. It would have been well if, looking to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge throughout the nation within the last half century, and to the consequent improvement of the thinking and reasoning faculties among all classes of the people, they had revised the ceremony, and pared away from it so much as, while it revolts the common sense of the people, exposes royalty to ridicule, by the mum-

mercy of the forms which affect to make it sacred. That "Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king," is a matter not amiss to record in the coronation anthem, but is utterly inapplicable, in the way of precedent, as an authority in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Some thousand years of shade and sunshine have passed over the world since that period. There were *then* but few means of exciting the reverence of the multitude, and kings were constrained to borrow from superstition all the aid it could furnish. The Jewish monarch had no coronetted peers in crimson robes, nor peeresses resplendent with diamonds, to sweep their trains in his procession. No foreign ambassadors had he to grace the ceremony. No Gentlemen-at-arms, no Pages of the gold-staff to receive the tickets of admission. No Sir Richard Birnie in a court dress, shedding his magisterial lustre on the *élite* of the Bow-street staff. Nothing had he of all this bright and brilliant assemblage of Church and State. The ceremonial was with him as simple and as unexpensive as the warmest sticklers for economy could wish. The whole *programme* is on record:—

"And King David said, Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and they came before the king.

"The king also said unto them, Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon.

"And let Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anoint him there king over Israel: and blow ye the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon!

"So Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and the Cherethites and the Pelethites went down, and caused Solomon to ride upon David's mule, and brought him to Gihon.

"And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon: and they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, God save King Solomon."

In the dark ages of ignorance, the

usurpers of authority, of whatever kind, represented themselves as being in communication with the Great Ruler of the universe, the delegates of his power, and the organs of his will. It became necessary that this should be attested to the multitude by some outward symbol, by means of which the Lord was made to declare his express approval both of the act and the agent; and thus sanctioned, they became from thenceforth sacred. Hence the ceremony of consecration by anointment.

The earliest account of this ceremony in the consecration of kings that we have on record is in the case of Saul. We are told that "It came to pass when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel."* It happened, however, in those days, as in the present, that pious fathers have sometimes a very profligate offspring. The supreme judicial authority, which Samuel had thus vested in his family, was exercised in the worst spirit of corruption.—"His sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment."—These flagrant abuses multiplied, until at length the people became so highly dissatisfied as to resolve to seek a total change of system.—"Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel to Ramah, and said unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; now make us a king to judge us like all the nations."—This proposal was not acceptable to the prophet. He had hoped to make the judicial office hereditary in his family, and was naturally enough, therefore, opposed to so great an innovation.—"But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, Give us a king to judge us."—And he proceeded to give them such a picture of the evils they would bring upon themselves, as was certainly well calculated to dissuade them from their proposed plan of reform.—"And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots and to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his chariots.

"And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his ground,

and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots.

"And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

"And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive-yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants.

"And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants.

"And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.

"He will take the tenth of your sheep: and ye shall be his servants.

"And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day."

Alarming as this prediction was, and coming, too, from a prophet whose office it was to foretell things to come, it was of no avail, for we learn that, "Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel! and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us."

Accordingly a king was sought for, and the election fell upon SAUL, the son of Kish. When Kings are spoken of in this patriarchal age, we must not associate them in our imagination with the pomp and power which that title designates at the present day. Saul, at the time he was chosen, had been employed with the servants of his father, in seeking some asses which had been lost—these useful animals making at that time the most valuable part of the wealth and property of their owner—but humble as this task was, he was fitted, apparently, by the strength and stateliness of his person, to be a captain or leader of the people, as appears by the endowments which led to his nomination.—"There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he; from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people."—These were qualifications for the royal office, in an age when spoil was only to be got by battle, and supplies could only be raised by the sword.

It being determined that Saul should

* 1 Sam. viii. 1.

be advanced to the sovereignty, Samuel took a vial of oil and poured it upon his head. But although Saul was the first who thus received the unction, his reign was short: he was deposed. David was elected in his stead, and Samuel performed the same consecration over the new king, by anointing him in the midst of his brethren. The Hebrew monarch, when the weight of years began to disqualify him for the cares of sovereignty, foreseeing the contest for power likely to arise in his family when he should be gone down to the tomb, resolved, while he yet lived, to raise his son Solomon to the throne; he was accordingly anointed by the High-priest in solemn form, and became thenceforth the high authority to which we, to this day, refer as confirming at once the necessity and the efficacy of that holy unction, which, by its mysterious operation, makes the person of a king sacred, and confirms him the chosen of the Lord.

This brings us to the *ampulla*, or golden Eagle, which is made to perform so conspicuous a part in the sacred drama. The vessel containing the holy unction is called by the French *La laye La sainte ampoule*, from the Latin *ampulla*, a bottle with a long and narrow neck. The anointing with oil, though a very ancient custom with the eastern nations, as cooling their skin, parched by the rays of a scorching sun, was never applied, but by the Jews, to the inauguration of their kings. It was unknown to Europe until the time of CLOVIS, the founder of the French

monarchy, who having been converted by the Bishop St. Remi to the Christian faith, the ceremony of his baptism was performed with the utmost pomp. The streets of the city of Rheims were hung with tapestry; the cathedral was decorated with all its ornaments, and the baptistery was perfumed with the richest odours. But when the good bishop and his royal convert arrived at the font, the *saint chrême* was not forthcoming.* Whether it was, according to Hincmar, that the clerk in whose custody it was could not make his way through the crowd,† or whether, as another writer relates,‡ the devil, with the hope of preventing the ceremony, broke the sacred vial, be the cause what it may, no holy unction could be procured. In this distressing emergency, we are told, the pious bishop raised his eyes upwards, praying and weeping. Immediately a Dove appeared, whiter than snow, bearing in its beak an *ampoule*, or vial, filled with sacred oil, which it placed carefully on the altar. The episcopal functionary, stretching forth his hand, straightway took this *sainte ampoule*, when the celestial dove disappeared, no one perceiving by what way it had vanished. CLOVIS, wrapt, as he well might be, in immeasurable wonder at this extraordinary prodigy, went through the baptismal rite with a proportionate increase of faith in the miraculous efficacy of the priesthood, and the supremacy of the Papal Church.§ This great event took place at Rheims, on Christmas-eve in the year 496.

* The *saint chrême*, from the Greek *chrisma*, unction, is the oil consecrated by the bishop, and used in the administration of the rites of baptism, confirmation, and extreme unction. It is prepared on Holy Thursday, *avec de grandes ceremonies*. Before the Reformation we applied it equally to all these purposes; but since that event, we employ it only in the consecration of our kings and queens. The *chrisma* or oil made holy by the prayers and benediction of a bishop, differs in its nature and efficacy from the holy oil of the *saint ampoule*, which is held to be, and is, we must all acknowledge, beyond all comparison more sacred.

† Vide *La Vie de Saint Remi*.

‡ Guillaume le Breton.

§ "Et ecce Columba subito nive candidior attulit in rostro Ampullam Chrismatè sancto repletam cujus odore omnes qui aderant inestimabili suavitate repleti sunt, accipiente sancto Pontifice ipsam Ampullam species Columbæ disparuit," &c. Such is the account given us by Hincmar in his *Life of Saint Remy*. Aimoin, in his *History of France*, improves upon this relation, and assures us that it was beyond doubt the Holy Ghost, in the visible form of a dove, that came charged with this blessed present, and deposited it in the hands of the priest. The following is his version of it: "Nam cum fortè quid Chrima ferebat interclusus à populo deesset; ecce subito, non alius sine dubio quam Sanctus apparuit Spiritus, in Columbæ visibili figuratus specie, qui rutulanti rostro sanctum deferens Chrima inter manus deposuit sacerdotis.—Aimoin, lib. i. c. 16.

Now that CLOVIS, the founder of the French monarchy, was baptized into the Catholic faith, there is no doubt; and that St. Remi, Archbishop of Rheims, had the chief hand in effecting his conversion is equally true. But as to the affair of the *Sainte Ampoule*, it is known to be a mere fable invented nearly three hundred years after the reign of Clovis, by Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, a most devoted champion of the Gallican church, in whose life of St. Remi the tale of this miraculous gift first appeared, and on whose authority it has found, century after century, a ready reception into the chronicles of the Catholic Church. Gregory of Tours, who wrote not only a history of France, but the lives of the saints, and who lived in the same century with Clovis, makes no mention of this wonderful occurrence. The writers of the sixth century are alike silent upon it.

There was a time, and that not very far distant, when it would have been deemed blasphemy to doubt this miracle; but how are the times changed! Any one would now be accounted an idiot that should believe it!

The whole ceremonial of our coronation in England was copied from that of France; but the one thing needful was wanting. That we should administer the holy unction from a common phial, while our Gallic neighbours could pour it out from a heavenly vessel, was an admission of inferiority not to be endured. Moreover, so greatly did that heavenly vessel contribute towards throwing the awe of sanctity over the mysterious union of Church and State, that it was indispensable that an English Archbishop should be found, as deserving of a miraculous gift from on high as the canonized St. Remi. Among our monks, abbots, and grand priors, *Hincmars* in plenty were to be found; and a miracle was accordingly performed in our favour, which, after an interval of seven centuries, gave us a *sainte ampoule*, and made royalty not less sacred in London than at Paris. ST. THOMAS A BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury, having sorely displeased his sovereign, Henry II., by the haughtiness with which he asserted

the privileges of the church and the supremacy of the pope, was constrained for a time to take refuge in France. While there, the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, appeared to him, bringing with her a phial containing an unction equally sacred with that which had so many ages before been conveyed to the primate of Rheims.

The legends of our church at this period record this blessed event,* but they say nothing of the Virgin's additional present of the *Golden Eagle* in which our English *Sainte-chrême* is preserved, and which, at this day, does the honours at Westminster Abbey in the anointment of royalty.

At all the Coronations in France, which preceded the first Revolution, the *Sainte-ampoule*, enclosed in a small shrine of gold, enriched with jewels, was brought in solemn procession from the Abbey of St. Remi to the cathedral, by the grand prior, clothed in a rich stuff mantle, interlaced with gold, and mounted on a white charger from the royal stables, caparisoned with housings of embroidered silver, and conducted by a *palefrenier* on each side holding the reins. Above his head was a splendid canopy, borne by four barons, called Knights of the *sainte ampoule*, robed in white satin, a mantle of black silk, a scarf of black velvet, garnished with silver fringe, and their cross of knighthood suspended from the neck by a black ribbon.

Four lords, named as hostages for the *sainte ampoule*, walked at the four corners of the canopy, each preceded by an equerry bearing a standard, having on one side the arms of France and Navarre.†

But in spite of all this pageantry the period was approaching which was to sweep away,—not the living race of old women, but all that old women of both sexes had been taught to love and to venerate. In 1793 the Proconsul RONI, a member of the National Convention, while on a mission at Rheims, took the holy phial from the sacred tomb of St. Remi, in which it was always kept, broke it to pieces publicly, and proclaimed to all the world in a *pro-verbal*, published in the *Moniteur*, that

* Vide *Dictionnaire Critique des Reliques*, vol. i. p. 19. Tit. "Sainte Ampoule d'Arlesterre."

† Vide *Histoire des Religions et des Mœurs de tous les Peuples*, tome v. p. 135.

it was empty, and sent forth an offensive exhalation, as from a bottle which had once contained some drugged oil.

This was a sad *exposé*. The thermometer of sanctity fell to zero in a moment, and at that point it remained for twenty years, until the triumph of the allied armies placed Louis XVIII. on the throne of his ancestors. But his Majesty must be crowned, and where was now the *sainte ampoule*? Of what utility, or of what avail was the presence of the archbishop and bishops without the sacred oil? How could the choir proceed to chaunt the *O pretiosum munus* when the heavenly gift was no longer producible? This was a grand perplexity, and while the spiritual officers were at their wits' end in devising a remedy, behold, by the most marvellous good luck, the inhabitants of Rheims found the *sainte ampoule*! Some affirmed that that which was broken by Ruhl was not *la véritable fiole, envoyée du ciel à Saint Remi*. Others, who, having been present at the *casation*, could not in consequence deny that it was *la véritable fiole*, nevertheless insisted that the phial was nothing, *la fiole n'était rien*, that the oil was every thing, and it was this celestial oil, *cette sainte huile céleste*, that was saved. They aver that a worthy priest, foreseeing the danger, poured out the contents of the *sainte ampoule* upon a small tuft of consecrated cotton, *sur un léger flocon de coton béni*, that the whole oil reduced itself *miraculeusement* into a single drop, that he enclosed the whole in a letter, and that he sent the letter containing this precious treasure to a Benedictine, by whom it was preserved in a place of safety! It is added, that when the tempest of the revolution had subsided, and the peaceful days of monarchy returned, a most extraordinary providence led to the finding of a phial in all respects resembling that which had been broken in the church of St. Remi, and into this phial they put the sacred cotton. The drop of oil hastened to descend, and augmented itself until it filled it; thus manifesting the miraculous property which, from ancient time had belonged to the *sainte ampoule*, that of always re-supply-

ing any portion that was taken from it.

Thus by a manifestly supernatural interposition in favour of Louis XVIII., was the archbishop enabled to consecrate his royal person with the real *liqueur précieuse* which had been sent from from heaven in the first days of the monarchy!!

It was, possibly, to avoid the renewal of the old jealousy between the Belly and its Members, that in the ceremonial of anointing we find the rank of each duly considered, that none might take umbrage. Impartial justice is dealt out with an exemplary attention to their respective claims. Having anointed, as first in rank, the crown of the head, the archbishop, gently drawing aside the shirt, makes upon the stomach, as next in precedence, the sign of the cross, and addressing it with respectful homage says, "I anoint thee with sacred oil, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He then proceeds to make the sign of the cross between the shoulders, with the same announcement; but that no dispute may happen between the two shoulders, or the one be led to imagine itself more sacred than the other, the mitred prelate addressing himself distinctly to the right shoulder, draws upon it with his oiled fingers the form of the cross, saying to it, "I anoint thee with sacred oil," and so on as before. He then, with the same solemnity, pays his respects to the left shoulder. Next comes the right arm, hitherto profane, and gladly presenting itself to the anointing touch, receives it under the joints, and is in due form made sacred. The left, in its turn, is raised to the same righteous level. Lastly, the hands stretch themselves forth, right and left, to be made holy, and the archbishop making upon each palm respectively the sign of the cross, devoutly repeats as before, "I anoint thee with sacred oil, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This done, and each member, from the stomach upwards, having had its share of *la baume céleste*, the monarch henceforth holds his crown by divine right, and takes rank among the Lord's anointed.*

* In the coronation of the king of France, the unction is applied by L'Archévêque de Rheims, in the following order: "1. Sur le sommet de la tête. 2. Sur l'estomac. 3.

The groundwork of the whole ceremony as bound up with all its variety of symbols and accompaniments may be traced as far back as to the mysteries of the Egyptian priesthood. Great pains has no doubt, been taken in the interim to identify them with the emblems of the Christian faith, and to reconcile them to the utmost with the received notions of political sovereignty. But it is, after all, impossible to conceal from the prying eye of reason the unequivocal indications of their pagan origin. They are calculated to beget in the mind the conviction that Kings and Priests are expressly ordained by heaven to the exercise of all authority on earth. That they are the representatives of the Deity here below, and that as such, obedience to their decrees, and submission to their authority becomes the sacred duty of the people over whom they are placed. All the forms of investiture have throughout this one leading object, *to inspire a belief in their divine appointment.* The mass of mankind, in the first stages of civilization, are enslaved by terror. They stand dismayed in the presence of Rulers, spiritual and temporal, who claim to possess, and who appear to exercise, a mysterious communication with the Most High; with that dread Being who wields all the awful elements of nature, and the ministers of whose will it were fatal to disobey. The great aim has always been to keep alive,

and, as much as possible, to strengthen and perpetuate this superstitious feeling; and therefore it is, that we find it so conspicuously appealed to in all those imposing ceremonials which, from the earliest antiquity to the present day, have been resorted to for the consecration of royalty. While the ignorance of the multitude could be thus easily imposed upon, it answered its purpose. And could the diffusion of knowledge have been effectually prevented, it would *work well* still. But the empire of reason has baffled all the power exerted to keep it under, and the time is come when we must deal differently with the public mind. The ceremonial of the coronation must be remodelled, and adapted to the intellectual condition of the age. The juggle and imposture of the twelfth century will make no way in the nineteenth. Let the Monarch of this great nation be crowned with all the forms—and more, if you will—of ancient pageantry, but rid it of the mummary. We would more readily dispense with the Archbishop of Canterbury than the King's Champion. The office of the latter brings to memory the old baronial times, while that of the former, carries the mind back to the darkest age of the corruptions of Christianity, and the delusions of priestcraft.

8.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

P A R T IX.

WE now arrive at the period which was speedily to put an end to the wise and honest administration of Sully, by an event the most afflictive to the French nation, the assassination of that sovereign to whom it owed its glory and its greatness. The assassin was Francis Ravallac. He was about thirty years of age, and in early life had followed the profession of a schoolmaster at Angou-

lême, the place of his birth. Imbued with the fervour of religious zeal, he had entered himself as a lay-brother among the Feuillans of the Rue St. Honoré, but his heated imagination rendering him somewhat ungovernable, it was soon perceived that his alliance would be more injurious than serviceable to the craft, and accordingly, before he had taken the monastic vows, they pretended

Entre les deux épaules. 4. Sur l'épaule droite. 5. Sur l'épaule gauche. 6. Aux plis et jointures du bras droit. 7. Aux plis et jointures du bras gauche. 8. Sur la paume de la main droite. 9. Sur la paume de la main gauche."

It will here be seen with what fidelity we adopted their ceremonial.

to discover that he was a lunatic, and dismissed him their communion. He does not appear, however, to have been more chargeable with lunacy than those he left behind. They, like him, had passions misdirected, and feelings uncontrolled by reflection; their veneration, like his, was strong, and their reason weak, but they had more method in their madness; they had sense enough not to play the game of fraud, and selfishness with an indiscreet partner, and therefore thought it prudent to get rid of him. Had Ravallac been any other than a fanatic, this treatment might have sobered him, but he was too much under the dominion of superstition to turn such a lesson to account. Sully describes the anticipation of HENRY that some fatal event would happen to him at the approaching coronation of the queen, as "dreadful and surprising to the last degree." "He opened his whole heart to me," says this faithful minister, "and his own words will be more affecting than all I can say." "Ah, my friend," he said, "this approaching ceremony is far from pleasing me. I know not how it is, but my heart misgives me that some disaster will happen." He sat down, as he said this, upon a low chair which had been made on purpose for him, and which was never removed from my cabinet, and seemed wrapt in melancholy reflection, striking his fingers gently on his spectacle-case, when rising suddenly, and clapping his hands with energy on his thigh, he exclaimed, "*Pardieu!* I shall die in this city. I shall never leave it. They will destroy me. I perceive plainly that their only resource is in my death, and they will avail themselves of the ensuing coronation to effect it." Sully seeing how strongly his royal master was impressed with this foreboding, earnestly persuaded him to have the preparations for crowning the queen discontinued, but it was previously necessary to obtain her majesty's sanction for this purpose; but all his efforts to obtain her consent were ineffectual. The parade and magnificence of the sacred ceremony had attractions which her vanity could not be brought to relinquish. Henry had a great military enterprise on foot against the house of Austria, and had fixed the day of his

departure, which was to be that next following the conclusion of the *spectacle* at St. Denis, and the entry of the queen into Paris. It happened that immediately previous to the coronation Henry had expressed a desire to converse confidentially with Sully on the subject of his intended expedition. But on learning that he was confined by an indisposition for which the warm bath had been prescribed by his physician, he would not permit him to risk his health by leaving home, but sent word he would call upon him at the arsenal. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon* when he left the Louvre, having with him the Duke d'Epéron, with several other noblemen. When the royal carriage turned from the Rue St. Honoré into the Rue de la Ferronnerie, the coachman was obliged to stop, the street being very narrow, and being impeded by the meeting of two carts, the one laden with wine that was passing on the right side, and another loaded with hay on the left. Ravallac, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, instantly availing himself of the opportunity, advanced to the side where the king sat. His cloak being wrapped round his left arm, served to conceal the knife which he carried in his hand. He glided between the shops and the coach as if attempting to pass by, when raising one foot upon a stepping-stone and supporting the other upon the spokes of the wheel, he stabbed the king between the third and fourth ribs, a little above the heart. Henry, feeling the blow, exclaimed, "I am wounded!" and at the same instant the assassin perceiving that the point of the knife had been stopped by a rib, repeated the blow with such quickness that not one of the attendants within the coach had time to prevent, or even to perceive it. The second blow was fatal; it pierced the heart. The king started convulsively, and expired without a groan.

St. Michel, one of his Majesty's gentlemen in ordinary, had drawn his sword and would have killed the regicide on the spot, but his hand was stayed by the Duke d'Epéron, who forbade any attempt to take his life, as that would destroy at once all clue to the conspiracy, if any existed. He was ac-

* May 14, 1810.

cordingly seized, disarmed, and conveyed away to close custody. The lords who were in the carriage, perceiving that the king was dead, had got out immediately with great precipitation, but the Duke d'Epemon seeing the terror and consternation that was excited in the streets, and fearful lest some public convulsion might follow should the fatal event be suddenly made known, instantly ordered the doors of the carriage to be shut, and directed that it might every where be given out that the king was only wounded, and was proceeding with the utmost haste to the Louvre to procure surgical aid.

La Varenne, who had been sent to the arsenal to announce the king's intended visit, had been specially instructed by Henry, with his accustomed kindness, to insist that Sully would make no alteration in the dress essential to his ease and convenience as an invalid, but would receive him in his *robe-de-chambre* and *en bonnet de nuit*. The minister was in his cabinet *en déshabille* waiting his majesty's arrival, when he heard one of his domestics utter a loud outcry. In an instant a shriek from his wife pierced his ear, and an exclamation resounded through the house, "*Ah, mon Dieu ! tout est perdu ! la France est détruite.*" Sully hastily left his chamber to learn the cause of all this dreadful agitation, when he was met by St. Michel, who had just reached the arsenal, bringing with him the fatal knife, the blade of which was yet wet with the blood of his sovereign. The feeling which came over him was inexpressible. "If the king is dead," said he, "all is over." Having remained for some time condoling with those around him, he retired in an agony of silence to his cabinet.

The loss of any sovereign who exercises the powers of government with a beneficent and steady attention to the happiness of his people, must always be deeply felt and sincerely lamented. Henry, in all the leading acts of his reign, had consulted the best interests of France. He had not suffered the million to be pillaged at the hands of an extortionate and oppressive, but loyal and devoted, aristocracy. The

mass of every nation, ignorant as they are supposed to be, usually form a very correct estimate of the character of their rulers. HENRI-LE-GRAND deserved to be loved by his subjects, and he was loved by them to enthusiasm. The historian of his life, Hardouin de Péréfixe, recounts the awful presages by which his disastrous exit from this world was foretold. "Assuredly," says he, "heaven and earth gave but too many prognostics of what was to happen to him. A total eclipse of the sun, which had taken place two years before—a terrible comet which had appeared the preceding year—earthquakes which had happened—monsters which had been born in divers parts of France—showers of blood which had fallen in several places—a great pestilence which had afflicted Paris in 1606—apparitions of ghosts—and many other prodigies had kept men in fear of some terrible event.* This historian had the seeds of a bishop in him.† His easiness of belief was fitted to the superstition of the times. The advancement of knowledge has fortunately brought our faith much more under the dominion of reason than in days of yore. A monarch now—even though he should be a member of the *Holy Alliance*—dies without the world's receiving any supernatural forewarnings. In truth, had even the biographer of Henry IV. but traced the workings of that fanaticism which had all along subsisted in the Catholic faction, he might have found ground enough for melancholy prediction, without having recourse to the terrors of nature, and the combination of earthquakes and apparitions.

The most excruciating torments were inflicted upon the assassin, in order to force him to declare his accomplices. He most solemnly, and no doubt with truth, protested that he had none. The reason which he assigned when upon his trial for having killed the king was, that "he had not, as it was in his power to have done, brought back the followers of the pretended reformation (the Huguenots) to the bosom of the Catholic church." His judges and those in power persisted that he had accomplices, and

* Histoire des Roi Henri-le-Grand, p. 476. Paris Ed.

† Hardouin de Péréfixe was preceptor to his successor, Louis XIV., and was afterwards Bishop of Rhodes.

exhorted him to disclose who they were. He answered, "By the salvation I hope for, no one but myself was concerned in the act." The wretched creature, was then put to the torture to extort a confession. But what could he do? he had never disclosed his intention to any one, and had therefore nothing to reveal. His shrieks were dreadful. "I am a sinner," he said, in the midst of his agony—"I am a sinner, but I know no more than I have declared, by the oath I have taken, and by the truth which I owe to God and the court." The torture, upon this, was aggravated, when the sweat burst from every pore of his body, and he fainted away. Some wine was hereupon poured into his mouth, but he could not swallow it. After a time he recovered his speech, and his strength so far returned as to enable him to be conveyed to the chapel, where two churchmen were in attendance to perform the duties of their office, and to receive and sign his confession, which was to the purport he had already so repeatedly made, that he was prompted to the act he had done by no solicitation of any person whatever, nor had ever disclosed his design to any one. On May 28, 1610, the court pronounced upon him the following sentence of death:—"That he shall be carried to the Place de Grève, and, on a scaffold there to be erected, the flesh shall be torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, his arms, his thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand holding the knife wherewith he committed the most wicked and detestable parricide, shall be scorched and burned with flaming brimstone; and on the places where the flesh has been torn with pincers, melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch, with wax and brimstone melted together, shall be poured; after this, he shall be torn asunder by four horses, his limbs and body burnt to ashes, and dispersed in the air."

The extreme barbarity of his punishment makes us forget the offence of Ravaillac. We cease to contemplate it. All our moral feelings rise in revolt—not against the crime committed, for we have no leisure to look back upon it—but against the merciless demons who could pronounce such a sentence, and the wretches that could execute it.

It need excite no surprise that under

a government which could set the example of such ferocity, the multitude would be savage enough to follow it; nor is it to be wondered at that when excited to insurrection against their rulers they should manifest a reckless vengeance, and a frightful thirst for blood. In the case of the unhappy Ravaillac, when he had been drawn by the horses for nearly an hour without being dismembered, the people rushing on in crowds, threw themselves upon him, and with knives, sticks, and other weapons, they tore and mangled his limbs, and violently forcing them from the executioner, they dragged him through the streets with sanguinary rage, and burnt them in different parts of the city.

That Ravaillac had not been directly instigated to destroy Henry IV. we may readily believe. That he could not conscientiously charge his memory with the name of any particular priest who had counselled the atrocious act, and that he regarded himself as acting from the unswayed impulse of his own feelings there can be no doubt. The truth being that the enthusiasm of his temper had been imperceptibly acted upon by the great body of the priesthood with whom he associated; that his brain had been heated by the picture perpetually presented to it, of an heretical king warring with the supremacy of God's anointed and the interests of holy church; that he had joined in deploring the one great danger that threatened the Catholic faith, till his fanatical zeal kindled, and he was wrought up to the belief that he was an instrument raised up by the Lord for the defence of his cause and the salvation of his people. It was easy to guide this distempered feeling to its destined purpose, without making the visionary himself aware that he was an instrument in other hands. Therefore it was that this ill-fated victim, when on his trial, imagined the guilty act was all his own, and thus they escaped who had artfully won him to their purpose.

It was not the crime of regicide that had excited all this vengeance against the assassin; on the contrary, the life of the reigning sovereign was an obstacle removed without the slightest compunction whenever the hierarchy was to be upheld. Henry III. had died by the hand of Clement, a Parisian jacobin, but how different was his treatment!

He had the good fortune to be killed on the spot by the king's guards; by which not only was he saved from confessional torture, but they escaped whom his confession might have betrayed. And how fared it with the criminal? What abhorrence did this foulest of all public crimes excite?—None. It was perpetrated in favour of the church, and was therefore praiseworthy. It was applauded from all the pulpits of Rome. It escaped all moral criticism even from the lips which pronounced the funeral oration of the murdered monarch. The portrait of the assassin was, at Paris, placed over the altar with the eucharist. And Cardinal de Retz relates, that during the minority of Louis XIV. he saw a citizen bearing a gorget on which was engraved the portrait of this regicide monk, and underneath it, the words SAINT JACQUES CLEMENT.*

France has always cherished with a feeling of national pride the memory of her Henry IV.; and undoubtedly his name belongs to the very best pages of her monarchical history. We have only to look to the condition of the government, and of the finances when he ascended the throne, to be convinced of the prodigious improvement that may at all times be made in both by the concurrent efforts of a good king, and an upright minister. A highly-gifted politician of our own country, Lord Bolingbroke, has well described the state of France at the period adverted to, "It was," says the noble writer, "even worse than the state of Great Britain is now; the debt as heavy,† many of the provinces entirely exhausted, and none of them in a condition of bearing any new imposition. The standing revenues brought into the king's coffers no more than thirty millions sterling, though a hundred and fifty millions were levied on the people; so great were the abuses of that government in raising of money; and they were not less in the dispensation of it. The whole scheme of the administration was a scheme of fraud, and all who served cheated the public, from the highest officers down to the

lowest; from the commissioners of the treasury down to the under-farmers and under-treasurers. Sully beheld this state of things, when he came to have the sole superintendence of affairs, with horror. He was ready to despair, but he did not despair. Zeal for his master, zeal for his country; and this very state of things, seemingly so desperate, animated his endeavours, and the noblest thought that ever entered into the mind of a minister entered into his. He resolved to make, and he made, the reformation of abuses, and the reduction of expenses, the sinking fund for the payment of national debts, and the sufficient fund for all the great things he intended to do, without overcharging the people. He succeeded in all. The people were immediately eased, trade revived, the king's coffers were filled, a maritime power was created, and every necessary was prepared to put the nation in a condition of executing great designs whenever great conjunctures should offer themselves. Such was the effect of twelve years of wise and honest administration; and this effect would have showed itself in great enterprises against the house of Austria, more formidable in those days than the house of Bourbon has been in ours, if Henry IV. had not been stabbed by one of those assassins into whose hands the interest of this house, and the frenzy of religion, had put the dagger more than once.‡

There cannot be a more favourable testimony to the character of Henry IV. as a sovereign, than that amidst all the excesses of the first French revolution, the lowest of the populace always showed themselves penetrated with an ardent affection for his memory. It had descended to them from their fathers, and they cherished it with a fidelity from which they never swerved. A judgment such as this is final. A monarch whose government has for centuries maintained its empire over the gratitude of a great nation could not have been without the virtues that deserved it.

S.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* See *La Henriade*. Notes du chant septième.

† What was our national debt in his day, now upwards of a century since, to what it is now!

‡ Dissertation on the State of the Nation, by Lord Bolingbroke.



ST. PETER'S PRIORY.

BY A YOUNGER SON.

"A green-eyed monster
Which mocks the food it preys on."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Pshaw! dying for love is a very stale affair," I murmured to myself after the cogitation of a whole hour—a longer period by six-sevenths than I had ever bestowed on any one subject in my life before. "To be sure, she did tell me that she could never love another—that I was the mainspring of her existence, and the day-dream of her imagination; but then, perhaps young ladies write these pretty sentences in their copy-books by way of practice, and so have them by heart. She gave me, too, a lock of her hair and a broken sandal; and sent me *sub rosa* two little triangular *billet-doux* on pink paper, sealed with the impress of a 'forget-me-not.' Well, the hair I can throw into the fire; I can tie my own shoe with the ribbon; and the pink paper will do to light my candle; this will be, at all events, much better than dying for love; and so, Lady Amabel—and so—" and I stood near the fire, and took from its envelope a tress of the sunniest hair in the world, "here goes your first-love-gift!" I held my hand just over the bright blaze, but it would not do; so I drew it back, and refolded the golden curl. "Idiot!" I exclaimed, a moment after; "what is she to me, that I should preserve so worthless a gift?" That was all very true; but just as I asked myself the question, I remembered the moment at which the present was made. It was on a fine evening in summer: the sun had just set, and the Lady Amabel was lingering on the marble terrace of her father's garden, watching the decay of his crimson light: lovely parasites were clinging to the balustrades of that proud terrace, waving their perfumed tendrils to the breeze, and twining as gracefully about the pale marble as light tresses over the pure brow of beauty; costly exotics, carefully arranged on sculptured pedestals, were flinging out their luxurious odours, and glowing in all their rare and foreign beauty; but there was one pure English flower on that gay terrace brighter and more beautiful than all—the young and lovely Lady Amabel! She blushed when I joined her, and

murmured something about "the night air" and a "chill from the lake;" but I only replied by pointing first to the crimson clouds, which had not yet wholly disappeared, and then to the fine piece of water which lay like a mirror under the bright sky, without a ripple upon its bosom. My silent answer won a smile from the young beauty, and it signifies little by what arguments I prevailed on her to linger yet another hour in the night air, near a wide lake, running all risks of ague and influenza; suffice it that she did so, and that ere I kissed her fairy hand on my departure, that very little lock of hair which I had just resolved to commit to the flames was won and worn, and we were vowed to each other in much the same style and by much the same sentences that young ladies and gentlemen in similar circumstances are accustomed to exchange oaths and hearts, before they know the nature of the one or the value of the other. I was fresh from Oxford; she was yet under the surveillance of a French governess, all flounces and fidget; but we never either of us doubted for an instant our own capability of acting most judiciously and wisely in this as well as every other relation of life. The Lady Amabel was a perfect Peri, with hair like gold, eyes like amethysts, the form of a sylph, and the voice of a syren. What could man desire more? On my side, I had six good feet in height, white teeth, and shoulders like a life-guardsmen. The Lady Amabel was penniless, if she married against the consent of the sturdy old baron her father; and I possessed, as a younger son, the splendid provision of three hundred a-year: but we scorned to think of these things, and so we plighted our vows, exchanged hair-locks, and made ourselves charmingly sentimental, as in all such cases it is the bounden duty of lovers to do. Thus I became possessed of the golden tress whose destruction I had contemplated: the recollection melted me, so I put it back again into my pocket-book, and drew forth the bit of ribbon. "This, at all events, I will keep no

longer!" I again ejaculated, as I looked at the slight satin which had once encompassed the most delicate ancle in Britain; the circle was so small (for the ribbon was creased where it had been tied), that it might almost have seemed to have been measured for the foot of a fairy; and then I thought of the taper fingers which had twisted that tie, and I remembered—bewitching recollection!—the moment when the slender string gave way. It was at a festival given by the baron to celebrate the Lady Amabel's fifteenth birthday. I was beside her in the dance; her hand was in mine; and we were just springing forward to join the revellers, when the treacherous ribbon broke; I stooped for the now useless sandal, and I won a blush and a smile when I put it into my bosom. As I thought of this, I began involuntarily to whistle the air of that old English dance, and while in the act of so doing, I all unconsciously put the ribbon back again, side by side with the lock of hair. Nothing now remained to destroy but the little triangular *billet-doux*, the pretty, poetical, pink, perfume-breathing messengers of Dan Cupid. I opened the first to read it for the last time. How beautifully it was written!—how delicately folded! I thought of the rapture with which I had received it; the heart-bound with which I had disembarassed its acute angles, with a feeling almost as acute as themselves! These were sweet memories! And if the writing was admirable, was not the style a thousand times more so? She told me—but no—I will not say what she told me, for that were scarcely worthy of a *preux chevalier*; but certain it is, that if I have a weak point, it is loving to be flattered by a pretty woman: and with such a feeling it is not wonderful that I refolded the notes carefully and cautiously, and placed them beside their old companions in the pocket-book. "Nevertheless," was my next apostrophe, "I will not die for love like a heedless boy; I will forget her!" and with this doughty resolution I took up my hat, and strolled forth in the direction of the baron's fine old place, St. Peter's Priory. The house, which was of great extent, was seated on a lovely eminence, whence it commanded a vast extent of park, finely diversified by wood and water: at the distance of about a

couple of miles, a range of romantic and grassy hills sheltered the domain from the rude northern winds, while to the southward the ornamented grounds sloped softly down to the beautiful lake already mentioned, and then spread far away in thick masses of underwood, bright green patches of turf, or gay wastes of yellow almond-scented furze, overshadowed by fine old trees. The building itself was ancient, heavy, and monastic; betraying its origin at the first glimpse. The chapel-tower still stood, square and dark, unchanged, save in having been shorn of its freestone cross by the protestant zeal of an ancestor of the present baron. The small and narrow windows of the main building still opened as dimly along the dark face of the walls as they had done ere the second Henry wrenched the far-famed Priory from the pious fathers of St. Peter's, to reward his brave and courtly follower with the spoil; and even the original outline of the pile had been faithfully preserved. Roof rose above roof; refectory, and butlery, dormitory, and parlour, might be traced on the exterior with nearly as much precision as within the building. Nearer the house the trees thickened; and extensive clumps, and ancient avenues of oak, beech, and elm, obscured at intervals the noonday sun, while the feathery acacia, and the fan-like foliage of the chestnut quivered in the light, and gave cheerfulness to the scene: a winding walk stretched through these fine old woods from the south-east entrance of the Priory to the border of the lake, where, on a summer evening the playful fish bounded above the wave for an instant, and then fell back, their burnished scales glittering like silver; while the stately swans swept like water-kings over the ripple. Towards this lovely spot I bent my steps with the heroic resolution of forgetting the fair being, who, should she obey the dictates of her proud father's will, would one day be its mistress. I resolved to think of her no more, for she had strolled through the Priory grounds for three successive evenings on the arm of Sir Marmaduke Mackintosh: she had sung a Polish duet with Count Potasowsky, and danced a co-tillion with a Cantab. There was no bearing this! It was a sweet evening when I sauntered towards the Priory. I

had been invited to join the revellers by the old baron, but the Lady Amabel was silent, and I consequently declined: nevertheless, I felt it as no breach of the contract into which I had entered with my pride, to while away an hour in the old woods, resolving to forget my faithless mistress, and hearkening to the nightingales. I grew weary of this, and then I paid a visit to the deer-park, and loitered away another half-hour among the herd; still the time appeared unusually, provokingly long; and I next turned my steps toward the lake. As I approached, I remarked that the noble pair of swans which I had once loved because they were favourites of the Lady Amabel, were rapidly making their way to the opposite bank, and on looking in that direction, I saw seated upon the turf at the edge of the lake, Mistress Blanche, the favoured attendant of the baron's daughter. I had no cause of quarrel with the pretty Mistress Blanche, and I consequently followed the pathway to give her "good even," as was my wont; she was a gentle, blue-eyed girl, with a smile like moonlight, and a voice like her mistress's—low, and musical: I never saw her look prettier: she had a vessel beside her, in which she had brought food for the proud birds which were now awaiting her offering;—she blushed when she saw me, and yet, not as though she appropriated to herself the fact of my presence; it was a sort of blush by proxy for her lady—at least, I thought so. I threw myself on the turf beside her, and tossed aside my hat. I know not why, but I felt flushed and fevered. The shepherd of the baron was driving home his flocks, and the short, quick bark of his anxious and active dog fell sadly on my ear. I believe I sighed. The gentle Mistress Blanche sighed also—of *that* at least I am sure. In two minutes she spoke of her lady, and the Scotch knight, and the Foreign count, and of her lord the baron, who hated all outlandish people from beyond seas; and the pretty Blanche hated them too, and marvelled that her lady could endure their smiles, and their foreign ways, and their frightful mustaches. Then she ventured a doubt whether her lady did in truth favour them in her heart, for she had been sadder than her wont for a week past,

and had sighed when Blanche was unlacing her bodice, and unbraiding her hair—ay, and sometimes even wept: though she was blithe enough in the hall or at the banquet, and had, moreover, chidden her anxious tirewoman when she deemed herself less carefully, or less becomingly dressed than she was used to be; yet Blanche was sure that the chiding did not come from her lady's heart, but only from the restlessness of her spirit; and she told me all this with a sigh and a smile, as though she thought that the riddle might be easily read by one who had an interest in its solution. I pressed my hand on my waistcoat pocket to assure myself that my pocket-book and its enclosures were safe, and then I rose to depart. I was arrested by an involuntary "Oh! Mr. Reginald!" in a low tone, half entreaty, half reproach; but I was proof against even *that*, and without having once uttered the name of her mistress, I said—softly, "Good even, pretty Mistress Blanche," and left her.

I had to traverse a considerable portion of the Priory park, ere I reached the gate which opened on my father's grounds; and as I sped on my way, musing on the half enigmatical confidence of the *soubrette*; looking, I doubt not, as grave and haughty as the baron himself, I came suddenly on the courtly company which I had refused to join; they were seated in a beautiful glade, hemmed in on all sides by stately trees: a banquet was spread on the soft, green turf, and the revellers were reclining in groups, conversing, singing, or hearkening to the music of some wind-instruments, stationed far away among the woods, and only heard at intervals, when the breeze came freighted with their breathings up the glade. Instinctively I looked around for the Lady Amabel, but she was not there. The Polish count was sweeping the strings of his guitar, as he lay listlessly along the greensward; the Scotch knight was teaching a dark-eyed beauty to distinguish his clan tartan, and to pronounce his gathering cry; others were there also, the beautiful and the brave, the flower and the pride of the country, but the Lady Amabel was not among them. Even as I looked around, the stately baron beckoned me to his side; he murmured a few words in my ear—

surely he spoke in music—I had never heard such sounds before! and then, without waiting for my reply, he motioned with his hand towards the thickest part of the wood. I obeyed the implied command. I plunged amid the leafy wilderness with the speed of thought; there, seated beneath a tree, far from the light-hearted revellers, I found the Lady Amabel: roses were in her hair, but there were tears upon her cheek; her small hand glittered with gems, but it held a lock of dark, curling hair, on which she was looking with tenderness and sorrow. In an instant I was by her side—at her feet—I forgot the Count and his guitar, the Knight and his tartan. I thought only of Amabel,

my own Amabel, who had won from her proud father a promise which my stern hateful jealousy had well nigh rendered useless. She had wept and sorrowed, for had not my coldness endured throughout a long, long week? Might it not have been eternal?

The Count had played his last bolero, and the dark-eyed beauty had almost succeeded in learning Gaelic from the Scotch knight, ere we again joined the revellers; and when we did so I neither envied the one his mustaches, nor the other his clan. St. Peter's Priory has since that evening rung with a bridal peal, and its new master has now forgotten the precise amount of the income of "A Younger Son."

THE HEIRESS PRESUMPTIVE.

ON Wednesday, September 7th, the *Times* put forth the following scurrilous attack upon their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria:

In the midst of general interest and affectionate zeal excited by the sublime ceremony of to-morrow, of a constitutional monarch pledging himself to a free people to guard their rights and privileges, it has been remarked with general surprise that the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, are the only members of the royal family, old or young, who are not to be present at the coronation. It is with deep regret that we have learned that her royal highness has refused to attend, and that her absence on this occasion is *in pursuance of a systematic opposition on the part of her royal highness to all the feelings of the present king*. Now the presence or absence of the duchess herself is a matter of *comparative indifference*, it is *merely disrespectful*; but that of the Princess Victoria, which must, as to its immediate cause, be imputed to her mother, cannot fail of being considered by the public as *indecent and offensive*. We should be glad to know who are the advisers of this misguided lady? Who can have dared to counsel her, *the widow of a mediatized German prince*, whose highest ambition never could have contemplated the possibility of an alliance with the blood-royal of England, to oppose the sovereign to whom she is *bound by so many ties of gratitude*? Her royal highness must have been acting under a well-grounded confidence in the *indulgence and forbearance* of his majesty; or an entire ignorance of the authority of the crown. The constitution has limited the political power of the king but has left it uncontrolled and despotic over the members of his own family; and it cannot be disputed that *she* who is ignorant of the respect which is due to the crown, is *unfit to form the mind, and superintend the education of the infant who is destined to wear it*.

We could mention some curious facts, which, for the present at least, we shall abstain from doing. We would rather *admonish* than *expose*, and shall rejoice if these monitory hints be not thrown away. No monarch has more endeared himself to his subjects than William the Fourth; and the Duchess of Kent is grossly mistaken if she thinks to *ingratiate herself with the people of this country by opposition to the will and disrespect to the power of the king*.

On the 10th of September, the *Times*, no longer scurrilous, affected the mysterious, to cover its ignorance. It *could*, forsooth, tell strange things if it "might be permitted;" but as there was nobody to give it permission to reveal *nothing*, it contented itself with putting forth "two versions," and both "entitled to the highest consideration," as a matter of course. These two Kings of Brentford were ushered before the public in form and manner following:

In an affair, of great delicacy, to which we have already alluded, our wish would be, *if we might be permitted*, to put the public in possession of *the whole truth*, and then let

the matter drop, for we know that protracted discussions are apt to excite resentments which did not at first exist. It was impossible that the absence of the Duchess of Kent, and of the Princess Victoria,* her daughter, from the coronation, should have escaped notice : we therefore stated what the fact would be, and assigned some causes for it. We hope now to close the account in a manner which may suppress rising animosities. We have received *two versions of the affair*, and both, if we look to the quarters from which they come, entitled to the highest consideration. The first says, "Her royal highness the Duchess of Kent wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary earl marshal, to know how she was to go to the Abbey herself, and what arrangements had been made for the Princess Victoria." The answer was, "That his majesty had signified his pleasure that her royal highness should attend in her place as a dowager princess and peeress, and that the Princess Victoria would go under the care of the Landgravine and the Princess Augusta, and be attended by the Duchess of Northumberland in the royal pew." (A very proper arrangement, we have no doubt the country will think ; but of remark more hereafter.) "This answer being received, so far was her royal highness from declining attendance, that she ordered her robes, and it was understood by all the royal family that she would be there. The king never doubting but that the duchess would be at the coronation, ordered a letter to be written to her to know whom she would name to carry her coronet : to this no answer was received. After waiting some time, his majesty ordered another letter to be written in his own name, and to this an answer did come from Sir John Conroy, speaking of her attendance as uncertain, but saying that if she did attend, she would have her coronet borne by Lord Morpeth."

Our other account agrees in the chief facts with the preceding ; but adds, "Her royal highness then wrote to express her ready compliance" (with the arrangement made as to the places selected for herself and her daughter), "and her desire to be present at the ceremony, and to mark her dutiful regard to his majesty ; but it was afterwards considered as inexpedient to interrupt the benefit, which the Princess Victoria's health was receiving by her residence near the sea ; and upon this ground, and also upon that of the expense which would attend the Duchess of Kent's leaving the Isle of Wight, and removing all her establishment to town, so as to appear in state at the coronation, his majesty was pleased, in the most gracious and in the kindest manner, to dispense with the attendance of the Duchess of Kent, and the princess her daughter."

Upon these two accounts we may observe, that the latter takes no notice of the delay in answering the letters written by his majesty's direction ; and the former omits all mention of the king's graciously dispensing with the attendance of the illustrious personages at the coronation. It may seem singular that the duchess should first apply to know the place assigned to herself and the princess, and after these were known, decline attendance, if there were no dissatisfaction. But perhaps some cause for alarm might have sprung up on the score of her daughter's health. The expense was no greater after the question about places was answered than before. However his majesty's acquiescence in the reasons alleged for absence may serve to satisfy the objections of every other person.

The claims of an heiress presumptive are not recognised, so far as we know, in any part of the constitution ; and to consolidate any pretensions of this hypothetical nature into an opposition to his majesty, as it would be madness, we feel very well convinced cannot be contemplated by her royal highness.

Surely the matter was settled now ? Not a bit of it. Tuesday, the 13th of September, the well-informed *Times*, as it determined that the world should know the whole extent of its blundering, gave us a fourth version of this affair ("from a correspondent upon whose authority they could depend"), almost totally different from the preceding three ! This will be thought incredible perhaps : but here it is—so the reader can judge for himself.

We have received from a correspondent, upon whose authority we can depend, the following statement of the causes which led to the absence of their royal highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria from the ceremony of the coronation. The princess was in delicate health when she left town ; indeed the Duchess of Kent's journey to the Isle of Wight was delayed for some days on that account. Under these circumstances, the duchess's maternal tenderness naturally enough became alarmed at the prospect of the fatigues the princess would have to undergo. She communicated her fears upon this head to his majesty, through Lord Grey, and his majesty fully concurred with her in thinking that the princess's health should not be risked by attendance on the coronation.

* Our reporter committed an error yesterday in stating that the royal infant was present.

It was in consequence determined that she should not attend; and as the duchess never quits her child, she of course was absent also."

It should, in justice, be observed, however, that the *Times* is not the only journal which has made a fool of itself in this business. The *Court Journal*, a paper celebrated for obtaining exclusive information about things that never occurred, and persons who never existed, ran a race of absurdity with the *Thunderer*, of Blackfriars, on the occasion. We give its two authentic accounts, as they appeared in succession at the interval of a week each:

FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

Many contradictory rumours have been circulated during the week, relative to the cause of the absence of the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, from the Abbey, on Thursday week. The indifferent health of the princess was a cause—but not the only cause, of her non-appearance. The Duchess of Kent was anxious that the princess should, as heiress presumptive, take precedence of the other collateral branches of the royal family; but the Duchess of Gloucester objected to such an arrangement. A correspondence between Earl Grey and the Duchess of Kent was the consequence. The noble earl could not accede to the wishes of the royal duchess relative to her daughter, without disregarding the recorded precedents in such cases. The Duchess of Kent, in these circumstances, deemed it better that her daughter and herself should not be present at the august ceremony, than that the princess should waive any of what the royal duchess deemed her privileges, on the one hand—or give rise to unpleasant feelings in any quarter, by attempting to enforce them, on the other.

SECOND AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

The reason assigned for the Duchess of Kent's absence is, that Lord A. Fitzclarence, who had the marshalling of the procession, assigned a place to the Princess Victoria, after the other members of the royal family—whereas the illustrious parent thought, that as heir presumptive to the throne, her royal highness should have come immediately after the king.

These, gentle reader, are the lights of the age! These be the sages who inform us of what is passing in the world! These are your oracles, who know every thing, and can tell us, "pat as the catastrophe of the old comedy," whatever happens in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Look at the *Times*, side by side with itself, in the short space of six days only! Is it possible to do so, and not remember the lines of the poet?

Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts his head and lies.

But it is not our present purpose to dwell further upon these topics. Neither do we mean to say much more, now, of the grossly offensive, the insolent language, which the *Times* employed towards whom? Why, a lady!—An illustrious, revered, and amiable lady! Yes! this meanspirited railer could descend so low as to make it a matter of vulgar reproach to her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, that she *was* "the widow of a mediatised prince," forgetting that she *is* the widow of a BRITISH PRINCE! [And would to God she were not! For at this moment we feel more than ever what the nation's loss was when it lost the Duke of Kent!] Is it possible to conceive any thing more low and disgusting than this unmanly taunt? Or any thing more coarsely insolent than the "she" which is employed? "She," forsooth, "is unfit to form the mind and superintend the education" of her illustrious daughter, because "she" is accused (by the *Times*!) of doing something or the other of which the *Times* itself disapproves. Impudence and absurdity cannot well go further than this, we think.

We have announced that we do not pretend to assign the true motives of an act which has been thus variously represented, but "to take the act as we find it, and develop the grounds which might well justify whether they were or were not those which really produced it." How, indeed, can humble and obscure individuals, like ourselves, be supposed to know the why and wherefore of things which we see performed by the great ones of the land? We are plain, unaffected persons, with no disposition and little ability to unveil the mysteries of palaces and cabinets. At the same time, we have a way of our own in looking at most matters, and we have certainly looked at this particular matter in a way which does not, as far as we have perceived, appear to have struck any one else.

In our first volume (p. 369), speaking of the just and proud hopes of the country, should her royal highness the Princess Victoria ascend the throne, we said, "Would to Heaven we could add there is a future for her, in which *she* will have reason to rejoice. But we cannot. The sceptre will pass into her hands heavily laden with cares. A state of society is preparing, by measures now in progress, and by the operation of others that have been completed, which will demand from whoever may wear the imperial crown of England, ten or twenty years hence, duties, and virtues, and sacrifices, greater than were demanded from any who have worn it during the last century and a half."

Let us now suppose a case. Let us suppose her royal highness herself, or those attached persons by whom she is surrounded, and especially her illustrious mother, sharing with us these sentiments. Let us suppose them observing with sorrow, and indignation, and alarm, proceedings which they must know are surrounding the throne with prospective perils of a fearful character. Let us suppose they see every day some fresh circumstance conducive to this result—some fresh evidence of weakness, folly, and ignorance, on the part of those who are not themselves likely to reap the bitter harvest they are sowing.

Is it in human nature that parties thus situated, who are without any remedy, who are helplessly doomed to suffer all the consequences of conduct they would lay down half their lives to prevent, if the sacrifice were practicable: is it, we say, in human nature that they should not feel themselves AGGRIEVED? The absence of such a feeling would argue an insensibility so nearly allied to vice, that we should find it difficult to determine which were the greater evil—the mischiefs themselves, or the callous indifference to them by those who ought to dread them most, as well on their own account, as on account of the thousands and tens of thousands that must be their fellow-sufferers.

Let it be borne in mind that some of the best and greatest men among us, have solemnly recorded it as *their* opinion that the Reform Bill *must* lead to revolution: then let it be recollected to whom, in all human probability, this revolution will be bequeathed; and then let it be considered what feelings they who are to inherit it, must have for those from whom they receive the legacy?

It will be no answer to this argument to say there are other good and great men in the country, who have as solemnly recorded it as *their* opinion, that the Reform Bill will prevent revolution. The question is, which of these diametrically opposite opinions is entertained by the party for whom the legacy is intended—whether that legacy be revolution or no revolution?

If I stand in the direct line of succession to a noble estate, the present owner of which I, and all my friends, believe to be so managing it, that it would be a blessing to escape from having it, I am not a whit the more inclined to think kindly of that present owner, or to feel a regard for him, because *his* friends assure me he is wonderfully improving it, and that it will be a perfect Paradise when it comes into my hands. And if a day were appointed for the celebration of some great and solemn act of ownership, could it be expected I should be eager to sanction, as it were, by my presence, every thing that had been done? Or, if my presence did not amount to a sanction, would it not be taken, and justly so taken, as an indication that I had nothing particularly to complain of; seeing that we do not commonly make ourselves conspicuous among the followers of those of whom we consider we *have* reason to complain?

Here, then, would be *our* explanation of the absence of their royal highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, from the coronation, were we called upon to give one. We dare say it is as far from the truth as any one of the five successive explanations of the *Times*, all of which were declared to be the positive facts of the case, though they were all different. But we have fulfilled our promise. We have shown the "grounds which might well justify, whether they were or were not those which really produced," the event. We say distinctly, if her royal highness, and if those who are nearest and dearest to her, entertain the opinion in common with two hundred and thirty-six members of the House of Commons, in common with the majority of the enlightened classes of the community, that the

Reform Bill must lead to a revolution, they have a clear right, growing out of personal interests (and she does wisely in exercising that right), to set a broad and distinctive mark upon their own conduct, by which it may be known they do not acquiesce in what, nevertheless, they are bound to submit to.

WILLIAM.

TEXTS AND COMMENTS.

BY AN OXFORD BLUE.

No. IV.

TEXT.

THE CORONATION OATH.—"We have to mention a topic of peculiar interest connected with the coronation, and exhibiting the just and constitutional views which the king entertains of his exalted office. His majesty is understood to have been highly contented with the day, as we are sure his subjects were happy in his public performance of ceremonies incident to the occasion. But at the dinner by which the ceremonial was succeeded, the king gave as a toast, in his *frank and true English manner*, 'The land we live in!'—and then added, that 'the day had afforded him satisfaction; but that he did not at all agree with those who had considered the ceremony as indispensable, for that the compact between the prince and the people was as binding on his mind before; that no member of the house of Hanover could forget the conditions on which he held the crown; and his majesty repeated (*striking the table with energy*), that 'he was not a whit more desirous now, than before taking the oath, to watch over the liberties and promote the welfare of his people.' The Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington were present, and seemed to feel the force of these remarks."—*Times*, Sept. 10.

COMMENT.

We do not profess to be acquainted with the etiquette of royal banquets; but judging, from the above description, that it differs very little, if any, from banquets at the Crown and Anchor (where we have seen the table thumped, and heard the "and we live in" jovially proposed by a "frank and true English" chairman), we may conclude his majesty did not begin to give toasts till the cloth was removed; and, if so,—why then, what followed ought not, perhaps, very much to surprise us.

But, alas! Can these things be true? Is it from the *throne itself* we are to hear doctrines subversive of the principles by which its dignity is upheld? His majesty's ministers went no further than to cast aside, as the useless lumber of antiquity, one-half the ceremonial of the coronation; and now his majesty himself (if what we have quoted be not a scandalous libel), throws away the other half, by denouncing as unnecessary the sacred obligation of the oath which every King of England has taken since the foundation of the British monarchy.

We say his majesty denounces it "as unnecessary;" for, if "the compact was as binding before," it must of course have been unnecessary, inasmuch as it created no fresh obligation, imposed no fresh duty upon the royal mind. Yet, be it remembered, an oath is *something more* than a moral compact between man and man, because it calls in a third party to that compact, and because that third party is the *living, the eternal God!* The definition of an oath is this: "An affirmation, or negation, or promise, corroborated by the attestation of the Divine Being;" and Swift observes, that "as an oath is an appeal to God, it can have no influence except upon those who believe HE IS."

Now, when we bear these things in mind, we are utterly unable to believe one word of what the *Times* has asserted. It is not, we say, decently credible, that his majesty, immediately after having made his solemn "appeal to God," immediately after having corroborated his promise to his people "by the attestation of the Divine Being," should have risen at a dinner-table, and declared that he "was not a whit more desirous now, than before taking the oath, to watch over the liberties and promote the welfare of

his people." It is not decently credible, we repeat, that this story of the *Times* can have any foundation; because it leaves us no other possible conclusion, than that our gracious sovereign makes the Creator a secondary object to his creatures, or rather, places them upon the same level, by affirming that the moral obligations incident to his exalted station derive no added solemnity, or force, or sacredness in his estimation, from having invoked God as a witness to his sincerity in the performance of them.

We are quite sure his majesty's notions and feelings are of a far different kind. We are quite sure, if he were called upon to declare *what* they are, he would say, "*before* my coronation oath, I had entered into an implicit compact with my people, which I was determined to fulfil to the uttermost, according to my best means and the best judgment I could exercise; but *since* my coronation oath, I have entered into a much more solemn, a much more awful compact; a compact with God himself, swearing by his sacred name, and, as it were, in his Divine presence, that I *would* do those things which, till then, I only *intended*; and whatever may have been the weight of the first obligation, I feel that it is increased a thousand-fold by the second; for, had I failed in my duty, not having taken my coronation oath, I should have been accountable to Heaven only as we are all of us responsible beings for the performance of what is required of us in this world; but were I to fail *now*, should I not, in addition to that common responsibility, incur the grievous penalty of forfeiting a specific pledge voluntarily made to my Creator, and for the security of which I have invoked His attestation?"

These, we say, would be the sentiments of the royal mind with respect to the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, did any occasion call for their declaration; and not the audacious impiety imputed to it by the *Times*, for purposes no less obvious than they are base and disloyal.

TEXT.

"In consequence of a motion which was recently made in the House of Commons, on the subject of persons imprisoned at the suit of the crown, and those in custody for small debts, an opinion has prevailed that both these classes of prisoners would probably be relieved. It is not unlikely that those crown debtors whose cases may prove worthy of favourable consideration, and who have conducted themselves in a becoming manner during their confinement, may be discharged; but there is not the slightest chance that the public money will be applied to the payment of private debts, and creditors be encouraged to sue those who owe them small sums. There is reason to believe that the notion which was entertained on the above subject, occasioned many wretched creatures being sent to prison: the numbers thrown into Whitecross-street prison lately has been great: on one day thirteen persons were committed thither for debts averaging under forty shillings each; and there are now above eighty prisoners of the same description in that place."—*Times*.

COMMENT.

I wish some member of the House of Commons would move for a return of the sums expended to reimburse the theatres and Vauxhall, and to defray the charge for crackers, sky-rockets, and blue candles, in Hyde Park, on the day of the coronation. We should then see how many unfortunate debtors might have been restored to their families, by what was squandered to provide a few hours' amusement for the people. It is not in the spirit of canting philanthropy that I make this suggestion: but when we are told that the public money *cannot* be applied to the payment of private debts, I do ask, in the spirit of common humanity, whether the public money that *was* applied to throw open the doors of the theatres, &c., would not have been *far better applied* to open the prison doors of the metropolis? I dare say, upon a rough calculation, not less than 3000*l.* were expended in these gratuitous festivities, which were as if they had never been, the next hour. Good Heavens! only imagine 3000*l.* appropriated to the discharge of debts under twenty pounds, for example, and what a picture of human happiness starts up! How many hundred hearts would now be beating in grateful recollection of royal benevolence! Whereas, not one of the thousands who got into a theatre for nothing, or saw a sky-rocket ascend, will bear *that* in remembrance as a thing which made their sovereign a jot the better. Our economical ministers are no doubt prepared to say they cannot afford both to amuse the idle and relieve the wretched. And as they are far more anxious to conciliate the mob, which

can do them service, than benefit the unfortunate, who can do them none, it follows according to such reasoning, that the money in question was most wisely, patriotically, and beneficially laid out.

TEXT.

"So very much is it the practice to create peers to meet political emergencies, that of the present 557 British peers, no fewer than 460 have been created or raised to a higher rank since the accession of George III."—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

COMMENT.

I should like to be informed by what process of logic or philosophical deduction, the *Glasgow Chronicle* arrives at the fact, that *because* "460 peers have been created or raised to a higher rank since the accession of George III.," they were *all* "created to meet political emergencies." I confess I cannot see the necessary connexion, and suspect that the northern seer has discovered it only by the aid of second sight. I very much doubt*, too, the accuracy of the calculation; though, even if it be accurate, it gives only about six peers and a fraction per annum, by creation and advancement, for the period described. But such are the random calumnies scattered abroad, to abuse and mislead those who read with a capacious swallow for whatever comes.

TEXT.

"Other coronations we have seen, of perhaps equal display; but we have never before seen one in which the great solemn act of placing the crown upon the sovereign's head was recommended to the feelings and bosoms of men by the love and veneration which they bore to the sovereign himself."—*Court Journal*.

COMMENT.

What "other coronations" has this silly young, or weak old gentleman seen? The very lowest class of artisans—those whom he can alone hope to propitiate, after disgusting all others—have sense enough to disapprove of his clumsy mode of flattering the Sovereign by insulting his illustrious father and brother.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The following are among the numerous literary announcements of the last month:

A splendid edition of Childe Harolde, in two volumes, illustrated topographically, is about to appear. Each volume is to contain about forty engravings, from drawings by Turner, Stanfield, &c. A few copies are to be in quarto. The plates are engraved by W. and E. Finden.

The Literary Souvenir for 1832, edited by Alaric A. Watts, will contain as usual twelve highly finished line engravings.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1832, containing a variety of highly finished line engravings.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832; containing twenty-six beautifully finished plates, executed by the first engravers, under the exclusive direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. With letter-press descriptions, embodied in the Narrative of a Tour through the most interesting portions of the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Countries bordering the Rhine: by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

The Humourist for 1832, by W. H. Harrison, is announced to appear, together with Ackermann's other Annuals, about November. It is embellished by eighty engravings, designed and executed by W. H. Brooke.

Mr. Bernard, the author of several successful dramas, is engaged on a series of pieces founded on American subjects.

Cruikshank's Comic Album; a collection of Humorous Tales: with numerous illustrations on wood.

Anniversary Calendar, and Universal Mirror.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells of Great Britain, according to the System of Draparnaud, Brand, De Lamarck, &c.; the Characters and Descriptions drawn up from specimens in the cabinet of the author, W. Turton.

* We have no doubt about the matter, the number is falsely stated, of course for political purposes.—*Ed.*

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq.

Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S., President of the Linnean Society, &c.

Italy's Romantic Annals are to form the subject of the new series of the *Romance of History*, by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

The ancient Scotch metrical Romance of Sir Gawain and the Greene Knyzt, from a unique MS. preserved in the British Museum, by Frederick Madden, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

The Geographical Annual for 1832 is announced for publication, uniform with the larger *Annals*, and to contain engravings of all the states, kingdoms, and empires, throughout the world.

The London Manual of Medical Chemistry; comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the *Pharmacopœia*, with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Posological Notes, &c. by W. Maugham, Surgeon.

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, in two parts.

Biblical Cabinet Atlas.

A Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors, in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, &c. by Hugh Moore, Esq.

The History, Topography, and Antiquities of Framlingham, compiled from the best Authorities, by R. Green.

Wilson's American Ornithology, with the continuation by C. L. Buonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly-discovered Species not included in the original works, and copious Notes, by Sir William Jardine, Bart.

The Author of *Gertrude* will shortly produce her new novel, the *Affianced One*.

The Sisters' Budget; a Collection of Original Tales in Prose and Verse, by the Authors of the *Odd Volume*, &c., with contributions from distinguished Writers.

The Chameleon, an Album of Original Pieces, by Mr. Atkinson, the publisher.

A volume of poetry, Pictures of the Past, is announced by Mr. Brydson.

Friendship's Offering for 1832, with highly-finished engravings after celebrated paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stothard, Richter, Wood, Purser, Westall, and other eminent artists, and contributions from popular writers.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, is to be embellished with upwards of sixty humorous designs by various comic artists, with facetious contributions by several writers.

A new Annual, illustrated from drawings by Prout, under the title of *The Continental Annual*, is forthcoming, uniform in size with his *Landscape Annual*. The literary department, under the superintendence of Mr. William Kennedy, is to consist of romantic tales.

The Winter's Wreath for 1832, will be illustrated by the following plates:—*The Highland Fortress of Lessing Cray*, painted by J. Martin; *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, by Stothard, R.A.; *The Wreck*, by J. Williamson; *Allon, the Piper of Mull*, by E. Goodall; *Portrait, the Visionary*, by H. Liversege; *Lago di Nemi*, by A. Aglio; *The Reply of the Fountain*, by H. Liversege; *Vintage Feast at a Villa of Rione, Trastevere*; *Naples*, by W. Linton; *Abbeville*, by D. Roberts; *Sunset—Bavarian Alps*, by G. Barret; *The Wreath*, by Vandyke.

The False Step, a Novel, will appear in October.

In October will be published, *The Usurer's Daughter*, by one of the Contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Lives of celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson.

The Landscape Annual, or Tourist in Italy, for 1832; illustrated with twenty-six engravings, from drawings by J. D. Harding, Esq. The literary department by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

Wild Sports of the West. By an Experienced Sportsman.

The Tourist's Guide through Cornwall, is preparing for publication, by the editor of the *Falmouth Packet*. To be printed in small octavo, and accompanied by a map.

Mr. S. Robinson has in the press a new Annual for 1832; the first of a Series of Standard Volumes for the Library. Royal 18mo., with Seventeen or Eighteen Embellishments on steel, after eminent masters.

Mr. Brydson is about to issue a volume of poetry, under the title of *Pictures of the Past*.

Literary and Graphical Illustrations of Shakspeare, and the British Drama.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires et Souvenirs du Comte Lavalette, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. sewed.—*The Hexandrian Plants*, No. I. 21s. sewed.—*Standard Novels*, No. VIII. *Scottish Chiefs*, Vol. II. 6s. bds.—*Hinton's America*, Vol. I. 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.; India paper, 5l. 5s. bds.—*Polytechnic*

VOL. II.

Library, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Analogies of Organized Beings, by J. L. Duncan, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Rennell's Comparative Geography of Western Asia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.; Atlas to ditto, 4to. 1l. 10s. bds.—Rennell's Geographical Illustration of Xenophon, 4to. Maps, 21s. bds.; on the Topography of Troy, 4to. 7s. 6d. bds.—National Library, No. XII. Lives of Celebrated Travellers, 12mo. 6s. bds.—The Smuggler, by the Author of Tales by the O'Hara Family, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

1.—*Palestine; or, the Holy Land, from the earliest period to the present time.* By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL. D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

2.—*Life of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Dr. Brewster. J. Murray.

3.—*Original Songs.* By Robert Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Anderson, Jun.

4.—*Oliver and Boyd's Catechisms.* Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

5.—*Milman's Tales.* Souter.

1.—This interesting volume forms the fourth of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, a work already distinguished by the narratives of "Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas," and "Africa," and by the "View of Ancient and Modern Egypt." The book contains nearly every thing entertaining in the history of the Holy Land, judiciously condensed into four hundred and forty-eight pages, and is illustrated with a map and several engravings on wood. The work is about the cheapest of the whole Library tribe, and must put our London booksellers on their mettle.

2.—This admirable piece of biography, which forms the twenty-fourth volume of the *Family Library*, may be estimated one of the most valuable books that have appeared for some time. Few lives so interesting to the whole world could have been selected—few men more capable of doing justice to the subject than the learned doctor, who has in a masterly way condensed the private and scientific life of the philosopher, the history of his discoveries, and the controversies they induced, into a single volume, which it is almost needless to say bears the palm from its predecessors; and is the only biography of Newton, worthy of the name, published in this country. Dr. Brewster acknowledges his obligation to the *Biographie Universelle*, in which appears a life written by the French astronomer Biot—almost the only one that had pretension to authenticity in any language; but the doctor has been very moderate in his use of the French author, and has, by great research, completed a sterling and original work.

3.—The author of this volume is a clever man, and does honour to his native town. The difficulty of giving a striking turn to a hundred songs is by no means small; and when we can affirm that the following is a fair specimen of the collection, it will be conceded that Mr. Gilfillan is a poet of more than ordinary talent.

Mary's Bower.

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.
Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has cross'd the main;
There's wae fu' news in Mary's bower—
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The lav'rock quits the sky,
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave—
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower,
Now wither on her grave!

We must take one more and with that heartily recommend the volume :

O, Jenny, let the strife be ower.

O, Jenny, let this strife be' ower,
An' let this weary wark be done ;
Ye ken I'm subject to your power
As ocean is to yonder moon !
I've ca'd ye aften fair and braw,
The sweetest lass by hill or plain ;
Now, I've a reason—may be twa—
To tell it ower an' ower again.

Ye say ye hae nae heart to gie,
Ye say ye hae nae love to spare ;
O, then, accept of some frae me,
I'm sure I've gat an unco share ;
'Twill maybe free my mind o' care,
'Twill maybe ease my heart o' pain :
An' if, like me, it wound ye *there*,
Ye just can gie me't back again.

I'll woo ye wi' a lover's flame,
I'll roose ye in a bardie's sang ;
Ye'll be my muse, an', at your name,
The todlin' words will jump alang.
I'll sing ye bloomin', young, an' kind,
Wi' laughin' een o' clearest blue,
But naething o' your heart an' mind,
Else a' the world were courtin' you !

I winna mind your words ava,
Frae your sweet mouth although they come ;
The tongue's aye ready saying—Na,
Though a' the time the heart be dumb !
But I will mark your redd'ning cheek,
An' I will watch your glancin' e'e ;
For love's true language these aye speak—
O ! Jenny, let them speak for me !

4.—These works convey highly useful instruction in an inviting form ; and while they are written within the compass of the youthful mind, they are nevertheless free from the slightest approach to frivolity. They comprise “The works of the Creation,” by Peter Smith ; “English Grammar,” and “Latin Grammar,” by George Milligan, “Geography,” by Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E., &c. ; “French Grammar,” by James Longmore ; “English Composition,” by Robert Connell ; “Christian Instruction,” by the Rev. Robert Morehead, D. D., &c. ; “History of Scotland,” by W. Morrison ; “Zoology,” by William Rhind ; “Drawing and Perspective,” &c. : and the neatness and cheapness of so useful a work are strong recommendations.

5.—These Tales of the Stanley Family are adapted, and well adapted, for the higher classes of youth. Religion and morality are taught in narratives which come home to the understanding, and impress upon the mind better than all the preaching in the world the necessity of avoiding vice. We are, therefore, not inclined to criticise it severely.

FINE ARTS.

1.—*L'Ombre de Napoléon, Visitant son Tombeau. Drawn on stone. By Miss Kearsley. Ackermann.*

2.—*Gold Enamel Coronation Playing Cards. By appointment of his Majesty. Reynolds and Sons.*

3.—*The Embellishments of the Winter Wreath.*

4.—*Embellishments of the Landscape Annual.*

5.—*Embellishments of the Bouquet. Robinson.*

6.—*The Watering Places of Great Britain. Hinton.*

1.—This ingenious lithographic print has the appearance of a spirited little landscape, and the tomb of the fallen emperor is seen beneath the shade of overhanging willows: but on looking more minutely at the composition, there is the figure of Napoleon formed between the two trees, by the shape of the trunks. It is a curious, and if the subject were as great a favourite here as in France, would be a very profitable effort.

2.—These playing cards, of which there are four different patterns, are beautifully decorated on the reverse with enamel gold. The idea is ingenious, and is very tastefully executed. The colours of the different patterns are azure-blue, crimson, pearl, and peagreen: they are each of them so elegant, that we should be really puzzled which to select.

3.—These embellishments are superior to those of last year. As, however, our next number will contain reviews of most, if not all, the *Annals*, and of their plates, we shall abstain for the present from critically noticing any, and content ourselves with a general expression of approval, for there are among them some sweet engravings.

4.—Of these splendid specimens of art it is difficult to say too much. The drawings by Harding have been beautifully transferred to steel; and the plates far excel those of former years. The spirit of rivalry engendered by competition in the field has done much for the benefit of purchasers.

5.—These consist of seventeen beautiful line engravings, and a title-page. If the literary department equal the plates—and, as it professes to be a selection of the best papers that have appeared in the periodicals for the last few years, it ought to be—the *Bouquet* will be one of the most popular of the tribe. It is of the 12s size and style, but promised at less.

6.—The fifth number of this pleasing work has appeared, and it will be enough to say that neither plates nor letter-press fall off in quality, but bear, with advantage, comparison with those of the first number.

MUSIC.

1.—*Recollections of Paganini; a Fantasia. Arranged by J. N. Hummel Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

2.—*Reminiscences of Paganini; a Fantasia. Arranged by J. B. Cramer. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

3.—*Introduction and new Variations on the Ploughboy. Composed by J. H. Hummel. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

4.—*The Enchanting Isaide, a dramatic Song, by H. J. Bradfield, Esq. The music by J. A. G. Busch. Boosey & Co.*

5.—*The Harmonicon, for September. Longman.*

1. The imitation of flutes and horns, upon which the first portion of this piece is founded, must of necessity be a failure on the piano-forte; and, indeed, in any hands but Paganini's, on the violin also. But as the piece proceeds, the quartet of Paganini's in F 3-8 time is very effective. In this is also introduced the rondo, accompanied by the *campanella*; and the piece, as a whole, does great credit to Hummel.

2.—Mr. Cramer, whose name is almost a certain passport, has been very successful in producing a lively and effective piece, in which we recognise Paganini's favourite concerto in F., the *campanella* rondo, the *Cardinal di Venice*, the *allegretto*

in A., played on the fourth string, &c. As a whole, it leaves us nothing to wish, and fully supports its title and the name of Cramer.

3.—There is shewn in these variations an evident intention to render them available by all performers; the air—perhaps one of the sweetest of Shiel's efforts—is a striking one, and has been the text for the variations of numerous composers. If we mistake not, Hummel himself composed a set, more elaborate than those before us, many years since.

4.—An excellent accompanied recitative introduces us to a sweet air in three flats, $\frac{4}{4}$ time. The favorable opinion we expressed of Mr. Busch in our last number, is strengthened by the song before us. Mr. Branfield's poetry is of a pleasing character, and the *Enchanting Isaide* will, we think, add to his reputation.

5.—An excellent number, abounding in good matter and good music; the latter comprising pieces from the compositions of Wustrow, Sphor, Hogarth, Donizetti, Carnaby, Dr. Cooke, Hickson, and Moscheles.

English Fashions.

GENERAL REMARKS.

WE give exclusively English fashions, therefore we have not, like the most of our contemporaries, to lament a paucity of invention, which the French themselves, with all their vaunted ingenuity and taste, admit to be almost unparalleled in the history of the toilet. We have succeeded in our endeavours to find English women who can invent, and English artists who can execute, the beautiful designs of our fashion-plates; nor are we reduced to the pitiful expedient of giving our descriptions in bad English and worse French. Our fashions speak for themselves; they appeal to the taste and judgment of our readers: and, if we might judge from the circulation of our work, we should say their language is understood by a large number of our educated countrywomen, who do not require to refresh their French by looking into the wretched miscellanies lately foisted upon the attention of the public.

The fine weather of the last month would not allow any thing of an autumnal character to be worn. Light silks, chintzes, and coloured muslins have been, and continue to be, very great favourites for promenade and home morning dresses. They are charming, and we shall regret the approach of winter, when they must yield to something of a warmer texture. *Crape*, *mousseline de soie*, gold and silver gauze, nets, and fine Scotch muslin, are distinguished among the materials for evening cos-

tume. We have seen one very beautiful dress, composed of silver gauze tissue of the most costly fabric. It had a beautiful border of shaded violets and laburnums in their natural tints, over a deep flounce of silver gauze, tied up with cord and tassels of silver. The *corsage* was in the Swiss style, with lacings of violet and silver. The skirts of dresses, both for morning and evening costume, are worn much trimmed, when designs for trimmings can be procured; but as these cannot be obtained from France, they are mostly confined to the higher ranks of ladies. Sleeves of morning dresses and pelisses are still worn very large at the top, and quite as close to the arm as ever; and, when not carried to the extreme of fullness at the top, nothing is more elegant. The sleeves of evening dresses are short and full, and are invariably much trimmed, giving great width to the shoulders. The bodies are, in general, made tight to the shape; with, in some instances, a slight fullness at the bottom of the back, but the greater part are quite close. Bonnets, we are most glad to state, are decidedly becoming smaller, and with less trimming on than we have seen for some years past; another proof that our fair countrywomen are beginning to think for themselves. Hats for dinner and opera dresses are more simple in their forms, though more costly in their materials than they were last month; but we could wish that the feathers which ornament them were less redundant. *Cornettes* for morning wear are chiefly

made of Buckinghamshire lace, which, by the way, is greatly in favour with the Parisian belles.

Toques and *bérets* for evening head-dresses are of the most simple, and, therefore, elegant forms, and sparkle with rich jewellery; most of them have their vivid colours softened by shading plumes of soft white feathers. Flowers are again in favour with the youthful part of the *beau monde*. Diamonds and other costly gems are the reigning favourites in jewels, and give an air of eastern splendour to our drawing-rooms and assemblies. When the *coiffure* is formed of the hair, the back hair is drawn to the top of the head, and generally arranged in three or more bows, or sometimes planted *en corbeille*; but the last-named mode is giving way. The front hair is mostly disposed in long curls on each temple. High-backed combs, flowers, and jewels *à la Ferronnière*, are the favourite ornaments for this mode of head-dress. The colours most in fashion are the king's or naval blue, pink, vine-leaf green, white, and various tints of brown.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

A ball dress of white *gaze d'Inde*, splendidly painted in natural colours, worn over a slip of white, or very pale pink satin. The *corsage* is made in a novel and becoming style, and displays a fine figure to great advantage. The front is cut rather low, and is ornamented with an elegant stomacher and shoulder-bands, painted to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The stomacher is cut to let the bands pass through, near the top, from whence they are continued to the *ceinture*, where they meet under an embossed clasp of massive gold. The back is made to match the front. A short full sleeve, with very little in the way of trimming, finishes this chaste and beautiful body. The skirt has a light and simple garniture of bias cut pieces, placed *en revers*, and surmounted by a rich border composed of *bouquets* of Provence roses, with their buds and foliage. The hair is dressed high, and is arranged in three full bows on the summit of the head. The front hair is disposed in large *boucles* on the temples. A *bandeau* of large pearls is placed transversely on the forehead, and is passed over the back of the head, and crosses

the insertion of a very high comb, the points of which are seen above the whole head-dress. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of pearls and diamonds. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

FIG. 2.

Evening dress of crape, colour a light shade of azure blue, over satin of the same tint. The skirt is of a moderate length, and not too full. It has a deep flounce, composed of separate parts, cut in such a way as to form a succession of full points, which fall over each other at the bottom, while the top of each portion is reversed inwardly, giving a very pretty heading of broad tongue-shaped leaves. The body is made full across the bust, forming a drapery *à la Serigné*, at the upper part; confined towards the waist by four indented bands, decreasing in size as they descend. A full bow of satin is placed in the centre at the top of the front. The sleeve is very full, and has a *guirlande* of vine-leaves, of satin, placed *en feston*, across the top. Bows of satin, like that in front, finish the shoulders and the centre of the back. *Ceinture* of satin. An elegant *coiffure* completes this dress. The front hair is parted across the forehead in the Madonna style, the ends of which fall in soft negligent ringlets at the back of the neck. The back hair is plaited *en corbeille* at the top, or rather inclined to one side of the head, the plait rising on one side, and falling gracefully on the other in a very novel manner. Small white Persian roses, a gold chain and jewels, *à la Ferronnière*, and a richly inlaid comb of tortoise-shell and gold finishes this very tasteful *coiffure*.—Neck-chain and cross of coloured gold; shoes of black satin.

PLATE 2, FIG. 3.

Carriage or promenade dress of the king's or naval blue, figured *gros de Tours*. The *corsage* is made *uni*, and cut square across the bust. A *cançou* of white net, with a double standing collar and deep *epaulettes*, trimmed with quills, is worn with this dress. The sleeve is very large at the top, and as far as the elbow, but the lower sleeve is quite close to the arm, and is covered with a reticulation of corded bands, in a new and striking style. The skirt is made very full, and with a deep hem, above which is a trimming of deeply vandyked leaves,

folded, and disposed so that the narrow ends of the leaves rise in acute points from the lance-shaped straps which connect them with each other. Hat of *paille de Toscane*. The front is made very open, and has four bows of white gauze ribbon on the right side, close to the temple; three similar bows are set nearly at the outer edge on the left side, from which two bands extend to the back part of the brim. The crown is inclined forwards, and is surmounted by a rich plume of feathers, intermingled with bows of gauze ribbon. *Mentonnières* of British thread-lace. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid. Shoes of blue silk.

FIG. 4.

Ball dress. Dress of rich white satin. The body is plain, with a full *ruche* of *blonde* and roses, at the top. The *blonde* is disposed *en eventail*, and each fan partially displays a half-blown rose, the foliage of which is laid close to the body of the dress, pointing downward to the waist. The short sleeve has the fullness set in a plain band at the bot-

tom; the upper part has an ornament cut in the form of a heart, and turned over with the narrow part towards the elbow, the broad part forming a recess for a small bunch of roses. The skirt has a deep fall of *blonde* set on alternately, full and plain, and finished at the top with a double row of tulip-leaves, placed partly on the *blonde*, and partly on the skirt, in an *unique* style. A *Circassian* sash, of white and silver gauze ribbon, is tied in a bow on the left side, with long ends, deeply cut, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. A small *bouquet* of roses is tied up with the bow of the sash. The hair is arranged in two large *coques* at the top, between which is placed a demi-wreath of roses and silver foliage. The front hair is parted in the centre, and disposed in a full *coque* on each side of the forehead; in that on the right side is placed a rose. Earrings, *Ferronière*, and bracelets of pearls and pink topaz. Gloves of white kid. Shoes of white satin, with silver sandals.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

(Continued from p. 200.)

LONDON.

The Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince George and Princess Augusta, visited Donna Maria.

His Majesty's steam-vessel *Meteor*, commanded by Lieut. Frederick Hutton, arrived this afternoon at Woolwich, from Rotterdam, with the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, accompanied by her two sons, Princes Edward and Frederick. Her Serene Highness, on landing, proceeded to Windsor.

WINDSOR.

On Monday, the 8th, his Majesty, accompanied by Lord Clinton, took an airing in a pony phaeton, in the vicinity of Frogmore.

The Queen, attended by her suite, rode on horseback for several hours in the Great Park.

The Earl and Countess of Albemarle arrived at the Castle, on a visit to their Majesties.

LONDON.

The Duke of Braganza, accompanied by his consort, and Donna Maria, paid morning visits to the Duke and Duchess of Cum-

berland, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Cambridge. They afterwards proceeded to the Colosseum; and, in the evening, visited Vauxhall Gardens, attended by the Marquis de Rezende.

WINDSOR.

On Tuesday, the 9th, the Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended by Sir James Reynett, the Baroness Ahlefeldt, and the Rev. Mr. Wood, arrived at the Castle to-day.

In the afternoon their Majesties and visitors took an airing in the Great Park.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Baroness Ahlefeldt, Miss Chavannes, and Sir James Reynett, visited the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

WINDSOR.

On Wednesday, the 10th, at eleven o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, left the castle for London.

Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Au-

gusta and the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, visited the shops of many of the tradespeople, where they made several extensive purchases.

LONDON.

Their Majesties arrived at St. James's Palace, about half-past one, escorted by a party of Lancers.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Goderich, Viscount Althorpe, the Duke of Devonshire, Marquis Wellesley, and the Bishop of Chichester. The Earl of Fife was the Lord in Waiting.

At two o'clock, his Majesty held his *entrée* levee, at which M. de Rantzen, Resident Minister from the courts of Nassau and Baden to his Majesty the King of Holland, was presented by Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister.

The Count St. Martin d'Aglié, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sardinia, had an audience to deliver letters from the King and Queen of Sardinia to his Majesty.

The Duke of Saxe Meiningen (brother to the Queen) arrived from the continent, on a visit to their Majesties.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Braganza, accompanied by Donna Maria, visited their Majesties.

After the Levee, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, left town for Windsor, escorted by a party of the 1st Life Guards.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 11th, his Majesty took an airing at two o'clock, in a pony phaeton, accompanied by Lord Clinton.

At four o'clock the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, attended by their suite, left the castle, and proceeded, by the Long Walk, Cumberland Lodge, and Norfolk Fern to Virginia Water, and inspected the fishing temple and the marquees. The royal party afterwards visited the Belvidere, and returned by the Clock Terrace, and the Obelisk.

On Friday, the 12th, their Majesties and visitors took an airing for several hours.

The Duke of Saxe Meiningen visited the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, at St. James's Palace.

The Queen this day completed her thirtieth year. All the members of the Royal Family at present in England, and many of the nobility of the land, personally congratulated her Majesty at Windsor,

where splendid *fetes* and rejoicing took place, and illuminations in the evening. The Royal Family did intend to celebrate this joyous occasion at the Queen's Lodge in Bushy Park, but that course was changed in consequence of his Majesty's journey to the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, early on Monday morning. The inhabitants at Hampton, Hampton Court, and Teddington, where her Majesty's great virtues and goodness have long been appreciated, manifested their loyalty on this pleasing occasion.

On Saturday, the 13th, as early as nine o'clock, the Duke of Sussex arrived at the Castle to offer his congratulations to her Majesty on her birthday.

Their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and family, and the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, attended by Lord and Lady Clinton, Sir James Rennett, Baroness Ahlefeldt, and the rest of the royal suite, left the castle at one o'clock, for Adelaide Lodge, where they partook of a *déjeuné*, and afterwards proceeded in seven carriages-and-four, to Virginia Water.

In the evening, their Majesties entertained at dinner, in addition to their illustrious visitors, a large party of the surrounding gentry, among whom were Admiral Sir John, Lady, and Miss Gore, and Sir William and Lady Freemantle.

After dinner the Duke of Sussex left the Castle for Kensington Palace.

On Sunday, the 14th, at ten o'clock, the two regiments marched into the quadrangle of the castle, where the bands played alternately till eleven o'clock, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by the princes George of Cambridge and Cumberland, and Lord Clinton entered the square, and the regiments went through their parade movements, and retired. Immediately afterwards the King and Queen, accompanied by the Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Clinton, and others of the suite, proceeded to St. George's Chapel, where divine service was performed by the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess, Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Augusta, and Miss Wynyard, attended divine service at the parish church. The Rev. Isaac Gosset, officiated.

The Duke of Cumberland left the castle for Kew.

LONDON.

The Duke of Cumberland honoured the Earl of Shaftesbury with his company at

dinner this evening, at his lordship's residence in Grosvenor-square.

WINDSOR.]

On Monday, the 15th, at two o'clock, the Duke and Duchess of Braganza and the young Queen of Portugal, accompanied by Colonel Webster and the Marquis de Rezende, arrived at the palace, to take leave of their Majesties previously to their departure for the continent. The royal visitors were ushered into the state drawing-room, where they were received by their Majesties, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duchesses of Cambridge and Saxe Weimar, and the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. After partaking a splendid collation, which was served in the grand dining room, they quitted the castle for the Clarendon Hotel.

The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, left the castle for their residence at Kew.

The Princess Augusta left the castle for Frogmore Lodge.

On Tuesday, the 16th, after luncheon, his Majesty, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and Lady Erskine, drove down the avenue in the Home Park, to her Majesty and suite, who had previously walked to Adelaide cottage. The royal party proceeded from thence to the Great Park, where they remained till five o'clock.

The Duchess of Cumberland arrived at St. James's Palace from Kew. Her Royal Highness was afterwards visited by the Countess Gower.

LONDON.

On Wednesday, the 17th, about half-past one o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Meiningen and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, escorted by party of Lancers.

At two o'clock, the King gave audiences to the Field Officers in Waiting, the Colonel of the Guard, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, the Bishop of Chichester, Viscount Althorpe, and Viscount Palmerston.

His Majesty then held a Levee, at which Lord Cowley was introduced by Viscount Palmerston, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, upon his return from his Embassy at Vienna.

The Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia visited the Queen.

In the afternoon, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and the Duke of Saxe Meiningen visited the Colosseum.

After the Levee, their Majesties left the palace for Windsor.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, the 18th, their Majesties and visitors took an airing for several hours.

On Friday, the 19th, their Majesties and visitors took their usual airing.

On Saturday the 20th, at six o'clock, the ceremony of investing the Duke of Saxe Meiningen with the most noble Order of the Garter, was performed in the Queen's drawing room. His Serene Highness had been elected a Knight of the Order more than a year since, although he was not then invested. A grand dinner was afterwards given in St. George's Hall, in honour of the investiture, to the members of the Royal Family who were present at the ceremony, the Knights of the Garter, the Ministers of State, and several of the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood, amounting in all to upwards of ninety persons.

On Sunday, the 21st, at eleven o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Augusta, the Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Clinton, Miss Mitchell, and the Rev. Mr. Wood, proceeded in four carriages to St. George's Chapel. The Hon. and very Rev. Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Provost of Eton, officiated.

The Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland, Lady M. Taylor, and Lady Erskine, attended Divine Service at Windsor church.

On Monday, the 22d, at half-past one o'clock, the King and Queen, accompanied by their distinguished visitors, proceeded in seven carriages to the Belvidere, and partook of an elegant collation in the banquetting-room. Their Majesties afterwards visited Virginia Water, and returned to the Castle at half-past six.

At seven o'clock eighty-two persons, belonging to the Royal stabling department, were regaled with an excellent dinner, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day.

In the evening there was a splendid display of fireworks in Bachelor's Acre, where the rustic sports of the annual revel were celebrated during the day. The town was brilliantly illuminated.

LONDON.

On Tuesday, the 23d, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived at St. James's Palace.

Wednesday, the 24th, at half-past one o'clock, the King, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Meiningen and Lord Clinton, arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, escorted by a party of Light Horse. At two o'clock his Majesty held a Court and Levee, which was attended by the Foreign Ambassadors.

sadors and Ministers, the Cabinet Ministers, the Great Officers of State, &c.

His Majesty gave audiences to Colonel Keate, the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guards, Earl Grey, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Palmerston, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Hill, Sir J. Graham, the Marquis Wellesley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir George Naylor. It being a Collar Day, the Members of the different Orders wore their Collars.

His Majesty afterwards held a Privy Council, at which an order of Council was agreed upon, for the form of Divine Service at the coronation, on the 8th of September. The Hon. Wm. Bathurst attended as Clerk of the Council.

The Duke of Sussex visited the King.

At a quarter before six, his Majesty left the Palace for Windsor.

Thursday, the 25th, the Duke of Wellington had an interview with Earl Grey at the Treasury.

WINDSOR.

Friday their Majesties have taken airings daily, and are in excellent health.

CHISWICK.

Saturday, the 27th, the Duke of Devonshire gave a splendid entertainment, at Burlington Villa, to their Majesties, the Royal Family, and a large party of the principal nobility and gentry.

Their Majesties, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, arrived at Chiswick at five o'clock, when the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, which was stationed on the lawn, commenced playing "God save the King."

A sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* was served at half-past six to the royal party, in the Banqueting Saloon, the walls of which were hung with crimson velvet, and decorated with cups and flaggons of gold.

An elegant marquee was erected on the lawn, for the general company, in which three long tables were laid, each for seventy-five persons. During the repast, the band of the Coldstream Guards played on the lawn near the river.

At eight o'clock, the company quitted the tables to view the fireworks, which were of a most brilliant description. The gardens were splendidly illuminated, and dancing was introduced in a tent on the lawn to Weippert's music.

Their Majesties, accompanied by their royal relatives, took their departure at nine o'clock, and arrived at Windsor about twelve.

The Duke of Cumberland was prevented

honouring the noble host with his company, in consequence of a slight indisposition.

WINDSOR.

Sunday, the 28th, at eleven o'clock, their Majesties and suite proceeded to St. George's Chapel, where Divine service was performed by the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Goodall.

The Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Lady Erskine, Lady Mary Taylor, and Miss Wynyard, attended Divine service at Windsor church.

In the afternoon, the King paid a visit to the Princess Augusta, at her chateau at Frogmore.

LONDON.

The Marquis of Hertford entertained the Duke of Cumberland and a select party at dinner, at his Lordship's Villa, in the Regent's Park.

WINDSOR.

Monday, the 29th, in the evening their Majesties entertained a distinguished party.

LONDON.

The Duchess of Cumberland visited the Princess Sophia, at Kensington Palace.

WINDSOR.

Tuesday, the 30th, at one o'clock their Majesties and visitors left the Castle, in five of the royal carriages, and proceeded to Egham Races. The marquees were removed from Virginia Water to the race course, and an elegant luncheon was served to their Majesties at three o'clock. In the evening, their Majesties entertained a large party in the grand dining-room.

LONDON.

The Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council held a meeting this afternoon, at the Council Office, to make arrangements for the coronation. There were present—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Earl Grey, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Althorp, Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Plunket, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Vice-Chancellor, the Comptroller of the Household, and the Duke of Richmond.

WINDSOR.

Wednesday, the 31st, the Duke of Richmond visited the King this morning.

About twelve o'clock his Majesty left the Castle for St. James's Palace.

The Queen entertained her illustrious visitors with a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at Adelaide Lodge.

LONDON.

About two o'clock, the King arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, escorted by a party of Light Horse. Shortly after,

his Majesty gave audiences to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Sir James Graham, Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Hill, and the Judge Advocate-General.

His Majesty afterwards held a Levee.

After the Levee the King held a Privy Council, at which the late Great Seal of England was destroyed by his Majesty, and a new one adopted.

A new Seal for the Admiralty Court of Scotland was also approved of.

The Duke of Cumberland visited the King. His Majesty then left town for Windsor.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland left town in the evening for their residence at Kew.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday, September 1, at half-past ten, the Queen, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, the Earl and Countess of Errol, Lord and Lady Clinton, and Lord Valletort, left the Castle, in three carriages, for Hampton, to witness the consecration of the new church. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London, and the company was numerous, though the weather was any thing but propitious. His Majesty was prevented accompanying the Queen, by the pressure of public business in London.

LONDON.

On Friday, the 2d, General Baudrand (charged with a special mission from the French government) was occupied for a considerable time this afternoon, at the Foreign Office with Viscount Palmerston.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and suite, left Windsor Castle at half-past nine this morning for the Pavilion at Brighton.

BRIGHTON.

On Saturday, the 3d, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and suite, walked from the Pavillion to the Steyne, and thence to the Chain Pier, passing up the Esplanade, and on to the outer platform of the Suspension Bridge. Her Majesty proceeded to the Saloon, and made several purchases. On leaving the Saloon, a royal salute was fired from the outer extremity of the pier, and the people assembled in great numbers on the cliff. Her Majesty and party walked back to the palace.

At the Pavillion, her Majesty and visitors partook of a luncheon, and left for London at a quarter before four o'clock.

LONDON.

His Majesty arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, about half-past five o'clock. The Queen, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar arrived from the Pavillion at Brighton, about half-past eight.

On Sunday, the 4th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duchess, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal. The Bishop of London, assisted by the Sub-Dean, and the Rev. Mr. Barham, officiated.

On Monday, the 5th, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived at St. James's Palace, from their residence at Kew. In the afternoon, their Royal Highnesses visited the King and Queen. The Duchess also paid a visit to the Princess Augusta.

His Majesty, attended by the Comptroller and Master of the Household, and the Secretary to the Privy Purse, visited the new Palace in St. James's Park.

In the evening their Majesties entertained a select party at dinner.

On Tuesday, the 6th, His Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey, Viscount Goderich, and Lord Hill.

The Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Sophia, the Duchess, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited their Majesties in the morning.

In the afternoon, the King went to Westminster Abbey, to view the preparations for the Coronation.

In the evening, their Majesties entertained the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Augusta, and a select party, at dinner.

On Wednesday, the 7th, at two o'clock, his Majesty held a Levee at St. James's Palace.

The Rajah Rammohun Roy was introduced to the King, by the Rt. Hon. Charles Grant.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Foley, the Marquis of Winchester, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Hill, Viscount Combermere, the Earl of Albemarle, the Field Officer in Waiting, and Officers of the Guard.

On Thursday, the 8th, at a quarter past ten o'clock, their Majesties left the Palace for Westminster Abbey in procession to attend the ceremony of the Coronation.

In the evening their Majesties entertained a numerous party at dinner in the banqueting-room. There were present the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duch-

ess of Cambridge, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York; the Bishops of London, Chichester, and Winchester; the Dukes of Wellington, Devonshire, Leeds, Dorset, Norfolk, Buccleuch, Leinster, Gordon; the Duchess of Gordon; Marquises Camden, Exeter, Cholmondeley, Winchester; Marquioness of Winchester, Earls Belfast, Albemarle, Denbigh, Munster, Howe, Amherst; Countess Amherst; Viscounts Combermere, Villetort; Lords Frederick Fitzclarence, Brownlow, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Cawdor; Lady Georgiana Bathurst; Lord Augustus Fitzclarence; Sirs Robert Otway, Augustus d'Este, William Freemantle, Frederick Watson, Benjamin Stephenson, Philip Sidney; Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope.

After dinner a concert was performed by the Queen's band, led by Mr. Cramer.

On Friday, the 9th, his Majesty gave audience to Earl Grey.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Meiningen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and Princess Augusta, went to Wormwood Scrubs, to witness the Review of the two Regiments of Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the North Britons, the 7th Dragoon Guards, the 12th Lancers, and two Brigades of Artillery, by Lord Hill, the Commander of the Forces. The Duke of Cumberland was also present.

After the Review her Majesty and party partook of a *déjeuné* with the Duke of Sussex.

The following is a list of the new titles, from the *Gazette* of this day:

The Earl of Casillis, K.T. to be Marquis of Ailsa, of the isle of Ailsa, in the county of Ayr.

The Earl of Breadalbane, to be Earl of Ormelic and Marquis of Breadalbane.

Earl Grosvenor, to be Marquis of Westminster.

Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, to be Baron Cavendish, of Keighley, in the county of York, and Earl of Burlington.

Robert Dundas Viscount Duncan, to be Earl Camperdown, of Lundle, in the county of Forfar, and of Gleneagles, in the county of Perth.

Viscount Northland, to be Earl of Ranfurly, of Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone.

Thomas Marquis of Headfort, to be Baron Kenlis, of Kenlis, or Kells, in the county of Meath.

John Chambre Earl of Meath, K.P. to be Baron Chaworth, of Heaton-hall, in the county of Hereford.

George Earl of Dunmore, to be Baron Dunmore, of Dunmore, in the Forest of Athole, in the county of Perth.

General George James Earl Loder, G.C.B. to be Baron Ludlow.

Robert Montgomerie Lord Belhaven and Stenton, to be Baron Hamilton, of Warriston, in the county of Lanark.

General John Francis Lord Howe, G.C.B. to be Baron Howden, of Howden and Grimsby, in the county of York.

The Honourable William Maule, to be Baron Panmure, of Brechin and Nairn, in the county of Forfar.

The Honourable George Cadogan, to be Baron Oakley, of Caversham, in the county of Oxford.

Sir George Warwick Bampfylde, Bart. to be Baron Poltimore, of Poltimore, in the county of Devon.

Sir Robert Lawley, Bart. to be Baron Wenlock, of Wenlock, in the county of Salop.

Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, Bart., to be Baron Mostyn, in the county of Flint.

William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, Esq. to be Baron Segrave of Berkeley Castle, in the county of Gloucestershire.

Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Chichester, to be Baron Templemore, of Templemore, in the county of Donegall.

William Lewis Hughes, Esq., to be Baron Dinorben, of Kennell-park, in the county of Denbigh.

On Saturday, the 17th, in the afternoon, his Majesty drove to Kew, and inspected the improvements that are making at the residence of the Duke of Cumberland. His Majesty afterwards partook of a *déjeuné* with the Marquis of Ailsa, at Isleworth.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, took an airing in the afternoon, and visited the Royal Mews at Pimlico. Her Majesty was received by the Earl of Errol.

The Duchess of Cumberland visited the Queen.

The Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cumberland. In the afternoon her Royal Highness left town for Kew.

In the evening, their Majesties entertained the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, and a select party, at dinner.

On Sunday, the 18th, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal.

The Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, and the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, visited their Majesties.

On Monday, the 19th, the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess and Princess Louise of Saxe-Weimar, and Lady Beldingfield, left town at half-past eleven, in a carriage and four, for Brighton.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester,

the Duke of Sussex, and the Princess Sophia, visited the King.

His Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the Earl of Albemarle, visited the Royal Mews, at Pimlico.

In the evening, his Majesty entertained the Members of the Hampton Toy Club at dinner.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland arrived in town from Kew. Their Royal Highnesses entertained a select party at dinner, at their residence in St. James's Palace.

On Tuesday, the 20th, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, and the Princess Sophia, partook of a *déjeuné* with his Majesty.

In the evening his Majesty had a select dinner party.

On Wednesday, the 21st, at two o'clock, the King held a Levee.

At the *entrée* Levee, Sir Henry Cipriani was presented to his Majesty, by the Marquis of Clanricarde, on receiving the honour of knighthood. Sir Richard Burton, and Sir Henry Henrick, were presented on the same occasion by Lord Foley.

The Bishop of London had an audience of his Majesty, to present a copy of his coronation sermon.

Mr. Van Buren, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of North America, was introduced, by Lord Palmerston, to a private audience of the King, to deliver his credentials. His Excellency was conducted by Sir Robert Chester, the Master of the Ceremonies.

The Prince Lieven, and Count Ludolf, had audiences of his Majesty to deliver letters from their sovereigns.

The Earl of Ludlow was presented by Viscount Melbourne, on being created a peer.

Lord Templemore was presented by the Duke of Richmond on his elevation to the peerage.

Monsieur Ompteda was presented to the King by his father, the Baron Ompteda.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Hill, Viscount Melbourne, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Winchester, Earl Grey, Viscount Palmerston, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Bishop of London.

Lord James O'Bryen was the Lord in Waiting.

It being a Collar Day the Knights of the different Orders wore their splendid Collars. The Duke of Wellington, who was dressed in the uniform of the Constable of the Tower, wore three Collars.

At half-past two, the Queen and the

Duchess of Saxe Weimar arrived at the palace from Brighton.

On Thursday, the 22d, at half-past twelve, their Majesties, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, the Princes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, Prince Frederick of Hohenlohe Jehringen, the Baron de Bockelberg, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Valletort, Lord Hill, Lord James O'Bryen, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Sir William Freemantle, Sir Frederick Watson, Sir Henry Wheatley, Sir Andrew Barnard, Lady Brownlow, and Miss Wilson, left the palace in eight carriages-and-four, escorted by a detachment of Lancers, to witness the launch of the *Thunderer* at Woolwich Dock-yard.

At half-past one, the hoisting of the royal Standard, and a salute from the artillery, announced the arrival of their Majesties and suite. The royal party were received by the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir R. Seppings, Mr. Lang, and the other authorities of the place, and conducted to the slip, where the vessel was on the stocks. The King afterwards walked to the seats fitted up for the reception of their Majesties; and the Queen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the young Princes, and the Earl of Munster, were escorted by Mr. Lang to a temporary platform near the bows of the ship, when the Duchess performed the ceremony of christening the vessel.

After the launch, their Majesties and suite left the royal stand, to view the model frigate, which is a beautiful specimen of British naval architecture, and was intended by his late Majesty as a present to the King of Prussia. It is built entirely of Spanish mahogany, and is capable of carrying about 13 tons. Their Majesties then proceeded to the *Royal Sovereign Yacht*, where they partook of a *déjeuné à la fourchette*, which was served in the chief cabin. The bands of the Royal Artillery and the Marines were in attendance, and played alternately during their Majesties' repast.

At five o'clock the royal party took their departure, and arrived at the palace shortly before six.

On Friday, the 23d His Majesty gave audiences to the Lord Chancellor, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, and Lord Farnborough.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited their Majesties.

The Queen accompanied the Duchess of Saxe Weimar and family to Deptford, where her Serene Highness and suite embarked on board the *Lightning* steam-packet for Rotterdam. Her Majesty returned to the palace at half-past one o'clock.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 23d August, in Cavendish Square, the Countess of Wicklow, of a daughter.
On the 20th, at Aldrestrop, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Twisleton, of a son.
On the 18th, the Right Hon. the Countess of Bradford, of a son.
On the 16th, at his house in the Regent's Park, the Lady of Sir J. B. Johnstone, of a daughter.
On the 21st, in Eaton Square, the Lady Agnes Byng, of a son.
On the 30th, in Park Crescent, the Lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, of a daughter.
On the 27th, at Salisbury, the Hon. Mrs. P. Pare, of a daughter.
On the 24th, at Hyde Park Terrace, the Lady Burghersh, of a daughter.
On the 6th September, in Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, the Lady A. Baring, of a son.
On the 6th, at 25, Wilton Crescent, the Hon. Mrs. Vernon, of a daughter.
On the 3d, in Portman Square, Lady Howard de Walden, of a daughter.
On the 21st August, in Dublin, Viscountess Bangor, of a son.
On the 9th September, at Montague House, Whitehall, the Duchess of Buccleuch, of a son and heir.
On the 8th, in Stanhope Street, the Lady Lilford, of a daughter.
At Netherpton, near Wakefield, the wife of George Pickering, labourer, gave birth to four children, two of whom were born alive, but are since dead.
On the 14th, at Windmill Hill, Sussex, the Lady of Howard Elphinstone, Esq., of a son.
On the 14th, at Newby Park, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden, Lady of J. C. Ramsden, Esq., M.P., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 7th September, at Lambeth, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B.
On the 7th, at St. Marylebone, George I. Smart, Esq., late Capt. 76th regt., to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, in the county of Kent, Bart.
On the 15th, at St. George's Church, the Rev. Henry Buckley, second son of Mr. and Lady Georgiana Buckley, to Charlotte Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Sir J. Lowther Johnstone, Bart., of Whitherall in the county of Dumfries.
Same day, at St. George's, Hanover Square, having been previously married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, the Count de Saint Marsault of Paris, to Miss Power, the sister of the Countess of Blessington.
On the 17th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Edward Godfrey, Esq., only son of Peter Godfrey, Esq., of Old Hall, in Suffolk, to the Right Hon. Susan Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Morton.
In July last, in the island of Barbadoes, Hampden Clement, Esq., to Philippa, the eldest daughter of Sir Reynold A. Alleyne, Bart.
On the 20th September, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Augustus Villiers, second son of the Earl and Countess of Jersey, to the Hon. Miss Elphinstone, only daughter of Viscountess Keith.

DEATHS.

- On the 23d August, at Bath, Lady Gledstones, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Gledstones.
At the Cocoa Tree Hotel, St. James's Street, John Morshead, Esq., son of Dowager Lady Morshead, of Richmond Hill, Surrey, in his 38th year.
On the 2d September, at her house in Sackville Street, Mary Isabella Duchess Dowager of Rutland, widow of Charles late Duke of Rutland, in her 75th year.
On the 29th August, at Craighall, N. B., Mr. Baron Clerk Rattray.
On the 1st September, at his house in Portman Square, the Right Honourable Matthew, Lord Rokeby.
On the 26th August, Sophia Baroness de Paravicini, widow of the late Joseph Baron de Paravicini, in her 47th year.
At Eccles Street, in Dublin, Lady Roche, widow of Sir Boyle Roche, Bart., and sister to the late Sir T. Frankland, of Thirkleby, Yorkshire, Bart.



ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Engraved by Cheesman for the

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.



ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER

Etched by Cheesman for the

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE

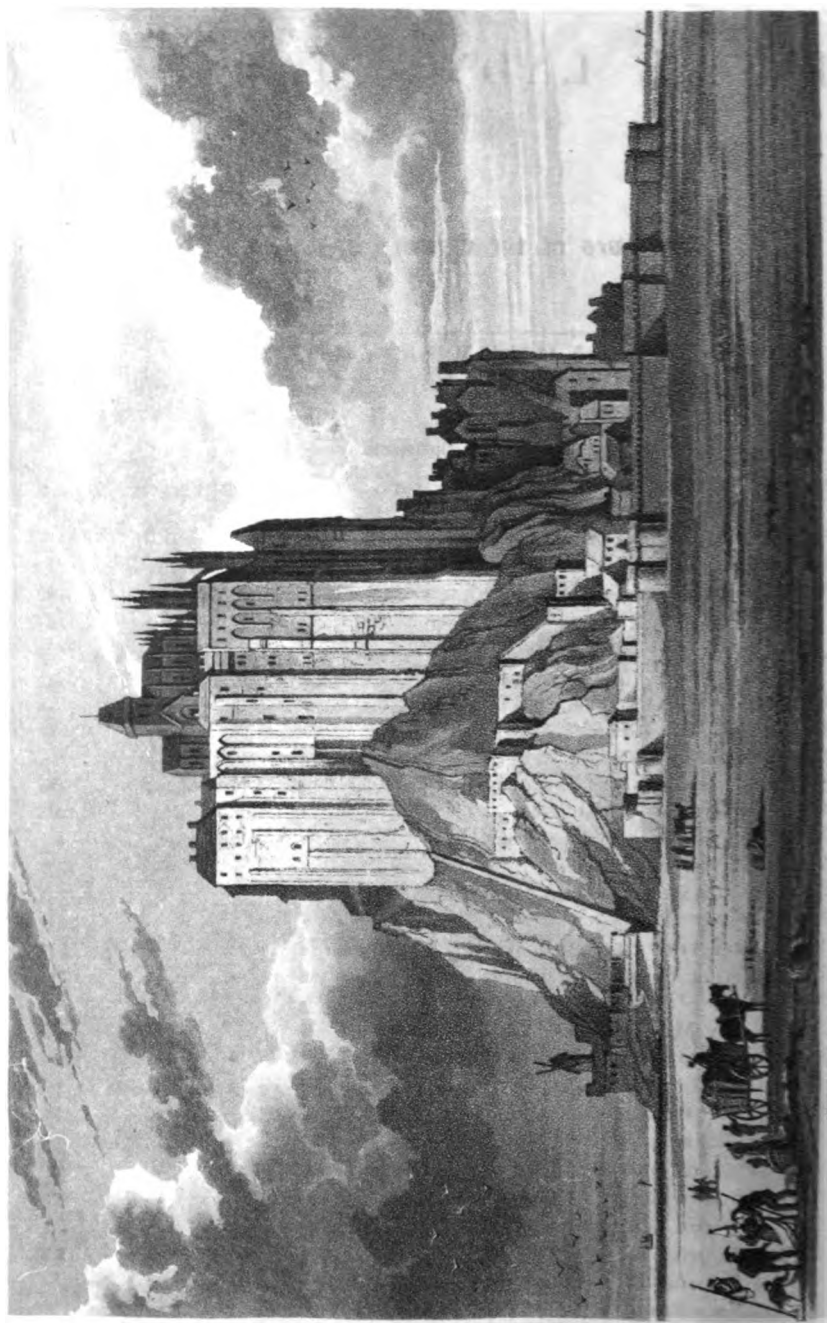
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ENGLISH 'FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER

Etched by Cheesman for the

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE



THE PRINCE OF PRINCE PRINCE

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

Embellishments.

PORTRAIT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY. Engraved by Cochran, from a Miniature by Fanny Corboux.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK.

VIEW OF THE FORTRESS OF HAM, THE PRISON OF PRINCE POLIGNAC.

FIVE PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN LONDON COSTUMES, &c. FOR NOVEMBER. Etched by Cheesman.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE earnestly request those subscribers who have not completed their back numbers to perfect their sets without delay by ordering them of any bookseller; the continued increase of subscribers must prevent the possibility of completing the sets already subscribed for, and many of those who leave it till the binding in the hope of procuring the deficient numbers will assuredly be disappointed.

The following Text and Comment from our Oxford Blue was hardly worth a separate head, but it must not be lost. TEXT—"What have the Lords done?"—TIMES.—COMMENT—THEIR DUTY.

"Titled Authors and the 'Keepsake.'"—This celebrated review of the "Keepsake" for 1831, caused No. 1. of the *Royal Lady's Magazine*, to be reprinted. Our readers will be gratified to learn that "The Keepsake" for 1832, will be reviewed in our next, by the same writer.

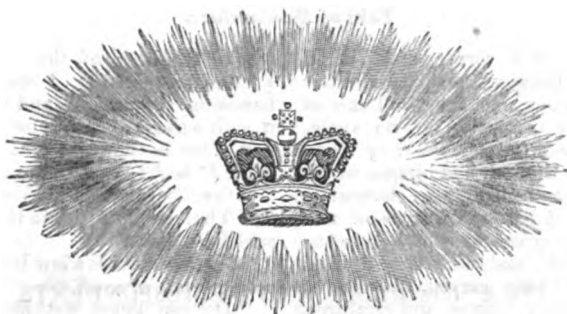
A Worcester correspondent is referred to the cover of this work, where he will see that the Magazine published by Mr. Sams, and the Magazine published by Mr. Robinson, is the same; and we are authorized to say, Mr. Robinson publishes no other,—the improvement mentioned is perceivable in every successive number.

The Dismissal of Earl Howe from the Queen's Household, has excited such intense interest, that we have devoted the space usually occupied by the "Archives of the Court of St. James's," to a paper on this extraordinary proceeding, under the title of "The Approaching Revolution."

The "Mouse in the Wall" cannot enlighten us upon the proceedings at the Palace; on the contrary, the very alleged fact mentioned in his (or her) packet, is untrue. With every sense of intended kindness, we take leave to say, that our information on all subjects connected with the Royal Family cannot be improved.

We can inform the Lady Mayoress, that our circulation depends not on Mansion-house patronage. Her copy will not be an object.—By the by there is a Lady's Periodical much more adapted to *her* notions of gentility.

The Life of the Duke of Sully will be concluded in our next,—its omission in the present number is unavoidable.



ROYAL .
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."

Dedication to the Queen.

N O V E M B E R, 1831.

TALES OF THE CAVALIERS.

No. II.

THE RED EAGLE.

"Whom the fire of Heaven met in the sky, and spoiled of half his wings!"—*Ossian*.

"Glasgerion was a king's son."—*Old Ballad*.

IN the good old time, when houses never changed their inmates nor their furniture—when the parents left their velvet kirtles to their children in their last will, and the children lived at the same board, died in the same chamber, and were laid in the same earth with twenty generations, there was scarce a family in the Highlands which had not its heirloom, like the ivory hand of Charlemagne, or the *black stone of Scone*. At Calder, you may yet see the bed in which King Duncan was murdered; at Moy, the swords of King Charles and Dundee; at Dunolly, the brotche, which was torn from Robert the Bruce, in the

battle of Strathfillan, and at Dunvegan, the little four-legged black oak cup, called "*Gluin-dubh*," in which the "mighty of the Isles" have drank "*Hael*," at the christening, and "*rest*," at the funeral, of twenty Mac Leods.

In our house there was a little old ebony cabinet, called the "*BLACK KIST OF GLEN-DULOCHAN*." It was believed to have been the very same in which Moses was laid in the bulrushes, and to have been brought into Ireland by Gathelus, along with *Jacob's pillow*.^{*} It was a thick, short, hump-backed coffer, supported on four little grinning dumpy black dwarfs, who squatted on their

* Perhaps some may not be informed, that such is the origin and antiquity of the inauguration-stone of Scotland, now in Westminster Abbey.

heels under each corner, and looked as if their faces were squeezed short by the weight which they had carried for so many centuries. The angles of the box were strengthened by silver cramps, and the lock and hinges, which were of the same metal, were elaborately engraved, and bore the initials of two of my great-great-great-grandparents. The lid, back, and sides were divided into panels, richly carved, with such a maze of tracery foliage, and creatures, as would have seemed an epitome of all the hyssop, and cedar, and apes, and peacocks of Solomon, had it not been for a variety of figures in which an idolater might have found objects for adoration without transgressing the commandment.

During my minority it was my fortune to have a guardian, who, even in those days, had a great light of the "*march of intellect*," and among other experiments, to improve my house and estate, cut down the gallowtree, white-washed the castle, and sold all the furniture which survived going over the devil's staircase. The blessed black kist went with the arras hangings, and high-backed chairs. When I heard of it, I commended my guardian to that place which Ariosto says is inhabited by Judas Iscariot, and the inventor of gunpowder—but he is dead now, and—what more, I do not wish to mention.

For several years I maintained such a quest after my kist, as King Arthur did for the "*Sangraal*," and with about as much success. At last, one day this summer, as I was passing along Wardour Street, what was my ecstasy to see the four little dumpy dwarfs grinning out of the window of a *magasin de curiosités*. At the first sight I sprang into the shop; happily it was empty, and before M. Vetusta entered, I had recollected the self-possession necessary to deal with a *marchand de vertu*. As he appeared, I turned my back on the kist, and pointed to a hideous china jar in the opposite corner. "What is the price of that beautiful Pekin?" said I.

"Fife guinea," replied M. Vetusta.

"Oh!" said I, and passing round the shop, examined, and turned over the

whole furniture of the *magasin*, till I came to the kist. I stood with my hands in my pockets, and looked upon it with a gaze of vacant absence: at last—"What is the price of that old gim-crack?" said I, yawning.

"Sere!" exclaimed M. Vetusta.

"That old black tub in the window," said I.

M. Vetusta made a low bow, and took a long pinch of snuff.

"Do you know wat dat is?" said he.

"Certainly," said I.

M. Vetusta simpered and bowed.—"You excuse me, sare—mais, have you ever hear of de eleven thousand vergin."

"To be sure," said I, "but I very much doubt if ever there were as many at one time."

"Ma foi oui—et moi aussi," replied the little man, "mais, dat was de casquet, de coffine, which hold de heart of Santa Clara—dat was one of dem—in de Convent de Macrobius, in Egypt; I take it out of de shrine myself, when I was wid de grand army."

"You don't mean so!" I exclaimed.

"Upon my honore!" replied the dealer.

"But," said I, "was not that sacrilege?"

"Perdi pas!" exclaimed Signor Vetusta, "All de Monke was go—was chassée par de Turke."

"But how did you discover it contained the heart of St. Clare," said I.

"Ecco la!" exclaimed the signor, pointing to the lock. "Ecco l'iscrizione! 'COR. ST. CLAR. S. MAC. DON. ANN. DOM.' &c. &c. Cioè—Cor, Sanctæ Clare Sanctus Macrobius Donator,—by which we see it was given to the convent by the founder himself—c'est bien curieux!"

"Indeed is it!" said I, "particularly to me—and pray what is the price?"

"Twenty guinea," replied M. Vetusta, with a bow, "and dat ver sheap—très bon marché—dat is give it away—mais de bill of reform, et cholera morbus have play de dev' wit all affaires. Gentlemen would not give twenty guinea for de tre spindle of de femme de Solomon."*

"Then the more reason that I should not give fifty for an old black box which

* If any who is uninformed wishes to know more of these spindles, and will read the second part of the *Mort d'Arthur*, they will find a very curious history.

never belonged to a person of so much consideration," said I.

"Ma de saint—!" said M. Vetusta.

"But the reform bill," said I.

"De carving!"

"The cholera morbus! Mr. Vetusta."

"Et tous les gonds—crampons et serrure en argent!"

"Mr. Vetusta," said I, "I will tell you a secret—do you know me?"

"I have not dat honor!" replied the little man, bowing to the ground.

"Five years ago," said I, "that cabinet was stolen out of my house."

The man of *vertu* stood thunderstruck, but immediately recovering himself—
"Mais monsieur! COR. ST. CLAR. S. MAC. DON."

"Which means," said I, "*Cornelia Sinclair, and Simon Mac Donnel, who were my great-great-grandmother and grandfather, when yours were crying roasted chestnuts quattro per un bajocco in the Portarto del Popolo.*"

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed the little man enraged into his own language, "Signore! il mio bisavo era il Reverendissimo Signor Dottor Vetusta decano del Collegio di San Giovanni, e segretario del Gran Duca di Toscana!"

"Mr. Vetusta!" said I, quietly laying my hand on his sleeve, "I will give you five pounds for the *kistie*."

"Il diavolo!" exclaimed he—"I would light de fire wid it before!"

"Good morning," said I, and turned to the door.

My foot was on the street—"A-Signor!" said Mr. Vetusta.

"Good morning!" said I.

"Ma signore!"

"I am in a hurry," said I, hastily taking out my watch.

"E bene! Bisogna ch' io vel dia." said M. Vetusta extending his arms with a generous grimace, "I must let you have it, since it belong to your grandpapa, and, as I said before, *de bill! and de cholera!*"

I took out my purse and paid down the money. "I send it home to-night," said M. Vetusta.

"A-thank you!" said I, taking it under my arm though I could hardly grasp it—"Good morning."

I hurried up Wardour Street, and calling a coach in Oxford Road, drove home with my prize. As soon as I was alone in my dressing-room, I set it by

the window, and examined it over and over, as Ulysses did his bow when he was going to shoot against the suitors: it was perfect and entire in every scroll and figure as the last day I had seen it, and suddenly remembering that there was then an old journal of my father's in the false bottom, I touched the spring, the little panel flew open, and to my astonishment a roll of papers fell out on the floor! I snatched them up, they were the very same! and I ran over them overjoyed, for they contained not only very interesting family details, but many important events, and valuable legends of the time now passing into oblivion. I sat devouring the pages which recalled so many profound and melancholy recollections. The greater part of the journal was written at an early period of my father's life, when the desolating changes which followed the forty-five were only beginning to come into effect. Several of the distinguished persons, and much of the original character, now gone to the ocean and the grave, then remained in the country, and the following extract, written more than forty years ago, is a brief fragment of the history of a broken house.

* * * * *

'It was a calm bright evening, the red October sun was going down over Lammerrmuir, and shimmering through the white still smokes of the hamlet, gave its last golden beam on the bright vane and gray spire of the church which rose over the trees. Not a leaf stirred on the aspens, nor a ripple on the sand of the little lake; the gnats danced in the sun, and I could hear the busy voices of the children playing at "harrie-the-sowie" about the old elm in the market. At intervals the toll of the village bell came up the hill, and the silent sky, the breathless trees, and still blue water, seemed as if they listened to the sound which told that one of the solitary hamlet was gone to his long home.

The deep heavy knell came slowly over the merry shout and jovial laugh of the children—"And you once laughed as loud at that tree, I thought, and looked as heedless on the sun which now sets upon your grave!" At this moment the funeral appeared between the trees below, and past slowly along the avenue

till it was lost among the doddered oaks. I lingered till the bell had ceased to toll, and leaving Donald to follow the road with the horses, took the little path which descended through the fields.

The sun was set when I came to the wicket of the churchyard: all was quiet and solitary; but, as I looked round for the mourners, I saw one old woman who stood beside the grave—her head was covered in her dark faded plaid, but her hands were clasped, and I could see that her eyes were fixed upon the new-raised earth. I stopped, unwilling to disturb her, till at last she dropped a bunch of heath upon the head of the grave, and drawing her mantle about her face walked slowly from the churchyard.

I followed her till she entered the avenue, and as I overtook her, inquired if she could direct me to the cottage of Elspeth Mac Donnel.

The old woman dropped a courtesy, "Yon's just mysel, sir, if ye please!"

I started with surprise and pleasure; for twenty years had so altered the features of my once handsome foster-mother, that I had no recollection of the gray woman before me.

I knew that it was impossible that she could remember me—"Did you ever know one Ronald Mac Donnel—in the west country?" I asked.

"*Hou! Tha gu dearbh!*" exclaimed the old woman, involuntarily speaking with her native Gaelic at the mention of her native place—"Deed did I, sir—monie o' them!—for its a kindly name wi' us ye ken. There was Raoul dubh, and Raoul brochdair, and Raoul Mac Raoul, Mac Rob—and a hantle ye'll no mind may be."

"The one I speak of," said I, "was, I think, called Raoul beg a' Thulachan."*

"*A' chial! a' chial! is e mo-dhaltat feinsa!*" exclaimed the old woman, suddenly wiping her eyes, and courtesying quickly—"yon was my own Ronald—Raonuill beg Uasal—Mhic Alain Mhic Raonuill."

"Can you tell me any thing of what has become of him?" said I.

"A-weel!" said she,—"but may be ye'r an Englisher, sir?"

I satisfied her upon this point—

"Weel," said she, and the colour came in her face, "Ye wad na think it o's father's son—he's awa' to faicht for the *Righ dearg*."

"And was not that better than chafing for stots and queys in Glen Dulochan?" said I.

The old woman shook her head—"He was the first o' his name ever pit dune the '*Ros geal*,' for the '*Each bàna Hano-veraich*," said she. "I wad na thought his mither had lived to see it, and I did na think to outlive it mysel when I saw him put off the belted plaid, and gang owr the hull wi' the Dubh gauld Dear-ganaich, and a black cockade at his lug."

"And where is the old lady, and his sisters—the bonnie lassies of Dulochan?" said I.

Elspeth turned away her face and brushed the skirt of her plaid over her eyes, and waved her thin hand upon the air.

"Do you not know?" said I.

"Gone!" said the old woman—"Gone like the leaves to the winds!—they are all gone—the deer went from the hill—they could na bide wi' a stranger!"

"And the people—the cotters?" I exclaimed.

"All," replied the old woman—"there is none from Strone to Drisach, but the shepherd, and the cooly, and the sheep—I looked down the strait at the even—there were thirty white smoaks winding up in the sunset—I came out in the morning—there was but one."

"And is there none at the castle of Dulochan?" I asked.

"Aye!" said the old woman, looking sternly in my face.

"It is let, then?" I said.

She stretched her hand to the rocks that were cawing in the elms—"Aye!" said she, "to the tenants that God provides for—the ravens and craws—there's nae anither can live in Glendulochan!"

"And Mr. Mac Donnel did this?" said I.

The old woman laughed bitterly—"Mac Alain Mhic Raonuill would na put out the fox and the eagle from his ain craig—suppose they were bad neighbors," said she.

* Little Ronald of Thulachan.

† My own foster child.

"And what has made the change?" I asked.

"I ken na weel, pleas o' law," replied Elspeth, "but there was some auld wadset, or ither like band that the auld laird had made in the forty-five—and the writers in Edinbruch seizit the estate, and sauld it till a suthe-country lord, that did na ken a Hillander frae a black stot. He came down the first year to the shooting—but besure the auld tour was ower far frae the muir for his feckless chay-rimble feet, and the next lammas there was a bit sclated housie biggit up in the hull, and the rufe and a' the timmer-wark was had off the tour to pit tult, and finish out a new inn, for he wad na be chairgit wi's freends cattle, and tykes, and sarvants, ye ken."

"What!" said I, "send his guests, horses, and dogs to an inn!"

"Ou aye surely!" replied the old woman, "and its I that ha' seen twenty riding pownies in the stables at Dulochan! and mair hounds nor would worry a' the writer-tykes in *Bulle-dun-Aiden*! but, O me! yon's but a sma' thing—the next year was to be a new factor."

"A new factor," said I, "and what had old Sandy Mac Alaister done?"

"Ou the marquis said he was ower near kin to the folk, and he'd no rax them—and sine there came a bit south-country Yorkshire bodie and a Chiviot shepherd—and at the next Martimass, was nae ither fute nor clute in the glen, but what walkit afore his cooly."

The old woman paused for a moment and wiped her eyes. "It was a clear simmer morning," she continued, "the sun shone bright on the dew, the bit lochan * was as still and as blue as the sky that was abuve, and the laverochs were singing, and the gulls skirling on the water, and up the hill ye could hear the great stag cry in the corrai—on the green knowie before the kirk there was a thick black thrang—but it was no the *sabbath*—the minister stood on the gray stane abuve—in a whilie the bell began to toll—the auld men and the women, and the bairns fall dune on their knees,

but the *carbachs* stood about like black 'cranns' o' trees, and grippit their aik sticks, and clitchit their teeth to keep the tears out o' their e'es—the auld man tuk aff's hat, and lifted up his hands—he could na speak just at the first; but when the men heard his voice, the tears cam dune their cheeks and they a' drappit on their knees thegither—ye might see the tears fa' like the siller dew on the grass: and when the minister had given the blessing he cam dune among them—he spak nae word, but tuk his stick intil his hand, and the pipes began to play—Ou 'twas fearfu' playing! While the men trussit the packs, and lifted the women and bairns into the cars, the piper walked round and round the wee knowie, playing "*Thighibh a' so! Thighibh a' so! Thighibh a' so! Clan Dhomhnail!*"† as if he would ca' dune the hills about us—but when they were a' ready—at the last time he turnit awa' before them, and the pibroch changit into "*Cha till mi tuille!*"‡

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes fast. "We stappit on the top o' the brae," said she at length. "The last bittiewhar ye can see the glen—we lookit back upon the straith—there was nae smoak on a rufe—nae a voice—nae the bark o' a dog. The women, and the bairns, and the men—the tall men—ye ken the men o' *Glen Dulochan*!—kneelit dune and stretchit out their hands to the glen—and cried!—and cried!—God put it out o' my ears," and she pressed her hands upon her head.

For several moments she sat with her face rested on her plaid—at last, "They tried to take awa' the woman and the bairns," said she, "but they cast themselves on the ground, and clung to the heather and kissit the fog, and the wee-wee bairnes grippit fast to the bushes, and cried '*Cha tèid mi, cha tèid me, gu's an Dùthaich chein.*'§ Ou 'twas the death thrav—the parting o' the body and the saul.—At last, the minister spake to us—we stood round upon the bit shealing—the '*Black Cuach*,'|| the cuach that the prince had drank out o' at Tomhan

* Little lake.

† "Come! come! *Clan Donnel!*"

‡ "I shall never return," the death-lament played at funerals.

§ "I cannot—I cannot go thee."—There is no word in English to express *Dùthaich chein*, but it is all that is melancholy of a land of distance and strangers, and exile.

|| A *cuach*, is a drinking-cup made of staves, and hooped with small osier hoops, and those of superior kind ornamented with silver.

a' Chlerich was filled, and we looked dune upon the glen, and stretched out our hands to the gray tour, and cried, 'Beannachd leibh, Beannachd leibh, Beannachd leibh, a' Chlan Raonula.'* We poured the last drops into the heather, and brak the ciach on the stane, and cast the staves into the Linne-dhubh—and turnit to the road."

It was many moments after the old woman had ended before I could ask her another question. "Do you know nothing of the young laird?" said I, at length.

"Nae mickle," replied Elspeth. "He's been to India they say—and whiles auld Norman, the pensioner, gies me a bit wordie o' him out o' the paper when he gangs to the tune for's pension. But I am no hearing o' him this whilie—'tis the peace, ye ken—they'll be no speaking sae mickle about the regiments and whar they be."

"Would you be glad to see him out of the red coat?" said I.

Elspeth turned away and wiped her eyes.

"Should you like to see him back in Glendulochan? I asked."

"Ye'd no spier that, an' ye were na frae the suthe country," said the old woman.

"*Is mi fiensa Raonuil beg,*"† I exclaimed, suddenly holding out my hand.

Elspeth's face came crimson red: for a moment she stood with her eyes fixed on my face; but suddenly she fell upon her knees, and kissing the edge of my cloak, sobbed aloud.

I raised her, and threw back the cloak from my trews and tartan jacket, and when I could speak, "*Mo mhathair!*"‡ said I, "mo mhathair! I will never put them off again. I am going to Glendulochan, and you shall go too."

The old woman's hand clenched upon my arm, "Ye canna gang there!" said she. "Ye canna gang to see the sheep feed upon the heap o' my bit husie, and the craws bigging in the tour o' Dulochan."

"I have bought it back," I exclaimed,—"the house—the glen—all. To-day the marquis removed to his next estate of Dunrorie."

The old woman clasped her hands and lifted her streaming eyes to heaven.

"Alaister M'Alaister is already repairing the tower," said I, "the green heap that was my home in Tulachan shall have a roof and a smoke before Christmas, and there shall not be a white face in the hill from Knocbreachd to Ceandubh."

Elspeth clasped my hand, "But ye can never bring back the people!" said she.

"I will—I will bring them back!" I exclaimed. "There shall not be a heap that was once a house, but shall rise out of the heather, and be filled again."

The old woman shook her head, "Ye may fill them," said she, "but 'twill no be the people o' Glendulochan."

I stood mute and heartstricken, "There must be some," said I, at last, "some left. I will call them back from all the glens and fields in Scotland."

"They are far awa' in the Duthaich chein," said Elspeth, "never to hear the voice that calls them—till He shall call them, from heaven."

"They shall hear," I exclaimed, "I will bring them though it should be from America!"

Elspeth stretched her hand to the churchyard—"There lies one that ye can never bring again!" said she.

"I remembered the grave," "Who! who!" I exclaimed.

Elspeth grasped my hand, but did not speak, and I stood and watched the plaid throb upon her breast and feared to ask her.

"He would have been happy—happy—to see you the day!" said she at last, in her own calm voice. "The night—the night that he passit awa', he called us a' about him, and bade sit him up on the bed, and bring the pipes and the cuach. Aonghas filled it up and gave it intil his hand. He took ain o' th' ilk o' us, and bowit his head, "*Beannachd Dhè orilh!*"§ said he, "biodh a' bheannachd air mo Dhalta, mo Dhalta fiene! mo cheann chunnidhsa!"§ "He drank the whisky, and grippit our hands, and kissed us a' round: he looked at Aonghas, but the lad could na see him for the

* "Blessing! blessing! blessing! to Clanronald!"

† "It is I, myself, am little! Ronald."

‡ "My mother."

§ "God bless you! God bless my foster-son! my chief!"

tear, "*Mo Mhac!*" he said, "a' Phìob,* *Cha till mi tuille,*" and waved his hand round about from the door like. The light came into Aonghas's face, as they say it would come into the face o's forbear Murach mòr when he played up in the battle. He said nae word, but he went out and blew up the pibroch. Ou'twas awful to hear the skirling o' the pipe come round, and round, and round the wa's; and the auld man lay on the pillow, and held my hand, and whiles waved his airm, whiles lifted his e'es to the bairns, and whiles they went round after the pipes, and aye I felt his hand grip sair on mine. At the last, his e'es did na move, the tear was on them, but it did na fa', his hand cam saft, and cauld, cauld, cauld, and drappit awa' to the bed-side."

Elspeth covered her face, and I wept without being able to offer her consolation. At length she dried her eyes, and folded the plaid upon her breast, "Will ye no come and see the bairns?" said she, in her wonted calm voice. I made a silent motion of assent, and she turned to a little path which led from the avenue. "They are a' at hame," said she, as we went, "a' but Rob that was at the sea, and bides yet at Oban, at the herring fishing."

It was twilight when we arrived at the cottage. The little chamber was dark and silent as we entered, but the young men and their sisters were sitting about the bed—the bed where their father had died. I will not speak of how we met. You do not know the hearts of the poor. You have never been a COALTA,† and you cannot feel what it is to meet a foster-brother in the day of trouble.

* * * * *

I arose at sunrise and hastened to the cottage, Elspeth was already at the door looking towards the inn. The young people were gone out to the shearing, but the little room was new sanded, a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, stood by the hearth, and a plate of fresh-made scones, and a bowl of new milk was set in the glowing peat embers. I was going to take the oak settle by the chimney, but

Elspeth suddenly held me back and motioned to the high arm-chair, covered with roe-skin, which stood at the foot of the bed. Poor old Ronald's plaid still hung upon the back, and, as I sat down, I saw upon the elbow the black spot where he used to tap out the ashes of his pipe. The tears fell from Elspeth's eyes as she stopped and busied herself at the hearth—there is no consolation of words for the wounded spirit, and I hastened to speak of such things as should divert her recollection. "*Mo mhathair,*" said I, as she set the bottle and the cuach before me, the next '*morning*' that you give me shall be in Tulachan; in the mean time you must tell me where to find Rob, for nobody else will see the bit husie sae well biggit." Elspeth was pleased to talk of her children, and I engaged her in the stories of past times, and future plans, till I heard the trample of the horses at the cottage door. A tear came to the old woman's eye, but she arose and filled the little cuach in silence. I gave her my hand and drank the '*Deoch an doruis,*' and throwing on my plaid, hurried out to the horses.

I looked back as I passed the brae head, the white '*mutch*' and gray '*earasaid*'‡ of Elspeth stood dim, and still, and motionless in the sunshine, I waved my bonnet, and as the white wing of the plaid fluttered up in the wind, I turned the brow, and lost sight of the cottage.

I travelled by long stages, but I was obliged to make several halts, and it was near the end of the seventh day before I gained sight of the hills of the west coast. The sun was set as we came upon the wide solitary moor which stretches from Inchmoi to the sea, but the bright glow shone over the black shattered ridges of Sky, and cast a broad yellow gleam upon the glassy water. I looked for the blue spots of the little islets which lie before Lochdulochan, and the sharp peak of the hill which rises above the castle, but all the space between the island and the main was lost in the deep blank shadow of the mountains.

As I gazed, a faint flash appeared and vanished in the black gorge of the sound;

* "The pipe!"

† A foster brother or sister.

‡ The white female plaid, worn only by women.

and after a long interval, the low heavy report of a great gun trembled through the still air; I checked my horse, "What shot can that be?" said I to Donald.

The old soldier looked towards the west, "The sun is just down," said he, "but I dinna think we could hear the evening gun at Barnera."*

"It was from the sea," said I, and as I gazed towards the spot, I distinguished the shadow of a large ship under the gloom of the land.

"Presearve me!" exclaimed Donald, "hae we gotten a cruiser in the isles! Weel, I did na think to see you, forbye a deevils son o' a gauger in Port-Michael!"

"There was none in your time, then," said I.

"Hoot na!" replied Donald, "deil a cockboat! and nae writer, gauger, nor south factor wast o' Innerness—no to speak o' Mungo Downie, for they brent's house the first week, and he was weel schappit that got awa' in's sairk wi's bukes under's airm."

I could now distinguish the ship gliding in slowly for the land, but in a short time our road turned among the hills and we lost sight of the sound.

The twilight was falling as we descended to the little bay of Lochandrine, and, as I came out upon the sand, I saw the broad gray shadow of the ship, not a musket-shot from the shore. From her size and rigging she appeared to be a king's sloop, and suddenly the sails, which hung loosely brailed as she had just swung round upon her anchor, diminished and disappeared with a celerity which belongs only to a man-of-war. As I watched her I heard the plash of oars, and discerned the long black shadow of a galley shoot from behind the little isle which intervened between the shore and the ship. It advanced towards the spot where I stood, and in a few moments the crew run her upon the sand, and a young man, in the full Highland dress, leaped out on the shore. He was attended by a piper and two or three men in red tartans, and speaking a hasty word to the boat's crew, turned from the water and hastened up the beach. As he passed close to the place where I stood, I was struck with the beauty—the splendour of his

figure, and the eagle look of his eye, as he glanced upon me in passing. He wore the great belted plaid, and all the arms and equipment of the old Highland gentlemen, such as I had never seen in the fallen days which followed the proscription of the *forty-five*. His pistols were as bright as silver, and the carved and highly ornamented powder-horn was suspended from a profusion of silver chain, his dirk and broadsword were of extraordinary breadth and length, and he carried a long silver-mounted Spanish gun, for which I noticed provision in a belt of close bandoleers at his waist.

"Chial! chial!" exclaimed Donald, "cha n'haca mi riamh samhal imhic 'Athaisa!"†

The little party crossed the beach, took the pathless cliff, and now lost, now seen among the bushes, ascended rapidly till they reached the summit, and disappeared over the brow of the craig. I turned to make an inquiry of the boatmen, but they were gone, and I saw the boat pulling fast towards the ship. I watched till her long shadow disappeared under the vast black stern, and again resuming my way, spurred on towards Loch Dulochan.

It was deep night when I rode down the narrow broken path into the glen—all was dark, and still, and silent; not a light twinkled on the strath, nor the bark of a dog came from the hill, but I could discern the dim gray gleam of the lake before me, and at last, the tall, black, silent shadow of the castle tower rising against the sky. My heart beat as Donald spurred past me to knock at the door—the door at which we had not knocked for fifteen years! He struck on the wicket with the butt of his whip, and in a few moments there was a quick step, and it was opened by—*Elsbeth*.

"A failte! failte Mhac Alain Mhic Raoul!" exclaimed the old woman, holding up the light in her hand. "Surely it was mysel thought ye lang a-coming!"

"Can this be you, Mo Mhuime?" said I, as I sprung from my horse and grasped her hand.—"Now, when could you come here?"

"Ou I hae been here these twa days," replied Elspeth. "I kent ye would

* Formerly a barrack or military post near the west coast.

† "I never saw the like of his father's son!"

be sair to want me, and nae body but Donald—ye're a *man*, ye ken, Donald—and ye canna redd the tour and fire scones, and milk the cou sine as I can—and ochon there's nae wife nor lassie frae Glendoran to the Mount heid."

"I never thought of that," said I, "though Donald has baked me a bannoch on a hot stone, and laid me a pillow on a packsaddle many a night before now."

"Hoot aye! nae doubt!" said Elspeth, "but you was in the wars—nou ye're at hame ye ken, and ye'll no be to be fashed yon ways."

"And how in the world got you here before me?" said I.

"The morn after ye went," replied Elspeth, "after I redd up the house, I just walkit in tull Edinbruch, (*thirty miles*!) to my *four hours*,* wi' Janet, she's married ye ken—and syne was awa' the morn wi' my gude brither that's carrier til Port-Michael. When I wearyt, the cairt carried me—when the cairt wearyt, I walkit beside;—but ou, sirs! ye'll be weary ye'rsell,"—and she turned before me to the stair.

I followed her up the narrow stone turnpike which had already been repaired, Elspeth turned into the room over the gate. "There's ye'r ain chamber," said she, holding up the candle. The verra same that ye sleepit in the night before ye left the countra—only there's a *new flure*, and new rufe and a winnock, and a door, and sick like—but yon's the verra auld *tapis* on the wall."

The room was, indeed, hung with the identical old arras, and looked as if it had not been moved since the winter nights when I used to lay and tremble at the grim, tall, shadowy figures that stared and waved upon the wall. "What miracle has preserved this?" said I.

"Just auld Sandy," replied Elspeth, "Yon southe factor chiel sent them til Port-Michael to be roupit. Lord kens wha should hae toucht them, but Sandy hard o't, and rid a night to be first i' the morn, and he bocht them owr's '*moderation*'† wi' the writer bodie that's in the toun enew."

"*Presearve me!* a writer in Port-Mi-

chael!" exclaimed Donald, who had followed with my velisse.

"Ochon aye! *twa* o' them," replied Elspeth, "and a gauger, and a bailzie, and a toun's-sergeant, and a'manner o' justice fasherie and law-tulzie, ye never see the like!"

Donald took an excruciating pinch of snuff.

"I'll awa' just and get ye a bittie to your supper," said Elspeth, there's *ae* sheep in the huse, and a saumont, and *twa* muir burdies. There's na' a heathcock in a' the mount, for the sheppeerd's tykes sukitt the eigs the year, and the Englisher poachers killitt the auld anes—but ye'll get the haggis, and the fush, and chappit petaters, and a soup, milk, and whusky—and cakes o' new meal, that was shearit, and threshit, and grund, and bakit, and a' this last week."

The old woman set down the light, and hurried away, followed by Donald, who had to provide for the horses. "There's nae *garrons*," said he, as he followed Elspeth down the stairs. "There's nae *garrons*, or they'd gang fine in the hill, but deil o' me kens what we'll do wi' sic daisy-rumpled lavroch-shankit corn't wamit bluidies, that canna lie out in the snaw nor eat taps o' heather mair, nor *Billie Buckle*, the laird's jockie at Newmarket!"

Nothing, however, had escaped the forethought of Elspeth and old Sandy; a temporary shed had been built under the rock behind the castle, and enough corn and hay provided to have served the whole of Lord Eaglestone's racing stud. It is true that the corn was *hill 'beer*, and the hay had been mowed off the *marsh* meadow only the week before, and it had rained every day since; but if '*Sifath's*' and '*Dusronel*' were like their master, they eat better, and slept sounder, than ever they did in *Grosvenor Meus*.

The sun was shining into the room when I awoke, and I was scarce dressed when a low, tremulous rap came to the door—"Thigh a stigh," I cried for I was vain of all the '*bitties*,' of Gælic I had not lost.

"The gray, bending figure of my old steward tottered into the room, his thin

* Tea, or evening meal.

† The last of the *four* morning drams, the rest being—'*Sqaile*,' the morning bumper—'*Fricochd*,' the after half-glass—'*Fradharc*,' the power of *vision*. Lastly, '*Stuamachd*,' moderation.

scattered hair, now turned to white, and his trembling hand supported on the long oak staff on which I had used to see him bound like a roe over the 'gills.' As I sprung to meet him, he felt eagerly before him for my hand; but at the sound of my voice the tears coursed down his face, and he could only wipe his eyes, and shake his head, and grasp my hand between his own. As I spoke my father's great deer greyhound appeared behind at the door, the gray, half-blind, once mighty dog stopped upon the threshold, and lifted his shaggy ears, and stretched forward his long nose and, for a moment, his wide black nostrils moved quickly as when he searched the deer in the wind—but all at once he tottered forward, and examined my knees, my kilt, my hands with an eager breath. "Constrae!" I cried, as I patted his rough head, "poor, noble, glorious Constrae!" At the sound of my voice the giant dog sprung on my breast, saluted me with his rough beard, howled, whined, layed his long nose on my neck and wept with joy.

Alaister turned away his head, and for some moments I could only smooth his long shaggy ears in silence, as he closed his dim eyes, and reclined his head upon my breast. "Who has been kind to him that he is yet left?" said I.

Alaister brushed his bonnet across his eyes. "The day after Lady Glendulochan and the young ladies left the glen," said he, "I came by the castle, Constrae lay by the door, I ca'd him, but he would na come; I held out a bittie oat cake, he prickit his ears and waggit his tale, but syne laid down his lang nose on his feit. I fed him every day for three days, at the last he followed me doune to the house, and bided there after; but mony a day he gangit up till the tour, and sat by the door as if he waited for they that should go in, and of a Sunday he aye todlit dune to the stables, and sat a whilie on the green knowe afore the coach-huse, as he usit to sit and wait when they pit te the horses for the kirk."

I held out my hand to the old man, "You, and he, and Elspeth, are all that have been left to me," said I, "we will never part more."

The old man held my hand in silence, and the dog lay down beside me, and reclined his head upon my foot. "And

how have you been Sandy," said I, "and how are the people in the glens?"

The old man shook his head—"there's nane left for twenty miles," said he, "The marquis pit out the last that was left at the term. Mony o'the auld folk were sweet—sweet to gang, and had nae place to gang till; but they pit fire till the buses, and puir auld Maggie Mac Kay, that was bedrid for ten years, had the roof lighted ower her heid, and was near brent in her bed; for the lady said, she'd 'find the leigs to rin awa' when the low cam till her.' I dinna ken what had come o' the puir huseless bit bodies if it had na been for the Iolair-dearg that was staying at Dundarach, and ou but he was kind! kind! till them he gangit down to the glens himsel, and sent round meal and cairts for the bairns and the auld folk, and monie ain he gied a bittie siller to carry them till Glasgow, that were to gang till America."

"And who is the Iolair-dearg?" said I.

"Ou dinna ye ken?" but how should ye that hae been far awa'—but indeed I canna weel say mysel, its mair nor a twal month he's had the auld huse o' Dundarach. He cam ae simmers morning, in a great king's ship till Lochandrane, but tis twa months now she cam for him again. I dinna ken whar for, but Murach Mac Lean the drover, that's in a pait, said he seed him and the ship in Mull, and the Leus, and awa' north in the mainland o' Ross, I dinna ken if he'll be back again, for there's nae o's servants left in the house."

"Does he wear the Highland dress?" said I.

"Ou 'ye never see the like, except Glengarve!" replied Alaister.

"And what strange name do you call him?" said I.

"The people call him 'Iolair-dearg,' the Red Eagle, for his red tartan and the look o's e'e that was never in the head o' man nor bird, but the eagle and Prince Chairlie. But Muster Robison, the post Mister in Port-Michael, says his name is Captain O'Haleran, and that he is son to ane great admiral in the suthen enew; but I dinna think it; for the auld French bodie, his sarvant, ca's him whiles, 'Munseur,' and 'Hall's-rile,' and a poor o' names that I canna mind."

"But O'Haleran is not a Highland name," said I.

"Feint a bit o't!" exclaimed Alais-ter, "But ye greit folk tak what names ye will when ye're traevling, just like the Juke o' Fonteney was called *Muster Antowne*, when he cam through the Hillands, and, to be sure, a bit schuchling bodie he was, mair liker a *muster* nor a *juke*, and contrar was Muster Granton, the marquis's grandson here, that was called '*Cornal*,' when he gied abroad, though deil the bit o'm eiver had a reid coat on's back, forby the *Cummerland hunt*."

"I must go and see him!" said I—who had been thinking only of the young Highlander who landed from the ship—but while I was inquiring the shortest road to Dundarrach, Donald entered the room with a letter in his hand, and a look of importance in his face—

"Here's a note frae ye're auld chief Glengarve," said he.

"Mac Mhic Raoul!" I exclaimed, "alive!—and I shall see him once again!"

"Aye will ye!" said Alaister, "and he'll see ye beside—though he's a *hunder* year auld the morn—and he'll hear a' ye're cracks o' foreign pairts. Angus piper says he'll judge a pibroch yet, better nor half the young chieis in the country—he did na believe it, and sine æ day when he playit the '*Chairt*, at dinner he pit the '*luath*' of '*Cumhu Craoibhe*' to the *Suil*' of '*Cille-Chriosd*—the auld man 'drappit's knife and fork, as if ye had slappit him on the lug—he did na gie Angus the after-dinner's dram for a week."

The invitation was written by Eneas, the grandson of the laird, but with the point, spirit, and kindliness in which I recognised all the language of the old man—"Tell the lad," said he, "that he must come home to Craiganiech† till the old tower is made canty—to-day I can see him, and hear him, and take out the '*silver raven*,' once—tomorrow I am a hundred years old."

"Get ready the horses," said I, "we will cross Larich-dubh before dinner."

It was the brightest, the stillest, of October days, the elysium of the High-

lands—not a fleck spotted the clear high sapphire vault of heaven, nor a ripple stirred on the deep blue quiet face of the lake, except here and there the long silver line of a duck gliding through the water—I could see even the white mice glisten on the gray craigs, and the yellow fern wave far upon the rock, while the broad, deep, crimson heath slept silent in the sun, and now and then the short lonely crow of the muir cocks, answered each other from the '*tomans*.'

I dropped my reins on the neck of the horse, while Donald who remembered his old chief twenty years ago beguiled the way with tales of his youth—

"The day that he went to Culloden," said he, "there were three hundred men behind him, and he the tallest among them a'. There was *Rorie-luath* caught the buck on Corra-ouran, and *Angus mor* that lifted the great stone of Knoc-clach, and *Hughard* that was mair nor twa elns and a span out o's chourn—but ou! Mac Mhic Raoul was taller be the hail bonnet, and he wad lay Rorie and Angus owr ither on the fail as I wad pit tegither the heids o' twa bairns. Nae a man eiver lukit in his face, but the mickle dragon sargeant at Culloden, and he chappit his beid through the chaff's wi's ax like a '*nip*.'—Ou! but he was the fearfulest man in a stour—and the truest heart to's friend—and the gentlest man 'among ladies, that ever took sword in his hand, or belted his breast wi' a plaid."

"And was there not something wierd," said I, "the second sight—what he told before the prince came to Muidart, and what he saw the night before the route from Preston?"

Donald touched his bonnet, but did not answer. I looked round to him for a reply—

"We'll no speak o' yon sir, if ye please," said he.

"Why," said I, "it is nothing about the good-neighbors nor the Brownies, nor the white *Lady of Dulachan*."

Donald shook his head, "Nae dubt!" said he, "but ou! its awful!"

"And do you really believe," said I, "that he ever told or saw more than you or I, Donald?"

The old man smiled, but not merrily,

* The *Suil* is the theme of a pibroch—some pipers call it the "*Tyr*," or ground. "*Luath*," i. e. the swift, is one of the *doublings*.

† *Craig-an-shiuthich*, i. e., Raven's-Craig.

"I doubt an' ye dinna find ye're chair till the buird and the sheets till ye'r bed," said he, "monie times I hae heard the like, and troth I would na wonder if he could tell ye what the prince and the king o' France speak o' in their privy closet—or what 'tis the auld admiral has under the *black picture* in Lunnun yonder."

"What admiral? what picture?" said I.

"Deil o' me minds the name o'm enew," replied Donald; "but monie times I heard the sarvants speaking o's picture, and ae day that the master was out—my cusin Hector (that's his body servant) tuk me to the huse to see it."

"Why then you can tell what it is yourself," said I, "without the help of the laird or the '*twa-sight*.'"

"Deil a bit o' me," said Donald, "there's a grumous black curtain afore it, ye ken, and just as Hector was on the chair to lift it cam the deevil's thunder o' tirling at the door,—‘Ou, yon's mad Jock—the master's knock,’ creit Hector, and tumlit out o' the chair, and awa' dune the back stair, and I at the back o'm."

"Hey, man! an' we had *leukit at it*!" said Hector.—"Deil's in ye!" said I, "and what then?"

"Lord kens!" and he had knickit us!" said Hector, "but ae day he was near to pit Maggie Macfarlane by the winnock for shaking the dust out o' the curtain."

"And can't you think of the name of this old madman," said I.

"Feint a bit o' me," replied Donald; "and mair's the wonder, for I hard Hector speak o'm monie times; for his family were aye greit wi' the prince, and King James before him—hoot, 'tis a lang auld farand Ireland name, for's father was married upon a lassie out o' yon country wi' a mickle tocher—and syne he tuke her name, though he

himself should be yearl o' Strathgowrie."

"Then he is from the north!" said I.—"Hoot aye!" said Donald, "and greit work he has wi' Scots and Irish—there's nae a man nor a lassie in the huse but hae gotten '*Mac*' and '*O*,' till the fore o's name."

A sudden guess struck me,—“And his own is '*O*—Haleran,” said I.

Donald clapped the shoulder of his horse with a slap that made him spring a yard out of the road—"The diel's auld chiel! yon's just him!" exclaimed he, "Ou! but I mind, yet the fleg he gied me wi's powerful *thirling* at the mickle ha' door."

"Did you ever see his son?" said I.

"Diel o' me kent he had ony!" replied Donald.

I rode on, making all sorts of conjectures upon the picture and the young Highlander, who I had no doubt was connected with its possessor, till I was roused by Donald riding forward to open the gate of Craiganiech. As we entered the great oak avenue, all the boyish impressions of my first visit to my chief—the *seer*—the hero of the *forty-five*—the *giant* of all my infant romances, and nursery tales, rushed upon my mind as if it was but yesterday, and my heart beat, almost with the same awe with which I had approached my first interview. In a short time we came in sight of the vast red half-ruined pile of the castle, the original seat of the lords of Clanranald and the Isles, and which still showed on its grim black shattered turrets the effects of the explosion, by which the rest of the fortalice had been blown up by the Duke of Cumberland. Not a stone, however, seemed to have fallen since I had last seen it, and below waved the gray head of the old blasted walnut, one of the two favourite trees of the laird which had survived the attempt of the soldiers to blast them down with the castle.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

[Imitated from 'the Italian of Guarini.]

BY MISS FARDOE.

WRITE for an Album! what a task for me!
 "Prose won't suffice!" "You must have poetry!"
 —I'm not in love—so cannot breathe my pain,
 Like Opera Donnas, in a tuneful strain—
 I'm not even wretched—therefore cannot speak,
 Of "worms i' th' bud," that "prey upon my cheek."
 I'm not romantic—how then can I soar
 On "fancy's wing," far regions to explore,
 And swift returning over mental seas,
 Bring back a stanza from the Antipodes?
 I'm not a poet—*ecce signum*—therefore
 I am employed I know not why or wherefore—
 And yet—behold! read!! mark!!! depend upon it,
 (Sweetly unconscious!) I've composed a sonnet!

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

"We are such stuff,
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep."—*Tempest*.

THE night was dark, and the wind swept heavily among the huge branches of the tall trees, and roared angrily in the ample chimney, around whose hearth sat a party of students from the university of Göttingen; at times they were nearly lost amid the cloud of smoke which escaped from their ever-replenished pipes, and their voices sounded drowsily athwart the vapour. A rude table stood in the midst of them, covered with drinking-cups as rude; and laughter and merriment grew fainter and fainter as the hollow blast sounded drearily without.

"Go to, Jaquin," said one of the company with a forced laugh, "thy idle tales were fitter pastime for grandames, or nursery-hearers, than for us! Who, thinkest thou, among us may be scared by thy witchlings?"

"Thou art a doughty wight, truly, Menescq!" cried the person whom he had addressed, "yet have I seen thee nevertheless sorely beset at midnight, when thy homeward path has savoured somewhat of darkness—it is easy to be

a hero by fire-light over a drinking-horn, with a crowd of burschen round thee."

"Are ye children," angrily asked another of the students, "that ye are ever on the same theme? ye have, sooth to say, chosen a goodly subject of discourse for such a night."

There was something in the manner of the last speaker which implied a consciousness of superiority; and several of his companions threw out a mightier volume of smoke as he concluded his remonstrance; as though at the sound of his voice they had drawn a longer breath; while Jaquin exclaimed in an accent of half-fearful pleasantry, "If it scare you not, most valiant Segund, we may as well discourse on these things, as anger you by jestings touching Ernelinda."

"The one is even worse suited to the talkers, than the other to the hour," replied Segund still more angrily, "and if ye be truly such children, better the witchlings than the maiden."

"For myself," said a drowsy student, as he shook the ashes from his pipe, and

rocked heavily to-and-fro on the rude bench, "I would that we had both the one and the others in our company, for we are waxing weary of each other, when we thus brawl over our drinking-cups."

"If that be a sign of weariness, it is at least no new one;" shouted another, "and for myself, as I am not so brave, I give thee no thanks for thy wish—what ails the fire?" he added in a lower key, "though it is well fed, it smoulders, and gives neither light nor heat."

"Cast on another faggot," said Menesq; but it was in vain—the dry sticks crackled with the heat, but emitted no flame; and at the moment when every eye was turned in wonder on the rapidly-expiring embers, a blast louder and shriller than any which had preceded it, swept down the spacious chimney, and blew the white ashes in clouds over the room; while at the same instant, the door, which was but slightly latched, yielded to the pressure of the wind, and flew open with violence; every eye turned instinctively towards it. On the threshold stood a figure, a very libel on humanity! the creature was barely three feet in height; crooked alike in body and limb—humped and palsied—his ill-proportioned legs trembling beneath the weight of the huge and ponderously-bulky trunk which they were intended to support—he had a face—it was one whose semblance may have haunted the hag-ridden sleeper, but the like of it had never before been looked on by waking eyes! The forehead of this fearful being was high, and narrow; the blood had stagnated there, and deepened into purple; it was seamed, less, as it appeared, by years than passions, and those darker than the mere impotent passions of mortality—the eyes were gray, streaked with livid lines, luminous, and lurid—the brows heavy and projecting—the skin of the cheeks yellow, and stretched with excessive tension over the huge and protruding bones, while the play of every wire-drawn muscle was distinctly visible—the mouth was wide and fearful—the lips black, and parted with an expression of bitter and demoniac scorn, which betokened rather habitual feeling than present passion—hair, unchanged by time, clung in heavy masses round the

unearthly countenance, and fell in matted and disgusting length upon the shoulders—the limp did not raise his eyes—he did not move his lips—he gave no gesture of pleasure or of wrath, but slowly and heavily he traversed the now silent apartment, and approached the hearth; there he stood, spreading out his black and withered hands over the dying warmth; and the long, bony fingers, tipped with misshapen and discoloured talons, cast a fearful shadow on the wall, lengthened as it was by every flickering of the uncertain light. At intervals the huge faggot which had been cast upon the fire, brightened into flame for a single second, and threw the livid features and distorted form of the *little old man* into broad light; and then crackled loudly as it died away again into darkness—it was a frightful portraiture of debased humanity; and the burschen, one and all, looked on it in trembling. Still the fearful being spoke not; not a feature or a muscle relaxed: the lips remained parted, the eyes vacant—but at times he bent down painfully, and raked together the scattered fragments of the mouldering faggot. At every fitful flashing of the flame, the eyes of the students expanded more and more, and every heart beat audibly. Segund was the first who shook off in some degree the extremity of his horror; he strove to speak, but the words rattled in his throat, and mocked his utterance: in silence he extended his drinking-horn to the intruder, and in silence the courtesy was accepted; the man of fear raised the bulky vessel to his lips, and drained even to the very dregs the capacious draught—but there was no sound as of one who drank! A large piece of bread lay on the board; Segund proffered it to the old man; it was instantly devoured, but the most attentive ear could not distinguish a sound—again he drank, and no long-drawn breath followed the draught—there was the pause of a moment; then a flickering of the fire-flame, and the old man as slowly and as noiselessly as he had entered, quitted the apartment.

The burschen sat in consternated silence; another gust pealed down the wide and echoing chimney, swept through the room, and swinging the heavy door rapidly back upon its hinges,

closed it with a loud clap. The shuddering students turned with one impulse towards the hearth—all was dark, and chill—the fire was extinguished!

For awhile the party remained mute and motionless; they drew their breath tightly, and sat like statues—then a long painful respiration met the ear—the motion of a limb—a foot dragged heavily along the floor—and at length eyes met and lips moved, as though anxious for some voice to break the spell: it was long, however, ere any one had courage to do so—there was a weight in the air; and lead seemed heaped upon the aching eyelids of all. At length Jaquin glanced hurriedly round the apartment, and spoke—it was but a whisper, but every individual student started as though roused by a trumpet call, and the charm was dispelled; gradually every form relaxed; the rigidity of fear yielded beneath the voice of companionship, and by slow degrees, each trusted his tongue once more with words, and his lips with utterance. But what availed their converse? all were questioners, and there was not one to make reply. The first circumstance which withdrew their thoughts for awhile from the fearful visitation of the little old man, was the fact of the disappearance of Segund; none had seen him leave the room—had he departed with that form of fear? had he gone voluntarily? or had some unholy spell removed him from among them? These were the questions which in that moment of over-excitement each asked of the other, and to which none could answer. After a time they parted; not as they were wont to part; in boisterous mirth, or in still more boisterous brawl, but in silence, and in trembling.

Segund followed the old man forth: in the very extremity of his fear, he followed him—he had seen him traverse the chamber, and beheld at once that he was about to depart in the same mystery as he had entered. The mind of Segund was no common one; he could endure to know appalling facts, and to behold fearful sights; but he could not sit down calmly in doubt, after such a visitation: he raised his hand to his breast, and felt for the weapon which he was wont to carry there—he touched it, and hesitated no longer. When he

emerged from the house, he thought that he could distinguish the voice of a female on the blast, and he stood for an instant to listen—a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder; he started, and looked round; beside him, he could distinguish even in the dim light, the distorted and dwarfish creature of whom he was in pursuit; a hollow, cracked sound, like that of internal malignant laughter met his ear, and he felt the blood stagnate at his heart.

“It is a rude night, Segund:” said the voice, which came forth as it seemed through the closed teeth, “and yet, rough as it is, many are abroad in the blast.” He paused, but there was no reply. “You are poor, Segund—more is the pity!” and the unnatural laughter became more audible, “the father of Ernelinda is not at his own hearth—his cloak is even now streaming in the wind: he is gone to woo a wealthy suitor to his daughter’s footstool”—the student started, “I was to have been beside *him* at this hour; ay, *I* was to have been there, to smooth his passage—am I not a goodly love-herald?—he has waited for me, but I am still here—know ye wherefore I went not? At the moment that I should have departed on my mission, I was sharing *your* wine-cup, and eating of your food; and I could not wrong you while I fed—*now* I am yours! If you love the pale-browed maiden with her smooth limbs, and her silky hair, she *shall* not be bought by gold—I have said it, let those gainsay me who can.” He paused again, and the student gasped for breath. “Truly she is very fair!” continued the smothered voice, as the heavy hand slid from the shoulder of Segund to his elbow, and rested there; while the large face of the old man was turned upwards to his, with a wild grin upon the blue lips; “fair to a wonder! I could have loved her myself, had I been like other men—”

“Loved Ernelinda! *Thou!*” almost screamed the student.

“Ay, I—” returned the dwarf with calm bitterness “thou wouldst scoff at such a thought—do it; thou art welcome—the chances are yet unequal enough between us—but know, proud boy, that her smiles, and sighs, and softness are no more to me, than thy frowns and scorn—what care I for either?”

"I sought not to anger thee," murmured the student.

"Anger me!" echoed his companion, "that is the prate of a worldling: I am not to be thus angered—but tell me at once and boldly, dost thou love the maiden?"

"As my own soul—"

"And thou wouldst win her?"

"It is my heart's hope."

"Thou shalt! thou shalt! and again he laughed. "Seest thou this ring? it is a precious jewel: it came from the land where the sun rises: the artificer who wrought the gold in which the gem is incased, died when he had completed the work; the world has not its fellow. Be that thy next love-gift; and from the moment in which it encircles her finger, no other shall win her—but, mark me! put it noton thine own, or the charm will be dispelled."

The student hesitated as he replied, "I may not accept a gift so costly from one whom I know not."

"Fool!" said the dwarf, "whom knowest thou better? couldst thou mistake me, should we meet again? Art thou not well acquainted with my ungainly figure, and my unsightly features? and dost thou boast closer fellowship with any of thy every-day associates? Hast thou learned more of them than thine eye has taught thee? Hast thou looked deeper into *their* hearts than thou hast into *mine*? canst thou answer for their motives? understand their impulses? and measure their meanings? If thou canst truly do all this with others, then am I indeed a stranger to thee."

"But wilt thou swear that no evil shall grow out of the gift?"

"Swear!" cried the fearful being, "and by what shall I swear? by the light? That were a poor oath, when we are standing here side by side in the darkness.—Shall I swear by these blasts, which are bellowing over us—the wind which heard the vow would have borne it to the other extremity of the earth ere it could have in aught availed thee. It is a goodly world where the word is no bond, and there must be oaths and vows given as sureties for sincerity—once more, wilt thou take the ring?"

"I heard no rumour of the rich suitor to-day"—said the student in an accent of indecision.

"Wouldst thou, that her proud father should have waited on thee with the intelligence?" sneered the tempter; "but I have done with her, and with thee—theae be prettier maidens, and bolder youths to whom the ring may be welcome."

"She will not wed another—" gasped Segund.

"Then thou art safe—if painted halls, and jewelled fooleries have no charms for her, my aid were worthless—if *thou art sure of this—farewell—*"

"Nay—stay but for one moment," said the student, pressing his hand upon his throbbing brow,—"*women, the best, the fondest, are sometimes won by such gauds—I will—take the ring.*"

"Be it as thou wilt," said the voice calmly, as Segund extended his hand for the jewel, "and now, good night." The excited young man drew a long breath, and would have spoken again—but he was alone.

Segund passed a sleepless night—he lay for hours with the jewel in his hand, marvelling at the events of the past day: at times he determined to cast away the ring, about which hung so much of mystery and fear, but the dread of losing his mistress made him hesitate, and finally abandon the intention. On the morrow he sought Ernelinda; she was very beautiful! and never had she been fairer or fonder than at the moment of that meeting; she was anxiously awaiting him, and she told him a hurried tale of her new suitor, and her father's views: a tear fell on her cheek, and the heart of Segund beat wildly as he listened: he remembered the words of the little old man—his threats—his gift—and he put his hand into his breast, and drew out the ring. Ernelinda looked on it with surprise; she had never seen so costly a jewel; as she turned it rapidly in the light, flashes like fire came from the wondrous stone, and the colour deepened into a rich ruby—she was lost in delight—then came hurried questions of its history, to which her lover gave confused and evasive replies, until the maiden with playful pride was about to place it on her finger; then indeed the heart of the student leaped with fear, and he hastily drew back her hand. He could not overcome the feeling of foreboding

which oppressed him, and as he caught her to his breast, he whispered beneath his breath the dark tale of the wondrous jewel. Ernelinda listened in amazement; her soul was as pure as light, and she knew not how to suspect aught evil. "Truly, Segund," she said, as he fixed his eyes on her in anxious irresolution, "the giver was but of an ill fashion, if your description wrong him not; but the gift is one of surpassing beauty—shall we not prove its power? My father is stern and cold; tears will not move him from his purpose, and you have not now to learn how he loathes the burschen—why should the old man seek to injure us?—Come, love, give me the ring; I shall never be mistress of another so costly," and she stretched forth her fairy hand for the prize.

"No, Ernelinda," gasped the student, "I cannot—dare not—let us venture all but this—"

"Nay," said the maiden playfully; "you bring me a tempting gift, and then you refuse it to me—give me the ring, silly one."

"Do not urge me," persisted Segund, "I cannot tell you how dark a feeling oppresses me—let us cast it into the stream—"

"You had it but in trust," laughed the maiden, "I claim the jewel—I will not be refused—" but as her lover re-

treated from her playful approach, a cloud stole over her brow. "You care not to pleasure me—be it so then, I have done:" and she turned away.

"You are resolved on our ruin, Ernelinda," said the student; "but you shall be obeyed—if there be evil in the ring, it shall fall on me; if it be truly a good gift, my finger cannot counteract its virtue;" and as he spoke, he put on the fatal ring. The effect was magical—the jewel disappeared, and a circle of flame was playing round the finger of the unhappy Segund; the maiden shrieked in affright, but her terror came too late; the flame grew brighter, and ran along his arm in tongues of fire; his light vest ignited—the whole of his person became one mass of living flame, and he stood motionless, without making an effort to free himself from the deadly element! At this moment, a third figure stood on the floor of the chamber—it was the dwarf—there was a grin of fiendish exultation on his face as he came towards the lovers, but it disappeared when his eyes fell on the form of the affrighted girl; and tossing his long arms above his head, he fled from the house yelling as he went, "Not yet! not yet! another bride has escaped me—down, down—I can take the leap alone!"

S, S.

SONNET TO THE LATE F. BARTOLOZZI, R. A., &c. &c. &c.

BY HIS PUPIL, THOMAS CHEESMAN.

Proud palaces and gorgeous domes decay,
And transient is the glory of the tomb;*
But thy well-earn'd renown a brighter day
Will see, and to the end of time will bloom.
To thee who caused my youthful breast to glow
With zeal to learn the art which gave thee fame,
May all the lovers of high genius bow,
And pay due homage to thy honour'd name.
Ah! could I but describe in loftier strains
Those varied graces, of rich gems a mine,
Which through thy works with dazzling lustre shine;
For thy great talent, which unrivall'd reigns,
And art in all its tow'ring pride sustains,
Some more enlighten'd age will deem divine.

* E de sepolchri è incerta e breve gloria.—*Sanazzaro*.

THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION.

WHEN a man lies upon a bed of sickness (perhaps upon a bed of death), if the physician who is called in, before proceeding to deal with his patient according to his then condition, were to ask him what had been his feelings at various times till the disease assumed its present character, would he not give a detail of successive symptoms which had gone on increasing from day to day, till at last (partly by neglect, partly by being tampered with), they had grown into the dangerous malady under which he was then suffering? On such a day, he would reply, I had a very *bad headache*; on such a day, a *violent pain in my side*; on such a day, I was *parched up with fever* for several hours; this went off, and I had a *slight shivering fit*; soon after, I found my *appetite decrease*; then I had *restless nights*; in short, I have been *ailing* for many months, but did not think there was any thing serious in what I felt—nothing beyond being a little “out of sorts,” as they call it.

The physician who listened to this account would, if he were a skilful one, be prepared for it. He would know exactly how the disease had been fed; how it had been suffered to go on augmenting its own strength, and how each symptom was but the natural precursor of that which succeeded. And if he were honest as well as skilful, he would tell his patient that had he used timely remedies—had he, when he first felt “the headache,” attended to *that*, he might have prevented the “pain in his side,” or had the latter not been neglected, he might have escaped “the parching fever;” and even at this stage of his disorder, the “shivering fits,” the “loss of appetite,” and the “restless nights,” might have been avoided. But he had now built up for himself a *mortal* ailment, by permitting *petty* ones to intrench themselves in his constitution.

Just so are we treating our political constitution. We have been, and are nursing for it, a mortal ailment, by allowing petty ones to multiply unheeded. It is with civil evils as with the beginnings of sin. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. Moreover each man sins according to his particular inclinations. But where all are agreed to sin in something, they are all working to one end, though by different means. Thus there are some among us who will not listen to any attacks upon the church; but they are zealous in destroying the bulwarks of the throne; others who stand up for the authority of parliament, but are willing that it should be transformed to new hands; and so on. Now it requires no ghost to come from the other world to tell us, that when they who are contented with a little have got their little, they who are waiting for more, will enter by the very breaches which the former have made, and take possession of the remainder.

He who can contemplate the actual condition of the country, and say that a revolution is not coming upon it with rapid strides, *must* be either a fool or a knave; a fool, too dull to understand what he sees and hears; or a knave, too cunning to propagate an alarm which may defeat what he wishes. We will waive all inquiry into the question whether this revolution with which we are threatened will prove a great good, or a great evil; whether we ought to hail it as the advent of a blessing or a curse: we will only endeavour to convince those who are sceptical as to its approach, of the existence of things to which we must leave *them* to assign a different issue, if they persist in denying the one *we* predicate.

Within the last six months the following language has been applied, WITH IMPUNITY, to that portion of both houses of parliament who were opposed to the late Reform Bill:—

“The anti-reformers are not the people, nor *politically connected with the people*, of England, although they have exercised over us a sway neither less unlimited, nor more *lawful*, than that of the two or three thousand *Turkish robbers at Algiers*, who ruled by the scourge for so many ages the fortunes of northern Africa.”

“They (the anti-reformers) have the power of sending members to the House of Commons pledged to enact whatever laws their borough patrons may please to dictate, no matter how hateful to the people of England who, BY A FICTION (!!) are bound to obey them: the power, we say, of manufacturing into members of parliament *unprincipled adventurers* eager to vote any *VILLANY* which shall please or serve their patrons.”

"In a reformed parliament the titled and untitled rubbish which now fills the back benches of the house, and is no other than a *nuisance to the country*, will be got rid of."

If it be wished to know what description of men will succeed this titled and untitled rubbish, in a reformed parliament, take as a sample the address of Mr. Howard Elphinstone (the son of Colonel Elphinstone, of the Royal Engineers, and brother-in-law to Mr. Curteis, member for Sussex) to the inhabitants of Hastings and St. Leonard's, in April last. Mr. Elphinstone declared himself a radical reformer, and *as* a radical reformer avowed, that "after the Reform Bill was passed there *ought* to be the vote by ballot, and a shortened duration of parliaments." He stated, moreover, that "all monopolies, and especially that of the East India Company, should be destroyed;" and he declared his "rooted aversion to the law of primogeniture, and consequently a deep dislike to an hereditary legislature;" and of course (though he did not say quite so much, but the inference is undeniable) to every thing else that is hereditary, monarchically into the bargain. The moment the House of Commons is reformed according to the principle of the bill now in abeyance, its doors will be thrown wide open to as many Elphinstones as may choose to walk in upon the suffrages of the democracy.

It was a topic of vast exultation during the late elections, that such men as the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Newcastle, &c. had been defeated in those places where they have large property, and where, consequently, the natural influence of property might have been expected to show itself. But it did not. It follows, therefore, that some *other influence*, greater than that of property, and hostile to it, usurped its place. What was that influence? The mere contagion of example, perhaps, in the few; but in the many, the hope and desire of seeing property change hands. Connected with this subject it may be asked whether, when such men as Sir Edward Knatchbull, Mr. Dickenson, Sir W. Heathcote, Sir T. Ackland, and Sir R. Vyvyan were obliged to retire from the representation of their respective counties, those counties were sure to be represented by men of *more* enlightened talent, or by men of greater integrity and honour? At the Westminster Purity of Election Dinner, Sir Francis Burdett gave the health of Mr. Hardy (very appropriately), as an old reformer, who "had risked his neck in the cause." And Mr. Hardy (no less appropriately) observed, in returning thanks, "he had lived to see great changes, but the greatest of all was to behold a *King and his Ministers* turn Parliamentary Reformers. In 1794, under the infamous government of George III., Pitt, Dundas, and Grenville, he and Messrs. Horne Tooke and Thelwall, were accused of *HIGH TREASON* for advocating the *very cause* which was now triumphant." Great changes, indeed, Master Hardy—very great changes—in something less than thirty years, to see a *King himself* that *which his father's subjects were deemed traitors for being*. It remains to be ascertained, however, which doctrines are the better—those of 1794, in the reign of George III., or those of 1831, in the reign of William IV. They, however, who will take the trouble to look, will find the members of the Regicide Parliament occasionally congratulating themselves much after the same fashion, that *they*, too, had lived to see the triumph of principles for the assertion of which they had once "risked their necks," and (as many thought) for which they deserved to have had them actually twisted. It is impossible, we think, not to pity the premature fate of Thistlewood, the Watsons, Brandreth, and the other heroes of Spa Fields and Manchester. Had they only lived a little longer they might have joined *their* congratulations with those of Mr. Hardy. As it is, we presume the time is at hand when justice will be done to their memories by those of their associates and followers who have been more fortunate. There is Mr. Thomas Muir, too, another premature victim. In 1793 he was sentenced to transportation, *we* are told, "for being a reformer; that is, for publishing sentiments that *went not a particle further than the bill of Earl Grey*."—All we can say is, that Earl Grey is a lucky, and that Mr. Thomas Muir was a very unlucky, gentleman.

On Wednesday, Sept. 14th, Mr. O'Connell presented a petition from the inhabitants of a parish in Tipperary "praying that the house would *re-assume the church property in that country, and apply it to national purposes*." Sir R. Vyvyan inquired what the petitioners meant? Mr. O'Connell referred to *what had been done with church property at the period of the Reformation*, and stated that he "fully agreed with the petitioners." Sir R. Vyvyan observed, "he was not surprised to hear such language

from a *Catholic*;" upon which Mr. Hume got up and said *he* was no Catholic, "and yet he entertained precisely the same sentiments. They had been too long *mealy-mouthed* on the subject, and it was *high time for them to speak out*." Mr. Hunt wished to know "why they should take away from the church of Ireland or England any portion of its property, unless they were at the same time prepared to *lessen the spoils which the minion families* received at the time of the Reformation as the reward of their zeal in promoting it." All this passed without one indication of amazement or indignation in the house! But you are quite right, Mr. Hunt. When the game of spoliation is once fairly afoot, it will go hard but the enormous revenues of our peers will be inquired into, and how they were first obtained. Only let us wait till a reformed House of Commons gives us (as it assuredly *will* give us) a sufficient number of O'Connells, Humes, and Hunts, and the game will go on merrily enough. *Such* a House of Commons will *not* be "too mealy-mouthed," depend upon it.

Petitions of the most insulting character, and of the most seditious tendency, are daily presented to the House of Commons. In the better times of our parliamentary history, no member of the house could have been found to present such petitions; but now, there are representatives eager for the dirty work, and their number will be increased in the reformed parliament. But these insulting and seditious petitions, it will be said, are sure to be rejected. Very true; they *are* rejected; only they are *first read*, and all the offensive passages become matter of debate, and are thus circulated from one end of the country to the other; and *THIS IS ALL* the petitioners really seek. Do you imagine they care one jot about telling the house itself that it is corrupt, infamous, and contemptible? No. They are wiser in their generation. They are satisfied with telling the world so, through the forms of the house. They are like a bully who is content to be kicked in return for casting the filth of his opprobrious tongue upon his enemy.

The language of Lord Clarendon in describing the first meeting of the famous parliament of November 1640, is singularly applicable to the aspect of even our present parliament, judging from the tone of *some of its members*, who cannot stifle their joyful anticipations of what they shall be able to do in a House of Commons, reformed *à la Grey*. These are his lordship's words—and they are worth pondering upon, for he describes nothing but what he saw, being himself a member of that famous parliament:—

"There was observed a marvellous elated countenance in many of the members of parliament before they met together in the house. *The same men, who six months before, were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied*, without opening the wound too wide, and exposing it to the air, and rather to cure what was amiss than too strictly to make inquisition into the causes and origin of the malady, *talked now in another dialect, both of things and persons*; and said, 'that they must now be of another temper than they were last parliament; that they must not only sweep the house clean below, but must *pull down all the cobwebs which hang in the top and corners*, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter; that they had now an opportunity to make their country happy by removing all grievances, and *pulling up the causes of them by the roots*, if all men would do their duties;' and used much other sharp discourse to the same purpose, by which it was discerned that the warmest and *boldest councils* and overtures would find a *much better reception* than those of a more temperate allay; which FELL OUT ACCORDINGLY."

It did indeed "fall out accordingly;" for in less than eighteen months from its assembling, this parliament, it was engaged in a debate upon the question for raising an army, by its own authority, to make war upon the king, in which debate a member (See *Whitelocke's Memorials*) thus described the progress of events which had brought them to such a condition:—

"It is strange to note," he observed, "how we have *insensibly* slid into this beginning of a civil war, by one *unexpected accident after another*, as waves of the sea, which have brought us thus far, and *we scarce know how*; but from paper combats, by declarations, remonstrances, protestations, votes, messages, answers, and replies, we are now come to the question of *raising forces*, and naming a general and officers of an army."

If we be asked why we make this reference to the reign of Charles I., a period when the condition of England was in so many and such essential features different from the present, our answer is ready. The condition of England was, we admit, very different; but we wish to keep our eyes steadily fixed upon what was *then* done by a parliament professing to be the *executive of the people*, because we are *now* threatened with a House of Commons which, in like manner, is to be the executive of the people. Nay, even in the parliament we have, they who are most active in bringing about the desired change (*the king's ministers more especially*), incessantly make their appeals to the people—"the people will see"—"the people will judge"—"the people will not fail to observe who are to blame," and so forth. This direct recognition of the immediate jurisdiction of the people is at least a novelty; and we shall see ere long, whether it be a dangerous one or not. When we have a reformed House of Commons, receiving (as it inevitably must, if reformed according to the late bill) all its impulses *from the people*, it requires no very extraordinary sagacity to foresee the consequences. We shall have the long parliament under another name; working, indeed, with different instruments, but not, it is to be feared, to a different end. It is, because in the year 1640, a parliament met which afterwards *became the government*; and because in 1832, a parliament *may* meet, which from its very elements must disturb, if it do not ultimately destroy, the hitherto balanced powers of the constitution, and acquire an unwieldy preponderance beyond its own competency to regulate or control, that we fling the warning light of the past, upon the present and the future."

"Let us not," exclaimed certain petitioners to the House of Commons, in 1648, "let us not, under the notion of a peer, be voted into ruin." This was because the peers of that day would not concur with the House of Commons in prosecuting measures, the specific object of which was to bring the king to a mock trial, and iniquitous execution. "Oh, ho!" quoth the judicious and discriminating people, "is it come to this? Do the peers presume to stand in our way? Have they the audacity to suppose that we value their assent or dissent, except as either comes in support of us and our faithful House of Commons? We must teach them a lesson. We must instruct our representatives what to do." And they did instruct them; and their representatives did as they were *ordered*, in certain pieces of paper and parchment, which for form's sake were called petitions; and the peers were set aside. How far does the parallel run in these *our* times? The judicious and discriminating people are ripe for *their* part of the business. They only wait for their "*faithful House of Commons*"—*i. e.*, till the Reform Bill is passed

It is not because there are persons in favour of that bill who cannot be justly suspected of revolutionary designs, that we should shut our eyes to the true character of the measure. There were, in the first, second, third, and fourth parliaments of Charles I., many conscientious and honourable men who stood up for liberty, and the people's rights, from pure and patriotic feelings. But those same men, when they saw what the fifth parliament aimed at, drew back (too late, indeed), and shed their blood, and devoted their estates to the cause of the monarch. Meanwhile, *their* names and authority had been invaluable to such as had neither one nor the other, but both of which they acquired by their means; and when they had acquired them, used them for purposes of their own. So true it is, that

Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten.

It was said lately, by a member of the Belgian National Congress, that the "King of England had raised himself above the aristocracy of the country." This was intended by the Belgian orator for sober praise and admiration. Whatever may be thought of the praise it implies, or the admiration it deserves, it does, we fear, proclaim a melancholy TRUTH. We cannot serve God and Mammon. A king who prefers the multitude, can indulge his predilection only by loosening all the ties which bind him to every gradation of society above the multitude. We do not say this has been done by William IV. But we *do* say, look at their most gracious Majesties' levees, drawing-rooms, and birth-days, and compare them with those of George III. and George IV.—the DIFFERENCE IS STRIKING. The sprinkling of the aristocracy—

the full glut of the democracy—dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons (even including the royal household, the ministers, and the Fitzclarences), quite select—but misters, mistresses, and misses—captains, cornets, lieutenants, and ensigns, as plentiful as blackberries! We *could* write a curious chapter upon this theme, for it is not among the least of those things which we take to be signs of what is at hand.

One of the greatest grievances complained of by the parliament of Charles I. was, that members of parliament were punished by fine, imprisonment, and disgrace, for their conduct *as members of parliament*. This was justly denounced as an oppressive infringement upon that liberty of speech and action which every member of parliament was privileged to enjoy. Do such grievances exist now? Read the following account of what passed in the House of Commons not a fortnight since, just before it was prorogued :—

DISMISSAL OF LORD HOWE.

Mr. Trevor rose to put a question to his majesty's government, on the subject of the dismissal of a noble lord from his appointment of chamberlain to the queen. He had put a question on this subject a few days ago to the noble lord, the paymaster of the forces, and that noble lord had stated *Lord Howe had tendered his resignation, which was accepted*. He (Mr. Trevor) had since received a letter from Lord Howe, with whom he had not the honour of being personally acquainted, in which that noble lord stated, that his (Lord John Russell's) account of the transaction was *inconsistent with the real facts of the case*. That letter he now held in his hand, and as he was authorized by the noble lord to make any use of it he thought proper, he would read it to the house :—

“ Gopsal, Atherstone, October 16th.

“ Sir,—Although I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I am certain you will pardon the liberty I take in making a few observations on a question which the papers of yesterday mentioned to have been put by you in the House of Commons, respecting my dismissal from the queen's household. If the answer Lord John Russell is reported to have given in the ‘Times’ is the one he really made, I must say his lordship made a statement at direct variance with the real facts of the case, which are these :—

“ In the month of May last, and for the second time, I submitted to his majesty my intention of opposing the reform bill, and my perfect readiness to resign my situation as chamberlain to the queen, at any moment that he might be pleased to fix on. I received in reply a most gracious command to retain my office, and a DISTINCT RECOGNITION OF MY PRIVILEGE OF BEING PERFECTLY INDEPENDENT OF ANY GOVERNMENT from the circumstance of my being in her majesty's household. My having offered to resign again was out of the question, as I was allowed, *by the king's own communication, to act and vote exactly as I pleased*. NOTHING, THEREFORE, BUT THE POSITIVE REQUEST OF LORD GREY AND HIS COLLEAGUES TO THE KING FOR MY REMOVAL, IN CONSEQUENCE OF MY VOTE THE OTHER NIGHT, has been the cause of my being no longer in her majesty's household! I feel that it is but common justice to my own character to make this statement, and to give you full authority to make whatever use of it you like, except the insertion of it in the public papers. I have the honour to be your faithful and obedient servant,

“ HOWE.

“The Hon. H. Trevor.”

He felt it necessary acting on this occasion as he had on the former, without any communication with the noble lord as to the course which he might think proper to take, to put a question to his majesty's government. He did so as an act of justice to the noble lord who had been removed from his appointment. The question which he wished to put was, whether Lord Howe had not been dismissed from the situation of chamberlain to her majesty in consequence of the vote he had given on the Reform Bill, notwithstanding the assurance that had been made to him by his majesty that he might vote on that occasion as he pleased?

The noble paymaster of the forces said—*nothing*. What indeed could he say, after what he *had* said? Lord Althorp evaded the question under shelter of official etiquette—and there the matter rests! Now, there are many modes by which an abuse of power can punish men who render themselves obnoxious by discharging their duty. You may imprison—you may banish—you may fine him. But in order to fine him, it is not necessary you should take money *out* of his pocket—this operation can be performed just as effectually by preventing money from going *into* it. Then, look at the practical good which a case like this is almost sure to work. There are men who carry their consciences in their pockets, and who, provided the latter is safe, leave

Don't you think I may come home after this tour? I begin now, my dearest mother, to wish much to see you; besides I think that, after all this, I could do a great deal of good at Black Rock with Mr. Ogilvie, as my mind has really taken a turn for business. Thinking of Kate disturbs me more than seeing her would do. I do really love her more, if possible, than when I left you. Have you seen her lately at anything? I always feel happy when I think you have seen her; because it must put her in mind of me. Have you seen the presents yet? Guilford waited till he got some also for Lady Anne, that she might not be jealous, and that the thing might be less suspicious. Kate herself thinks that it is Guilford that gives them to her. I made Guilford promise not to say I gave them. I must come home; really, my dearest mother, it is the only chance I have against *la dragonne*; for you see by her speech to Ogilvie, she will do all she can to make Kate forget me.

Do not be afraid that I shall do no good in Ireland; you know, when I have a mind to study, I never do so much good as when I am with Ogilvie. I could go all over my mathematics—which is the most useful thing I could do—much better there with him than here with any one else. I know Ogilvie will be against my coming; but no matter—you will be glad to have me on any terms, and I am never so happy as when with you, dearest mother; you seem to make every distress lighter, and I bear everything better, and enjoy every thing more when with you. I must not grow sentimental; so good bye, dearest of mothers. No one can love you more, than, &c.

The intense sincerity of affection with which he always regarded his mother, we consider as one of the most beautiful traits in the character of Lord Fitzgerald. In a heart overflowing with manly and virtuous sentiment, this feeling seems the dearest and most cherished of all its associations. It flings its indescribable charm over all his letters. When all the sensations of his quick and ardent temperament were at the highest, his mother was never forgotten. He was likewise devotedly attached to his brothers, and they to him.

—"It is now," says he, in one of his letters from Goodwood, "three months since I have seen you, dearest mother, and four more is a great while. If you go abroad, I go with you, I am determined, and stay with you till the parliament meets. I hope Henry will come too, I long to see him. What becomes of dear Robert? I hate missing him. I wish he would come here."—What an inestimable treasure is a disposition such as this! Nothing more effectually undeceived Lord Edward in after life, and so completely curbed all his false conceptions of military fame, than the bitter reflection that his first efforts in the field were made to put down that spirit of liberty and that love of independence for which the Americans fought and conquered. He is known to have repented deeply the ever having fought against that cause. His generous nature disdained oppression in all its shapes, and it was only during the first thoughtless period of his youth, that he assisted to quench the energies of political virtue. When the sufferings of Ireland brought the case home to his native land, all the enthusiasm of the patriot was roused within him, and he showed that he put no value on life when the allegiance which he owed to freedom and his country called for its sacrifice.

He had been brought into parliament by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, as was likewise his brother, Lord Henry. When, however, the Duke of Leinster deserted the standard of the opposition, with a view of taking office under the Marquis of Buckingham, on his appointment a second time to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, Lord Edward felt himself placed in a painful situation.

"It was at first," says Mr. Moore, "evidently the intention of Lord Edward, as well as of his brother, Lord Henry, not to identify themselves with the Duke of Leinster's new line of politics, but to remain in opposition. The prospect, however, of such a political schism in the family exciting alarm in the Duke of Richmond, he addressed a letter full of affectionate remonstrance to Lord Edward, who allowed himself to be so far softened by his uncle's appeal as to consent that, while he continued the Duke of Leinster's member, his vote should be, as hitherto, at his grace's disposal. At the same time it will be seen, that while yielding thus to family feelings, he took care that no views of interest should be supposed to influence the concession, and that his own future independence should remain uncompromised by the acceptance of any favour." When pouring out on this—as he did on every subject—the inmost feelings of his heart to his mother, he writes thus:—

Dearest Mother,

Nov. 21, 1788.

I have got a letter from uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible; everything he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that as Leinster is now over completely to government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle. In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I shall; because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him—we being certainly his members, and brought in by him, with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him.—

The system out of which all this arises is so far in its progress towards dissolution, that we abstain from all comment upon it. That it should have warped the right feeling and sound judgment of such a man as Lord Edward Fitzgerald is sufficient of itself to render all comment superfluous. But it left the integrity of his high mind unstained. The above letter to his mother continues thus:

With all this, however, I am determined *not* to take any thing—lieut.-colonelcy, or any thing else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive, but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieut.-colonelcy. I am content as I am—I am not ambitious to get on. I use the service for its own sake; whether major, lieut.-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it I do not aspire to; if I am found fit for command, I shall get it: if I am not, God knows I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving; to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody it may have its sting.—

For a young man of rank to preserve his integrity at the expense of his interest is but too apt to pass for *folly*. It is the interest of the *craft* thus to designate it.

Honesty in the world of fashion is a very rare attribute; in the political world it is still more rare; but that a young member of parliament, of exalted rank and powerful connections, should preserve his principles unstained, and should turn a deaf ear to all the persuasives to corruption—the instance is so singular, that the best historic memory can furnish but few examples of it.

Mr. Moore gives to these biographic memoirs the emphatic title of *The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*; and he does this with good reason, for his death, and the manner of it, is an event of deep interest, and one that reads a most impressive lesson.

All who are conversant with Irish history, are well acquainted with that system of oppression which, in the year 1791, gave birth to the society, which afterwards became so celebrated under the name of UNITED IRISHMEN. It was organized in a manner well calculated to give effect to all its operations; and a code of laws for its regulations was drawn up by Theobald Wolfe Tone, a man born to none of the advantages either of rank or fortune, but distinguished from early youth by an impatience of oppression, and combining great natural talents with that intellectual courage which fitted him to lead the mass of mind which his influence had put in motion. He found in the breast of Lord Fitzgerald a heart that beat with kindred feelings, and the latter attached himself to the popular cause with an energy that left him only with his life. We must in justice acquit the leaders of this great federal society of all treasonable design. No part of their proceedings justify us in imputing to that great political union any other object than that expressed in their first and principle article, which proclaims it to be constituted "for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, a community of rights, and a union of power, among Irishmen of every religious persuasion; and thereby to obtain a complete reform in the legislature, founded on the principles of civil, political, and religious liberty." When the term legislature is here used, we must carry back our minds to the period before the union of Ireland with Great Britain, when the Irish government existed, and existed in all the plenitude of corruption. The same remorseless and arbitrary exercise of power which had excited rebellion was employed to repress it. Proclamations were issued calculated to infuriate the spirit of resist-

ance, rather than to allay it. This fact is sufficiently proved by the generous and humane efforts of the friends of order and of liberty in the English parliament to restore the tranquillity of Ireland by measures of conciliation. The admirable speech of Lord Moira in the House of Lords, on the 19th of February, 1798, on submitting a motion in which a conciliatory course of policy was most earnestly recommended, sufficiently develops the merciless spirit of despotism adopted to put down the insurrectionary system which that despotism itself had excited. He related that "many individuals had been torn from their families, and looked up for months in the closest confinement, without hearing by whom they were accused, with what crime they were charged, or to what means they might recur to prove their innocence; that great numbers of houses had been burned, with the whole property of the wretched owners, upon the loosest supposition of even petty transgressions. That torture, by which he meant picketting and half-hanging, had been used in more instances than one, in order to extort from the sufferer a charge against his neighbours. If he should be contradicted with respect to these facts, he professed himself prepared to produce affidavits of them," and declared his intention of moving "for the examination of the deponents at the bar of the house."*

We may lay it down as an axiom that *rebellion never breaks forth in a well governed state*. The natural tendency of the great body of the people of every nation is to peacefulness and good order. It is no light grievances that goad them into insurrection. The government of Ireland had for ages exhibited a system that contained within it the seeds of dissolution. It was impossible but that the slaves would one day rise against their taskmasters. A state of society in which the interests of the many are inveterately sacrificed to the ambition and avarice of the few, is an order of things which cannot last. In whatever kingdom it exists, it must sooner or later, come to an end. Such was the political condition of Ireland which gave birth to that organized confederacy of united Irishmen, to which the illustrious subject of these memoirs had unhappily attached himself. On the particulars of the conspiracy being disclosed to the government, some of the most active and influential members were apprehended. A warrant was issued against Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but he escaped, and remained for upwards of two months undiscovered in the city of Dublin. Information was at length obtained, that he was in the house of a Mr. Murphy, who resided near St. James's gate, to which the police officers immediately repaired. On their entering the house, Lord Edward made a desperate defence. He wounded two of the principal of them dangerously, but was himself so severely wounded in the conflict, that he expired in a few days. The following extract from a letter written by Lady Louisa Conolly, who was present with him at his last moments, will show the resigned and peaceful spirit in which he met his dying hour:

My dear Mr. Ogilvie,

Dublin, June 4th, 1798.

At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms that subsided again yesterday morning. But in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham, from whom I got my constant accounts, thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town and got leave to go with my dear Henry to see him.

Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed; he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said—what will never depart from my ears—"It is heaven to see you;" and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, "I can't see you." I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, "Where is he, dear fellow?"

Henry then took my place, and the dear brothers embraced each other, to the melting

* See Hansard's Parl. Deb. Feb. 1798.

of a heart of stone, and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we were with him. He said, "That is very pleasant." However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said "And the children, too?—She is a charming woman." And then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God, they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

When we left him we told him that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him good night and return in the morning. He said, "Do, do;" but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly.

* * * * *

We strongly recommend these interesting memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald to the public attention. They are fruitful of reflection in every page, and, in the present portentous aspect of public affairs, they offer a lesson that may be studied with peculiar advantage. Mr. Moore, in his preface, expresses an anxiety lest the public should mistake his object, and consider as meant for the occasion what is intended as historical. "In order," says he, "to guard against the suspicion of having been influenced in my choice of the subject of this work, by any view to its apt accordance with the political feeling of the day, I think it right to state, that the design of writing a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had been taken up by me some months before any of those events occurred which have again given to the whole face of Europe so revolutionary an aspect." We frankly confess that we see nothing to call for this sort of disavowal. We consider it as betraying, if sincere, a morbid state of political feeling, which no public writer should be forward to acknowledge, and least of all such a writer as Thomas Moore.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND MR. WELLESLEY.

We have read with great attention, and with proportionate interest, the report of the *Committee of Privileges*, to which committee the letter of the Lord Chancellor, stating "That he had issued a warrant for the commitment of the Honourable William Long Wellesley, for a contempt of court," and also a letter from the Hon. W. L. Wellesley, complaining of the same, "as being an infringement of the privileges of parliament" was referred, and who were to examine the matter thereof, and to report their proceedings, together with their opinion thereupon, to the house. Whereupon the members of the said committee, after sitting for several days in grave deliberation, listening to the arguments advanced, and the precedents produced, report to the house that they have examined the matters to them referred, and have come to the following resolution:—

"That Mr. Long Wellesley's claim to be discharged from imprisonment, by reason of privilege of parliament, ought not to be admitted."

Now what is most extraordinary in this *report* is, that the arguments are all one way, and the conclusion another. The precedents are decidedly in favour of the privilege, and by some miraculous process of reasoning, they give birth to a resolution decidedly against it. There are, likewise, other peculiarities about the report of a most curious and appropriate complexion, and which render it, in our opinion, *unique* as a parliamentary document. It commences thus:—

"Immediately after the committee had met to examine into the matter which the HOUSE (it stands in capitals in the original) had committed to them, they received a letter from Mr. Long Wellesley, stating the Lord Chancellor had issued orders *not to allow him to attend*.

"This information was confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Butt, the deputy sergeant-

at-arms attending on the great seal, who attended the committee, to state the reason why he had not obeyed the Speaker's warrant."

Thus the committee assembled to decide as to the legality of Mr. Wellesley's commitment for contempt of an order of the Chancellor, are met full in the teeth by a contempt on the part of the Chancellor himself of the Speaker's warrant, and a disobedience to the authority of parliament.

The committee were thus placed in a situation which foreboded a most singular commencement to their deliberations; but for all the transgressions of men high in place there is a *locus penitentia*, and the supreme law-lord profits, it seems, of the interval for sober reflection, for we learn that,

"The committee were, in consequence, preparing to report to the house this obstruction to the exercise of its authority, when the Lord Chancellor's serjeant-at-arms, Sir George Seymour, desired admittance, and informed the committee that the Lord Chancellor no longer objected to Mr. Long Wellesley's attendance. They therefore deem any further objection on this subject unnecessary."

We were thus luckily saved from the sight of a conflict much more formidable than between a suitor of the court and its prerogative, that of a battle between the mace and the black rod. Happily, however, as we have seen, this novel exhibition was avoided, and the committee proceed to business; as thus—

"Referring to the Lord Chancellor's letter to the Speaker and the evidence, your committee are of opinion that the grounds on which Mr. Long Wellesley is pronounced in contempt, must be taken to be those confessed by him in court, viz., his having removed his infant daughter, then a ward of the Court of Chancery, and having given directions to the person to whom he delivered her, immediately to put her out of the jurisdiction of the court, and declaring his decided resolution, under no circumstances whatever, to let his child be under any other guardianship than his own.

"That this was a criminal contempt of the court, your committee apprehend that no doubt can be entertained."

But here the committee leap into a conclusion which, however correct it may be, has nothing to do with the question before them. The question referred to them is not what constitutes a contempt of the court, but whether the *commitment to prison of a member of the House of Commons* for such contempt, is or is not a breach of the privileges of the house. This is the point to be settled by reference to the law of parliament as evidenced by the journals of both houses. Now all the authorities produced before the committee go most distinctly to prove that the privilege of parliament extends to all cases of imprisonment, except to cases of *treason, felony, or a breach of the peace*. It is quite clear then, that unless you can bring the disobedience to an order of the Court of Chancery within one or the other of these three descriptions of offence, a member is entitled to his privilege of freedom from arrest. Every offence coming within either of these three classes is indictable; and a member of parliament may, with respect to them, be dealt with according to law, like any other subject. But a contempt of an order of the Court of Chancery, though punishable by commitment, where the privilege of parliament does not interpose, does not take away that privilege; and a member is therefore entitled to the benefit of it, because that privilege is only annulled where the offence committed is treason, felony, or a breach of the peace, and a disobedience to an order of that court is neither, and it therefore leaves the privilege untouched. The premises are so clear that it is impossible for any one, reasoning honestly and fairly, to avoid admitting the conclusion.

Every one who had not read the report of the committee would infer, as a matter of course, that in coming to the resolution "That Mr. Long Wellesley's claim to be discharged from imprisonment *ought not to be admitted*," they were induced thus to decide by the weight of authorities which led to such a resolution. It is natural to conceive that instances sufficient were adduced before them, on which the right to commit for contempt had been enforced against persons entitled to privilege of parliament, and acceded to as a valid exercise of the power of the court. With what astonishment then must we read the following extract:—

"In consequence of the statement contained in the Lord Chancellor's letter to the Speaker, 'that the *right* of the Court of Chancery to commit in such cases as the present is *unquestionable*, and has been enforced against peers of the realm,' the COMMITTEE

have made every inquiry in their power as to the instances in which such right has been enforced against persons entitled to the privilege of parliament, but without success."

This is really a most edifying example of *parliamentary logic*. It bears *Hamilton's* instruction-book hollow. But on what grounds, it will be asked, do they ultimately proceed to establish their resolution in the face of all this? Why, they proceed as follows:—

"Your committee having failed to discover any instance in which a member of either house of parliament has been imprisoned for a contempt, except by the authority of the house to which he belonged, since the early cases above referred to, which are imperfectly reported, have proceeded to consider this case on the grounds of *analogy* and of *intrinsic merits*."

Now, in our humble judgment, the sole point referred to the decision of the *Committee of Privileges*, was to ascertain, by an examination of the journals of parliament, and of those usages which constitute the law and custom of parliament, whether a member can plead his privilege against a commitment to prison for disobedience to an order of the Court of Chancery? And the report ought to contain the result of such examination—yes, or no. All beyond this is matter of opinion, resolving itself into a question of policy. A *Committee of Privileges* are no more competent to decide upon it, in this point of view, than a Vestry Committee, or any other collective body, gifted or not, as it may happen, with a reasoning faculty. The following is their argument from analogy:—

"The same principle on which it has been resolved, by the House of Lords, that privilege shall not prevent the courts at law from enforcing obedience to a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, seems to require, *by analogy*, that the Lord Chancellor should possess equal powers for the protection of the wards of the crown committed to his charge, and should be enabled to exercise the most prompt and effectual means to prevent them from being drawn out of his jurisdiction.

"The committee find the right of courts of law to commit privileged persons for some highly criminal contempt, strongly asserted by different writers, particularly by Blackstone and Hawkins.

"Attachment for criminal contempt has been described as a judgment and execution, the conviction of an offender by a court of competent jurisdiction, and the award of a sentence for his offence.

"Your committee, therefore, conceive that the present case falls within the principle under which persons, committing indictable offences have been considered to be not entitled to privilege."

Now we have here an erroneous application of the term *analogy*, and cases are made to bear upon each other, which, as far as the existing question is concerned, have no resemblance at all. Besides, in deciding what is the law and usage of parliament, in any particular case, all argument from analogy is out of place. If the point for consideration is—shall such privilege be continued, or shall it be withdrawn?—then, indeed, this mode of reasoning may be properly enough resorted to, with a view either to prove the utility or the mischief of it. But its *existence* is quite another matter: this is a fact manifestly separate from its consequence. The latter may have relation to other cases, and the analogy may be evidence. The former stands alone, stripped of all relation; and analogy, therefore, can have nothing to do with it. To prove this, we need only remark the flagrant absurdity in which the committee involve themselves. The question arising out of the case submitted to them is—whether a member of parliament, having committed an offence *not indictable*, is entitled to his privilege? And they come, *analogically*, to the conclusion that it "falls within the principle under which persons, committing *indictable* offences, have been considered not to be entitled to privilege!!"

For ourselves, we care nothing for Mr. Long Wellesley; and, individually, we have no concern with the Court of Chancery. But heaven defend us! say we, if this be their mode of reasoning, from ever having our rights, as British subjects, referred to a *Committee of Privileges*!

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS.

TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, laying about ten miles from Farringdon House, were all awake and up, and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe; let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A.D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head, though not particularly heavy,

were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the day-time. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over: God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loud-est-tongued appeal.

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are flying!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are flying!"

* From the Amulet.

Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those blood-thirsty fanatics. They are flying; do you not hear the horses galloping on?"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the roundheads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out; your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and, as they darted past the house, she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are the rebels flying for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone; "they may be the followers and not the flyers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are flying, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her

hands, but made no answer; and, in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house, his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound; but, the moment after, the horse, which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh, seemed, at once, to express its sorrow, and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's boy, Bridget; open the door, and bring in you fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for, though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by the fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste; and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel, which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat

or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree and looked around, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favour.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord has smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous; "you are in safety here; wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take into shelter—fear not, I say. That is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that; it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, and killed Colo-

nel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisted kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick; "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promises they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of heaven, I will hang this roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say;" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George

Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honour, I trust," replied the other; "hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round for a moment, in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he, at length, "if he staid but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fire-place, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length, he said, in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether —"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly,

that, had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel! and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him rode away across the common.

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Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and, under the name of Lord General, ruled with more power than a king. In the mean while, Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought: to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs; and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Amongst the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite de-

pressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to bear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself, at once, to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers; and, ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying towards the tower of London.

His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed for some time, with equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away and left the prison.

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It was in that great and unequalled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangour of trumpets and all the pomp and splendour both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended

to give dignity to the judgments the pronounce; and officers, dressed in a that glittering panoply destined to dec and hide the rugged form of war, move over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout broad-built man with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there for ever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which amongst other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while all the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession towards the door of the hall: but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet. "An act of grace, Lord Protector!" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldest thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; "somewhere I have seen thy face before: what wouldest thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Faringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him, "and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life and was successful; otherwise, Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldest never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was as dark as thunder; and, after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was,

"Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on towards that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendour in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!—Henry is pardoned!"

THE CHILD OF EARTH.*

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,

Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;

Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,

"I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring

Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—

Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—

Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.

Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—

I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;

The season's viewless boundary is past!

The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:

Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?

.. From the Amulet.

"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
 "Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
 Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
 The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
 "Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice pane;
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
 Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

THE GERMAN JEW.*

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

DURING the protectorate of Cromwell, Joel Rede, as enthusiastic a wight as ever issued from the British Isles, had been indulging his wandering propensities in various regions of Europe. With an odd, wild-looking little person, a stout blackthorn in his hand, cut from the hedge of his father's orchard, and his knapsack on his back, he had traversed France and Spain; had indulged innumerable classic reveries in Italy; had, more recently, placed the shores of its northern lakes; rhapsodized in Val D'Arno, where Milton, not long before,

had walked, and collected imagery for his scenery of Eden; and thence diverged into Switzerland, and, as the year was drawing to a close, was directing his steps towards Vienna.

It was November. He was now in the midst of the mountainous forests of Bavaria. The woods and heaths had assumed all the richness of their autumnal hues. The sky above was clear as crystal; the turf beneath his feet was dry as at midsummer; the wilds through which he was journeying were silent and solitary, and Joel was full of enjoy-

* From The Winter's Wreath.

ment. He was one of those well-meaning, but eccentric beings that, with the kindest feelings towards every living thing, yet hold themselves loose from the bonds of society. He wanted no kindred mind to participate in the operations and emotions of his own; he had no object in filling his heart with a multitude of solemn and sublime images, but the immediate delight they afforded; and, at night, he entered a hut, an inn, or whatsoever place of rest presented itself,—passed a few hours of lively intercourse with the persons amongst whom he happened to be thrown,—laughed, chatted, gave way to a flow of exuberant spirits, and departed without a reflection that he would never see one of those beings again.

As I observed, the open clearness of the season had induced Joel to linger in the forests through which he was passing; but, suddenly, the weather changed; strong winds began to sweep, howling and sighing through the woods, and to whirl the already loosed leaves in eddying torrents around him; and heavy showers of gusty rain beat in his face. These plain facts startled him from his trance, as he lay at the foot of an old tree, gazing with fixed eyes on a stream that foamed and dashed vigorously down the steep before him; and, springing to his feet, he looked around at the signs of the sky, and marched briskly forward. What was the next town, or the distance to it, he scarcely knew, for he often left these things to Providence; but he found the day, influenced by the alteration of the weather, rapidly closing, and himself in a narrow valley between woody rocks that kept winding and ascending in a manner that appeared interminable. It speedily grew dark; the track became invisible; the clouds vanished from the face of heaven; a multitude of stars shone out, and a keen, frosty gale announced the sudden arrival of winter.

Our wanderer, with all his experience, became alarmed. In summer he could have awaited, with pleasure, the return of morning; but in the intense cold and darkness, exposed to the visitations of the wolf and bear,—at a perfect loss which way to direct his steps, he was struck with consternation. There was no alternative, however, but to push on in the most probable direction; and,

stumbling over stumps and stones, he proceeded in a state of mental and bodily anguish inconceivable. At length, to his exquisite joy, he saw a light;—it appeared at a great distance, but stationary; and, advancing towards it, after some hours of tremendous exertion, after surmounting rocks, descending valleys, passing through dense masses of wood wrapped in the thickest gloom, he stood on a lofty height, crowned with a pine forest.

The light now shone twinkling just before him; it appeared to issue from some lofty window; but, as he carefully approached, he was astounded with the roar of waters somewhere far below him; and the wind, sweeping chill and gustily, convinced him that he was on the brink of some awful precipice. It was indispensable, however, to approach the light, if possible; he therefore subdued his terror as well as he could, and feeling his way with his stick, moved step by step, as a blind man explores his track.

It was singular:—his path was still on the smooth and solid rock; beneath him sounded the dash of descending torrents; yet he could not conceive the existence of a bridge in such a situation. He moved on, and presently was stopped by a strong gate, as of an ancient castle. He knocked, and was answered by the simultaneous bark of a dozen hounds. Presently he heard a hoarse voice commanding them to silence, and, a minute afterwards, the same voice demanded at the gate who he was. He replied, a poor traveller who had lost his way. "The devil you are!" said the voice, in a tone of mingled gruffness and astonishment. "Lost your way! In the name of all hobgoblins, how did you find it here?" "That is more than I can tell," answered Joel; "but, in the name of all good angels—nay, for God's sake, let me in for the night!" "Stand there a moment," replied the voice; and, in about ten minutes more, he found himself scanned by the glare of a torch, from a loophole above the gate; soon after, the huge gate opened, was locked behind him, and he found himself following his unknown guide. A minute more, and another door flung open, dashed upon his eyes a flood of light that perfectly blinded him. As his vision gradually accommodated itself to the glare, he beheld himself in one

of the strangest scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. He was, apparently, in the vast hall of an old castle; a wood fire blazed up the wide, open chimney; and a numerous group of men, women and children stood gazing on him in evident astonishment. The wild, rough figures of the men dressed in hunter-style; the dogs on the hearth; the arms disposed on all sides, impressed Joel with an instantaneous persuasion that he had fallen into a nest of freebooters. Beside the arms and dresses of the men, the only furniture of the room consisted of a large plank for a table, and various logs and rude benches for seats. The table was furnished with apparatus for supper, and a huge joint of venison was roasting at the fire. The greatest astonishment was exhibited on the countenances of the whole group at the appearance of the stranger, and various interrogatories were put to him to ascertain first, by what means he had arrived there, and then, who and what he was. When he stated that he had been led by a light, the whole crew turned, with one accord, the most dark and furious looks upon one of the women, who confessed that, her husband being out, she had placed a light in the tower for his guidance. The display of fierce countenances, and the burst of horrid words which ensued, perfectly petrified Joel, and revealed to him, at once, the truth of his first impressions. The poor woman, half dead with fear, stole away to extinguish the light; and the chief, with surly hospitality, invited Joel to take a seat by the fire. Here he was further questioned as to the whence, whither, and objects of his journey. To these inquiries, he gave such an explanation as immediately cleared their gloomy brows; and, in return, they gave him such a description of the path by which he had gained their retreat, as filled him with horrible amazement.

Supper was now served up, and, as the horns of stout ale and good wine of Wurtzburgh went round, a freer spirit began to breathe amongst them. Joel, with his easy accommodation to circumstances, related many of his travels and adventures, and showed them so much of himself, that every fear of future evil from him seemed to vanish from their hearts. As the liquor warmed their

bosoms, they began to avow freely the nature of their occupations, and to boast of the pleasures of the free life of the forest. Joel, while listening to these details, contemplated with increasing interest the various figures and countenances about him, and longed, in his soul, for the power of putting upon canvass so extraordinary a picture as they presented. There was one individual, however, picturesque and striking as were the whole, who drew his eye continually from the rest. He was a tall, stout man, of a dark complexion; his hair as black as ink; his features finely shaped; a high, broad brow; an aquiline nose; but the colour of his skin was sallow and deathly; and his eyes red, wild, and generally half-closed, but glancing out now and then, with a quick, fierce flash, and again retiring beneath their lowering lids. He sat beneath the wide chimney; his arms crossed on his bosom; his face turned towards the ground; and his whole air full of gloom and desperation. He looked, to Joel's eyes, formed for the most terrible of assassins. He whispered to the captain, "I should like to know something of that man." "So should I," he replied; "he has been here some months, but I know nothing more than that he is a man ready to do what no one else dare undertake. Let us try him. 'I say, Conrad,' he added, turning to the man, 'pray let us hear something of your life. Here you live amongst us, and we open our hearts to you as wide as daylight, but you keep yours close as death.'"

This address produced a most striking effect upon the person to whom it was directed, and upon all present. A sudden curiosity lit up the faces of every one. The man himself seemed to have received a violent shock; a dark shade fell over his features,—a deadly pallor seized them; which was as speedily succeeded by a sullen, sanguine suffusion of colour, and a flashing of his fiery eye, that was perfectly appalling. For some minutes he gazed earnestly upon the ground in silence; his whole frame seemed rigid with a convulsive agony which he strove to subdue. Then, starting up, with clenched hands, and a voice that seemed to sound in its hoarse hollowness from the very bottom of his heaving chest, he exclaimed, "Do you wish to know

my life? You shall! What is there which should not be told? Why should I shrink from any pang, any ridicule which the lowest creature might desire to fling upon me? I will speak!—and if there be any who dare to taunt me, so be it. I am a Jew!" "A Jew!" echoed twenty voices in amazement. "A Jew! who feasts on the wild boar?" "I have said it! Why should I regard the foolish superstitions of Jew or Gentile? I am their victim. They have assailed me,—stripped me of every thing; mocked,—cast me out from the face of men; driven me to desperation—to blood—to agony;—why should I cling to them? But listen.

"My father left me with little wealth; but with a mind and constitution full of ardour and perseverance. I devoted myself to the habits of trade, accordant with the spirit of my nation. I soon acquired a comfortable property in Vienna, my native city. I married; had children growing up around me, and looked forward to the joy of seeing them all fixed in some degree of the world's favour before my death.

"Returning from a long journey, I had scarcely seated myself in my house, when I was seized with a sudden shivering, and sank into insensibility. When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself bound, in darkness, and experienced a motion, as if in the act of being carried from one place to another. The idea flashed upon my mind, that I was supposed to be dead, and that they were actually bearing me to the grave. The thought filled me with a horrible agony. I gave a loud yell of despairing anguish, and struggled with all the might of my being. At once, I felt a terrible shock—a momentary stupor—and, recovering, I beheld the light of day. It was as I had imagined—the sound of my cry, the perception of my struggle had startled my bearers;—they precipitated the coffin to the earth, and fled. The fall had burst open my detested prison;—with the energy of mingled vexation and joy, I succeeded in disengaging my limbs from the grave-clothes, and arose. What a scene was before me! It was the evening of a winter day. The ground was hard with frost, and sprinkled with a slight layer of snow; beside me I beheld the grave which was to have received me, gaping wide, with all its red

and crumbling bones and fresh earth. The sharp air pierced me as I stood in my white burial dress; and I trembled through every joint with cold and agitation. I turned towards the city, and in the distance beheld my affrighted friends watching my motions, and ready again to take to flight at my approach. I lifted my hand, and hailed them; but what I meant as a means to draw them towards me, only caused them to fly in a shrieking and promiscuous crowd. They who a few days before clung round me as an object of affection,—they who regarded my friendship as one of the blessings of their lives, now, from some mysterious notion of my contact with death, rushed away from me with unconquerable terror. Moved as I was with the sense of the dreadful danger I had escaped—with alternate horror and gratulation—having in this strange guise to enter the city, I yet could not help bursting out with laughter at the folly of their terrors.

"But my mirth, if mirth such an hysterical excitement may be called, was of short duration. When I entered the city, and passed along in my white grave-garments through the crowds of astonished people; and heard the gathering rabble exclaiming that a madman had broken loose; and before me saw my old acquaintance run, and cry, as they ran, 'A devil, a devil!' I was filled with anger and indignation. With rapid strides I hastened to hide myself in my own house from this scene of surpassing folly; but what was my astonishment—it was closed!—door and window closed against me! I heard my children screaming and shrieking within; I saw my wife—the wife of my bosom, look out of the window with a countenance disfigured by grief and abhorrent dismay; and bid me begone, as a fiend that had dared to invade the sacred body of her late husband. I stood stupified with intolerable horror. The whole extent of my misery came rushing upon my brain; I recognized in the words of my wife the belief of my race—a belief in which I had myself firmly participated—that the dead can no more return to the earth—but that such appearances are only the result of demoniacal agency. It was in vain to attempt to combat that which I now felt too well to be an error. I knew the pertinacity

of my people; and I stood at the door of my own house, an alien to its joys and affections for ever, cursing the accident which had rescued me from a real death. But that death seemed likely yet to be mine. The rabble, incited by the cries and imprecations of the Jews, surrounded me in hundreds; my own relations and friends, like so many furies, began to stone me; and called upon the mob for help. In a few seconds more, I should have been destroyed; but the police came pouring in, and saved me.

"It was difficult to convince the magistrates, before whom I was taken, of the nature of the case; but when they had ascertained that such was the firm belief of my race in that country, knowing their obstinacy, they gave me little hope. They did not, however, spare any means of persuading my wife and friends; it was useless. They summoned them before them; and my wife appeared, almost dead with the violence of different emotions, but recoiling with horror from my presence. It was in vain I spoke—in vain I implored her to use her senses; she shrank from me as from a fiend, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. There wanted nothing to complete my misery. The worthy magistrates did all they could to comfort me. They gave me clothes and money, and counselled me to quit the city; and to wait in some distant place, for the rectifying influence of time. Alas! there was little solace in all this; but there was no alternative; I knew the tenacity, stubborn as life itself, with which a Hebrew adheres to his opinion. I issued once more into the street,—by night. I once more approached the house which held all that in the world was dear to me;—creatures that were wearing out their hearts with grief for the loss of him, whom, by a most amazing infatuation, they themselves were spurning from them, to everlasting solitude and unmitigable evil. I stood gazing at it in a fury of passions that have no utterance. I cursed the brittle ties of earthly affections, that could not conquer the foolish delusions of the brain; I cursed the human understanding that, boasting of its power, was thus made the dupe of the most empty chimeras: I cursed God, in the bitterness of my torment, and fled. The gates were thrown open to me,—I rushed

into the country, a homeless, tieless wretch, blasted by a momentary accident, into everlasting hopelessness.

"I need not relate the course of my life during the next twelve months; I may not unfold the dry yet ever-burning heart of desolation and despair that I bore with me;—hell, in its fiery vocabulary of pain, has no words to embody its fulness;—it is enough that there roamed from place to place, a wretch who, in his torment defied heaven to add one pang to it. Fool! who can tell the extent of misery with which the spirit is empowered to torture itself. As I mused one day on my strange destiny, a sudden hope arose—perhaps Mabel will relent;—perhaps reason will overcome educational prejudice;—perhaps even now she long since more to behold me. A hellish fear as rapidly succeeded it—may she not marry?—may she not be married, even now! I sprang from the ground with the deadly pang of that hideous idea, and struck my clenched hand against the tree before me. Even here my torment had not reached its crisis;—I know not by what fatality I coupled that hateful notion with one infinitely more so.

"There was a being—a Polish Jew, for whom, of all men, I had, from my first knowledge of him, entertained an invincible loathing;—a soft, heavy, bloated creature, with the yellow and speckled complexion of a frog; with a thin, pale, yellow beard, and with full and blood-streaked eyes, that gloated with excess of grossness and low cunning. The miscreant had seemed impelled by a desire to frequent my presence, as strong as mine was to avoid him. Wherever I went, he persecuted me with his odious aspect—with his more odious stupidity and grovelling notions. He seemed of a nature made to grub in the very dust of life. The meanest views, the vilest schemes, the most sordid wiles perpetually occupied him; and, in the obtuseness of his mind, he seemed impenetrable to your keenest scorn. In vain did I avoid, in vain did I insult him;—there he was for ever before me.

"How could the abominable idea, that possibly this wretch had wedded my wife,—had become the arbiter of my children's fortunes, ever enter my head? But it did, and with it an inex-

tinguishable flame. Goaded by this diabolical imagination, I set off with precipitation to Vienna. Day and night I went along, groaning and raving beneath its pauseless torture. Bloody ideas already revelled in my mind, as if the phantasm which my own brain had raised were truth itself. I gloried in the prospect of vengeance, and broke out at times, with exulting laughter in the solitude of my journey. I rushed on—my undying rage was my nutriment—I reached the city. God of Jacob! by what mysterious means had the truth been already announced to me! It was truth! it was all truth! That wretch—that bloated compound of all human hatefulness, was the husband of Mabel—the father of my children. I beheld them!—in his sordidness he had removed them from their fair home!—not all the wealth I had left could bribe him to spare it to them. He had carried them into the lowest street—into one of the vilest dens of the whole city. I beheld them—there—oh!—destruction!—there sate that turgid monster at his sordid meal!—there sate at the same small table, the wasted, faded form of my once beautiful wife! Pest on him! By what hellish arts could he have bewitched her to unite herself to a wretch like him! Behind, and in cold, in filth, and rags, sate the children of my love! Death and furies! what did I not daily behold, as in mean disguises I haunted the vicinity of their abode. What pitiful, what degrading, what soul-withering employments did I not see my children doomed to;—what words did I not hear, in hate and tyranny, poured into the ears of my beloved Mabel!

“But when I learned from his own mouth—as I overheard him sitting composedly on his hearth, glaring coldly but fiendishly on his victims—that by these cruelties he solaced himself for the contempt I had formerly and for ever shown him,—wretch! it could not last! I haunted him with a rage of vengeance that could not be satiated by a common doom! A thousand times I could have taken his reptile life as he crawled to and fro in the obscurity of his low resorts; but I scorned to suffer him thus to escape from me. But the day came! I saw him set out on a journey to his native country. With the fierce throb of joy which gushes up from the depths of guilty despair, as fire bursts forth in

glorious volumes from the sullen heart of hell, I watched him. For days I kept him in view, exulting in my certain vengeance. On he went in the vileness of his speculations. At length, as he rested in the opening of a wood, in the twilight, far from human habitation, I slowly stalked across his path—glared upon him in silence—and disappeared. Then was the first reward of all my watchings! I saw that he recognised me;—I saw the terror that fell upon him;—I saw him start up, as I passed beneath the trees; and, with trembling limbs, and a countenance hideous in its native grossness and its present fear, often looking back, wildly fly on. I pursued him. To me it was something like happiness to be the avenging fiend. I enjoyed the cruel fear that drove him on; and, from day to day, I kept it tremblingly alive. Daylight brought him no safety; night no rest. At length he entered upon a plain towards the end of his journey. Here he walked for a space in ease; for, within the wide horizon, his pursuer was not seen; but, before he reached its boundary he beheld me dogging his steps, and fled, with a speed which astonished me, to the neighbouring hills. Alarm seized me lest I should lose him: I hurried after, but found him not. I rushed through the mountains with fury;—the thought of his escape was madness: when, lo! from the top of a cliff where I stood, I beheld him, seated by the valley stream, five hundred feet below me. The intoxication of the discovery disarmed my vengeance of its prudence. I snatched up a mass of rock that lay beside me; I held it up above the unconscious wretch—I paused—I marked him with a greedy eye—I loosed the stone: a whiz!—a sullen dash!—and he was a battered and shapeless heap!

“The triumph was complete. The terrified and tortured wretch was annihilated;—but vainly had I hoped that his destruction would assuage my burning heart. I had added the misery of guilt to that of fortune; and though I attempted to laugh at the bugbear terrors of conscience, they laughed at me,—they fixed their vulture talons still deeper in my soul, and I fled, writhing beneath their insupportable pangs. I had glutted my vengeance; but had I restored my hopes? No! my lot was the same,—a hopeless, ruthless, ever-

lasting lopping of all the branches of peace and affection. That is my life; what I have been I have now told; what I am you see and know." He sat down, exhausted with the vehemence of his awful passions, and a silence of horror and affright filled the whole room. A bed was found in an upper chamber, for Joel; but it was past the power of man to find him asleep. The dreadful images which had been just poured into his mind, haunted him like so many demons; and he lay tossing in a frenzied impatience, and longing for the day.

But, before daylight, he was surprised to hear a sudden hurrying and commotion in the place. There was a rapid running to and fro; men cursing, women lamenting; and in burst the captain, exclaiming—"We are betrayed! I believe you have nothing to do with it—but there are who think otherwise. I will protect you, if I can; but take these;"—throwing upon the bed, whence Joel had started in horror and astonishment, a sword and a brace of pistols—"secure the door, and, if you are attacked, defend your life." He disappeared. Scarcely knowing what he did, Joel threw on his clothes; but, instead of keeping in his room, he seized the arms, and issued forth to ascertain more exactly the state of affairs. He forced his way to a ruinous tower,—and there what a scene presented itself! In the glimmering dawn he discovered that the stronghold where he was, stood on a tremendous rock. On three sides the broad waters of the Danube swept its inaccessible and awful precipices; on the fourth a numerous body of soldiers was preparing to force the gate. A desperate and simultaneous battering, as of a legion of hammers, stones, and crowbars were heard;—a moment after, the gate gave way, and in rushed the eager assailants. A fire of musquetry from a hundred loopholes in the fortress, was kept up with such spirit, that they fell in heaps and confusion through the court. Then the troop of bandits was seen sallying forth with the velocity and fury of desperation—the tall figure of the Jew conspicuous at their head, hewing his way with a huge axe, like a raging and irresistible

demon. A desperate struggle ensued; when, in the midst of the sanguinary contest, arose a cry of fire! "Fire! fire!" shrieked the women throughout the castle. Joel, whose attention had been riveted on the combatants, now beheld the smoke issuing from the staircase of the turret where he stood. He flew down the winding steps in a frenzy of despair. All was one scene of suffocating gloom. The stifling smoke, here and there lit up with red and rolling flames, filled every place. It was death to remain; it was, perhaps, equally death to go forth: the only faint hope lay in effecting a surrender to the soldiers. He tried, and succeeded.

When he could a little collect his confounded faculties, he beheld the body of bandits killed, or in custody; and the women rescued by the soldiers from the flames that now, wild and flickering, flared forth on all sides of the tower. They hastened to retreat; when lo! Joel beheld the only escape was by a narrow bridge of loose stones, suspended over a tremendous chasm by which the rock, whereon the castle stood, was rent from the main land. On the centre of this bridge stood the Jew, brandishing his axe with the gesture of an exasperated maniac. A dozen men sprang on to attack him; but no sooner did they set foot on the fatal bridge, than striking with his axe the key-stone from its place, they—himself—the whole skeleton fabric plunged headlong together down the hideous gulph! A murmur of horror broke from the whole troop; and it was some time before they sufficiently recovered themselves to advance to the spot. It was a dark fissure, some fathoms deep, through which the river rushed, in a fierce, eddying torrent;—the Jew and his victims were swept away for ever!

A bridge of the trunks of trees was flung across; and they marched to the next town. Here Joel, through the testimony of credentials on his own person, was speedily liberated; and pursued his journey home, half cured of his love of wandering, and perfectly convinced that the Jew was, what his friends had supposed him—a devil incarnate!

NAPLES,*

THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Then gentle winds arose
 With many a mingled close,
 Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen ;
 Where the clear Baian ocean
 Welters with air-like motion
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green."—*Shelley*.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
 Bright City of the Waves !—her magic song
 Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,
 Fills thy soft summer's air :—and while my glance
 Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
 Floats thus o'er Fancy's ear ; and thus to thee,
 Daughter of Sunshine ! doth the Syren sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
 Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
 The golden day, and the glorious night,
 And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light !
 —Forget, forget, that thou art not free !
 Queen of the summer sea !

"Favoured and crowned of the earth and sky !
 Thine are all voices of melody,
 Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
 Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower ;
 Hark ! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea ;
 —Forget that thou art not free !

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls !
 Let the lute answer thy fountain falls !
 And deck thy beach with the myrtle bough,
 And cover with roses thy glowing brow !
 Queen of the day and the summer sea,
 Forget that thou art not free !"

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
 Dance to her chaunt.—But sternly, mournfully,
 O city of the deep ! from Sybil grots
 And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
 Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
 Murmuring—"Thou art not free !"

CAROLINE CLEVELAND.†

A SCHOOL-DAY ANECDOTE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IN most great schools, as in other large assemblies of persons, one will generally be found, who, without being by any means the worst disposed or the most stupid, is yet in more scrapes, and oftener punished, than all the school put together, and who comes at last to be pitied by every one but her teachers as thoroughly unlucky. They, indeed, go on punishing, partly on the theory so happily illustrated in Mus-

* From *The Winter's Wreath*.† From *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me not*.

Edgeworth's delightful story of Murad, that ill-luck is generally but another name for want of forethought—and unlucky, when applied to a school-girl, may be best translated careless—and partly on the principle which caused Frederick the Great of Prussia to punish the soldier whose hat was blown off by a high wind at a review. The sentence seemed abundantly unjust, but it produced the desired effect—the wind blew off no more hats.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, when I, a small damsel of twelve years, or thereabout, was at Mrs. Meadows's respectable seminary for young ladies in Cadogan Place, the several parts of Miss Edgeworth's hero, Murad the unlucky, and Frederick of Prussia's unhatted soldier, were enacted by a young country-girl called Caroline Cleveland, the scape-goat of the school. Among the twenty select pupils to whom our governess bounded her cares, not one was half so often in trouble as Miss Cleveland. She tore more frocks, lost more gloves, blotted more books, blurred more drawings, than all the rest of the young ladies put together, and was, in short, a very by-word for indolence, awkwardness, and untidiness. Drawing-masters, writing-masters, music-masters, and dancing-masters, were never weary of complaining of her inattention; and, from the housemaid, as she dressed her, grumbling at her for spoiling her clothes, to Mrs. Meadows, lecturing her for not knowing her lessons, poor Caroline was scolded and thwarted every day and all day long.

Notwithstanding her faults, however, there was a pretty general feeling of liking for the culprit, even among those who scolded her most. There was something exceedingly disarming in the good-humour of the poor little girl; her entire submission to reproof, the total absence of sullenness and self-justification towards her superiors, and the unenvying and affectionate disposition which she evinced towards her more fortunate companions. Generous, disinterested, and benevolent, she was full of that general good-will, that overflowing and warm-hearted kindness, which are so certain to be repaid in kind. It was impossible not to like one who was so ready to like, and so zealous to serve, every creature that came in her way. If there had been a prize for sweetness of temper, she would have had no competitor.

Another motive, too, caused more than usual interest to be felt in Miss Cleveland. Her father filled a high situation in one of our colonies; her mother and eldest sisters lived abroad with him; and Caroline, left in England for education, under the care of a worthy but rigid grand-aunt, who lived in far Northumberland, and whom she never saw from holydays to holydays, was regarded by those whose own dear parents lived near, and saw them frequently, with much of the pity due to an orphan. Such was the position of Caroline Cleveland at the time my story commences.

If any among her innumerable transgressions against the rules of the school might be accounted her besetting sin, it was speaking English. French was the universal language of the house, and an English mark was passed among the young ladies, transferred from culprit to culprit as they were detected in the fact, and called for three times a day, when the unlucky damsel who happened to be in possession of the badge was amerced in the sum of threepence; the collective threepences being, every second day, transmuted into silver, and deposited in a money-box, a sort of mimic savings' bank, to be expended in a feast at the close of the half-year.

The usual wearer of this order of discredit—an oval piece of wood, with ENGLISH in large capitals engraven on its front, suspended by a riband from the neck—the common bearer of this unseemly decoration was poor Caroline, who never could take the trouble of talking French on the one hand, or find in her heart to listen after her fellow-talkers in English on the other; so that, being, from her parents' absence, not very amply supplied with cash, her habitual thoughtlessness extending itself in a remarkable degree to the financial department, she had, at the date of our story, about a month before the holydays, not only arrived at the bottom of the purse which had been furnished to her for the half-year, but actually contracted a debt amounting to the almost incredible sum of two guineas to that grand joint-stock property, the mark.

Not one of the shareholders but would most willingly have abandoned her part of the claim against the defaulter. Readily would the whole company have foregone all the luxuries of the mark-feast—the oranges, the almonds and raisins, the dried cherries, the candied angelica, the

broiches, the macaroons, all the confections, French and English—with which that auspicious half-holiday was wont to be celebrated, as well as the orgeat, the capillaire, the *eau de groseille*, and even the two bottles of ginger wine—innocuous beverage!—the crowning two bottles that closed the banquet—readily would the whole festival have been abandoned rather than distress the universal favourite.

But the head teacher, who acted as a sort of trustee to the fund, felt it her duty to report the defalcation to Mrs. Meadows, who might be esteemed the president, or, at the least, a bank director; and she, in her turn, anxious to inculcate on the thoughtless offender the value of money, and the wickedness, as well as misery, of debt, however incurred, resolved to make the present a lesson which should not soon be forgotten. Accordingly, she told her that the money must be paid before she went to her grand-aunts for the holydays, a visit to which she had long looked forward with delight, as one of her sisters, recently married, was expected to meet her there from abroad—or that she must pass the holydays at school. But, aware how slight was her chance of obtaining the sum needed from her rigid, methodical guardian, who always, on sending her to school, supplied her stated pocket-money for the half-year, and would be horrified by such a demand for forfeits, aware of her situation, Mrs. Meadows added an offer that she herself would pay the debt, and set down the money in Mr. Cleveland's bill, provided Caroline would get by heart the whole of *Athalie*.

The whole of *Athalie*! Caroline, who never yet had managed to repeat correctly a fable of *La Fontaine's*, or a page of the *Henriade*, or even a chorus of *Esther*—to learn by rote the entire drama of *Athalie*! The poor girl was in despair. Little did it comfort her that *Athalie* was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great poet, written to please the wife of a great king, and acted by her pupils at an institution founded by herself. However the young *élèves* of St. Cyr might have gloried in the representation of *Athalie*, to Caroline it seemed only the dreariest and weariest task ever imposed upon school-girl. She discovered none of the imputed sublimity; her uncritical eye could only scan the tremendous number of pages “where lines immeasurably spread”—those Alexandrines *are* atrocities—“seemed lengthening,” as slowly and

sadly she turned over the leaves. The poor little girl was inconsolable; and we, her trusty comrades, stood pitying around her, longing to contribute our joint hoards to her relief in the way of boon or subsidy; a desire which would certainly have been carried into effect, but that Mrs. Meadows, foreseeing the probability of a subscription being set on foot for so charitable a purpose, had positively prohibited the measure.

Poor dear Caroline! Just as she was turning over the leaves for the third time, tasking her arithmetic to reckon up the speeches and the lines, and vainly hoping to make them out to be fewer and shorter, we as vainly trying to insinuate hopes from a projected general petition to Mrs. Meadows, from which we all knew that no hope could rationally be entertained—that lady's decisions being as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—even at this dismal moment, as if to read us a practical lesson on the mutability of fortune, a packet arrived for Miss Cleveland from her sister, the bride, containing, besides the usual nuptial prettinesses of cake, and gloves, and silver favours, an affectionate note from her new brother, the bridegroom, together with a delicately wrought Indian purse, freighted with a golden guinea at either end.

Never was money so welcome! Who now so fortunate as Caroline? She uttered a cry of joy—almost a shriek; flung up to the ceiling the volume of *Racine*, containing *Athalie*, which, in its descent, touched, as I well remember, on my nose, as I happened to be looking up at the instant; and hastened to the head teacher to pay her debt, and be quit of the very thought of *Athalie*. Miss Stevens, the functionary in question, was not, however, at leisure to settle her account: she was just preparing to walk out with the school, and bade Miss Cleveland get ready as fast as she could, and put her money in her pocket until they returned from their promenade.

The walk, a dull and orderly procession of nicely-dressed and prim demoiselles, arranged in pairs, adjusted according to the height rather than the inclination of the parties, passed as monotonously as usual. But, on our return, Miss Stevens indulged us, and perhaps herself—for it was the very prime and flush of May, and the beauty and fragrance of the trees and flowering shrubs were almost irresistible—

by a brief ramble in the delightful shades of the Cadogan Gardens. The half-hour's liberty was worth an age. The gay blossoms of the lilac, the laburnum, the double peach, and the double cherry, mingled their vivid colours with the tender green of the young leaves. The morning had been rainy, and the light drops still glittered on the grass; the birds twittered among the branches; the bright sunshine and the balmy air shed their sweet influences around us; and we were returning, full of the joyous spirit of youth, quickened by this short taste of nature and of freedom, thinking of our own dear gardens and our country homes, when one of those miserable objects, seldom seen but in great cities, brought us back to London and its most painful associations.

Leaning against the iron palisade close beside the gate, stood a young woman with one child at her breast, and two others, emaciated and almost naked, clinging to her own squalid rags—a sad spectacle of human misery! She implored our charity, first in broken English, then in the *patois* of one of the southern provinces of France. Her looks and tears, and the famished appearance of the whole party, were more intelligible than her words. We gathered, however, that she was the wife of a French sailor, whose frigate had been captured by the English, and who was then imprisoned, with many hundreds of his countrymen, at Norman Cross; that a letter from one of his comrades had informed her that he was labouring under a mortal disorder; that she had prevailed on a smuggler, her relation, to land her and her children in England, that she might receive his last breath; that her little money had been expended on her road to London, whither she had travelled in hopes of finding a kind and wealthy Provencal, to whom she was furnished with letters, and who would, she was assured, forward her and her children to the prison, that her poor husband might bless them before he died; but that she had lost these letters of recommendation, and with them the address of her good countryman; and she had wandered about, friendless and homeless, a beggar in a foreign land, till now that all hopes of seeing her Henri had departed, and her only comfort was, that she and her little ones must soon die too. As she uttered the last mournful words, the poor young woman

pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and sank down on the pavement, with a gush of tears so suffocating and so passionate, that her very heart seemed bursting.

There is something in a real and a deep sorrow which goes straight to the feelings of youth. We crowded round the sufferer, in true though unavailing sympathy, and showered upon her the little money that we happened to have about us, or that the prudence of our conductress would allow. It was enough, and more than enough, to procure present support and decent lodging, but not enough to reclothe herself and her half-naked children, or to enable them to reach their place of destination; and, though received with the ardent thankfulness of her nation, our gift evidently excited more gratitude than joy. We continued round her, questioning her as to her plans and the sum necessary for their accomplishment, until roused by a peremptory summons from the teacher, who crossed the street rapidly towards Mrs. Meadows's house—Caroline, who had taken an animated part in the discussion, lingering a moment behind, and joining us with some difficulty as we reached the hall-door.

On re-entering the school-room, Miss Stevens called for Miss Cleveland, and announced to her that she was then ready to receive her money, and settle the account of the mark. The little girl blushed and hesitated, and at last, picking up the volume of Racine, which she had tossed into the air two hours before, announced her intention of accepting Mrs. Meadows's kind offer, and learning *Athalie*. She was sure that by getting up at four o'clock every morning [N.B. She was always the latest riser in the school]—by being up every day at four o'clock, she was sure that she could do it, and she was sure that the task would do her good; she should be able to learn the common school lessons more easily another time. She would get *Athalie* by heart, with Mrs. Meadows's leave.]

All at once the truth burst upon us. She had given her two guineas to the Frenchwoman! and, on being questioned by Miss Stevens, she avowed the fact much in the style in which she might have confessed a great fault. She could not help it, she said, the poor young woman cried so; and two guineas was the exact sum needed. Besides, she was sure that her sister, Gertrude, whose husband had

sent her the money, would herself have given it if she had been there; and that her papa would not mind its being charged in the bill, especially if he could but know how the poor young woman cried: her papa never liked to see people cry, if he could help them, especially foreigners in a strange land. She was sure that her sister and her father would not be angry for that, however they might blame her for speaking English and running in debt to the mark; and, for her own part, she would rather learn *Athalie*—it was not so very long after all; she was sure that she *could* learn it, and that the task would do her good.

And she *did* learn *Athalie*; for Mrs. Meadows, whilst listening almost with tears to her generous resolution, was judicious

enough to determine that she should earn her own approbation, as well as that of her friends, by completing the sacrifice. She did get up at four o'clock every morning to study *Athalie*, and the effect of this exertion, not only on her subsequent lessons, but on her habits and character, was salutary and permanent. She did learn *Athalie*, and she had her reward; for the poor Frenchwoman, for whom our good governess also interested herself, reached Norman Cross in safety, and found her husband recovering; and the news arrived on the very morning of the mark-feast, at which Caroline Cleveland, her task completed, was chosen to preside, and over which she did preside, glowing, colouring, and smiling, the gayest and happiest of school-girls.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.*

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH! do you ask me why I weep,
 Who used to seem so glad?
 There are but few a watch to keep,
 If I am pleased or sad:
 My father in life's busy toils
 Throughout the day must rove;
 And much I miss a Mother's smiles,
 And mourn a Mother's Love!
 My garden is o'errun with weeds,
 It gives me little joy,
 For no fond Mother stands and heeds
 The pastimes of her boy;
 And when my lessons I repeat,
 Though many may approve,
 I sigh the warm caress to meet,
 That spoke a Mother's Love!
 When, lately fever's grasp I felt,
 My wants were all supplied,
 But she, that dear one, would have knelt
 My sleepless couch beside,
 And whispered comfort for each ill,
 And prayed to Him above,
 That he would deign to spare me still,
 To bless a Mother's Love!
 And yet my father's second choice
 In nothing can offend,
 And I would willingly rejoice
 To know her as a friend;
 But when she pleads a dearer claim,
 The mockery I prove,
 And shrinking from a Mother's name,
 Sigh for a Mother's Love.

* From Ackermann's *Juvenile Forget Me Not*.

REFORM.

We've often thought, and p'rhaps 'twill strike
 The reader, the Reform Bill's like
 Our subject-plate, a waggon ;
 The fore-horse in the team 's a *Grey*,
 And, though they're working night and day,
 But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix
 In state or civic politics,
 Yet wish "the Bill" may be a
 Most sov'reign cure for England's ills,
 And prove, like Abernethy's pills,
 A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,
 But leave to wiser heads than ours
 The labours for which we
 Have no vocation, while we say,
 Cut every rotten branch away,
 But do not harm the tree.

Without pronouncing on "the Bill,"
 In praise or censure, there are still
 Some things we can't help noting ;
 For instance, those who t'other day
 Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay
 Ten pounds a-year for voting.

In many a wight, whose crippled toe
 On cushion rests, "the Bill" will blow
 Up hope's expiring embers ;
 He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,
 Bless'd with the liberty to choose
 Another set of *members*.

The poor especially, 'tis said,
 Expect "the Bill" will cheapen bread—
 We rather doubt it ; still
 Some reason in the hope we see,
 They've heard so much concerning the
Provisions of "the Bill."

And, should it pass into a law,
 Such wonders as the world ne'er saw
 'Twill bring about, we trow ;
 Since it has clauses which propose,
 We're told, to give a voice to those
 Who have no voices now.

Thus Birmingham, for deeds in *arms*
 So famed, though safe from war's alarms,
 Will profit by the plan ;
 While Manchester, of high renown,
 Will send two members up to town
 By Pickford's caravan.

And Sheffield too, that shines in steel,
Its benefits will surely feel

Through all its various trades ;
It needs no second sight to see
Its representatives will be

Two keen, well-tempered *blades*.

Nay, in the " Commons' House," a few
Would have the colonies vote too ;—

How strange 'twould be, some day,
When Parliament for bus'ness meets,
To see two members take their seats,
Return'd from Botany Bay!

'Tis more than probable " the Bill "
Will oust a few old members ; still

There must be some who never
Can care about a *seat*, since they
Would be, could they but have their way,
Upon their *legs* for ever.

Our song is sung ;—if asked to own
Our party, we would answer—none—

Whig, Radical, or Tory ;
We rank ourselves among the friends
Of those who, scorning private ends,
Seek England's weal and glory.

FRÈRE DU DIABLE.*

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

" Some said he was a wizard wight,
Some said he was a devil."

WHOEVER have visited Italy, must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odours exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards, and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but throughout the province where he resided. Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a female whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union ; gladdening prospects crowned their industry ; and happiness shed contentment on their days. It was delightful to see the interesting family group, after the heat

of the day had subsided, assembling round the margin of the clear fountain to enjoy its refreshing coolness, or revelling on the verdant lawn, and sporting in their innocence and gaiety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition—urged Napoleon on to conquest ; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders. In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes ; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn

* From Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*.

oath was pledged upon the altar that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their native soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved; and the small but firm phalanx bade adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however, inspired their countrymen with fresh vigour, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked. The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command: a number of select and well-tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and, without risking a general engagement, he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But Fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him: in an evil hour he fell into a snare that had been laid to entrap him: his men were either killed or dispersed, and, wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate, to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the Destroyer had been speedy; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and, overpowered with agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation. Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not; for, though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the brutal violence of the soldiery: he beheld the bodies of his children—

Their silver skins laced with their golden blood—

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home. His soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him.

At length the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated: demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy; and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery that told a tale of slaughter. Still, serenely beautiful was the clear blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odours to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens, and, like the blood of Abel, cried for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggles to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes: still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment the whole expanse was filled with a wild unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac; and a female figure, her hair dishevelled and hanging on her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance; and, with strength almost surpassing nature, she dragged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier, then flashed it in the sun, and

again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed upon her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a demon, and seemed to feel a terrible gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked around for fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

Breathing the slow remains of life away.

She looked on his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and, raising the weapon in her hand, "Die, wretch," said she, "for thou hast nought to live for now!" But Nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp, and she fell senseless by his side—it was his wife!

* * * * *

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But, though these remained quiescent and passive at first; yet when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict, and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object of the invaders; and, when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valour. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succour was cut off from the seaward by the British cruisers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish, in spite of even the masterly commissariat of Buonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country, but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or a thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusée was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country—the guerillas were secure in their mountain-holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dis-

lodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for, though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and, after suffering torture, were hung upon the branches of trees, as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise, and once, on being detected and pursued, the bullets whistled round him in every direction, but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot. The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigour and pride of manhood: but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly, that none but those who were under the protection of superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery; even the commanders caught the infection, and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of *Frère du Diable*. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him, dead or alive, but their oath was generally sealed in death. Oftentimes, when the wine was set upon the convivial board, and the canvass walls echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that *Frère du Diable* was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared, and every eye alert, for action. Oftentimes, at the evening hour, when the generous liquor had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity, and swear to destroy the common foe: but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either *Frère du Diable* or one of his comrades had dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were better adapted for the conducting that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession, and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises.

which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre, and other places, was an incontestible proof how well he could conduct operations on land : and, in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storming the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men, under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night, through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path, or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy—the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled—oh ! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the word was passed for the boats to be manned (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain) the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his shrill pipe, and, as the words "Bush-fighters, away !" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore and aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would gladly have joined the party for the shore.

But, though I say all, it must be admitted that the old master was an exception ; he would have fought the devil himself in his ship, or would have run her flying-jib-boom into the very quarters of his satanic majesty, if he had caught him afloat ; but he had no idea of "land-privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and, without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false

reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timber-head on her hull ; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that *Frère du Diable* was in the neighbourhood of his cruising-ground, and, wishing to communicate with him, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French ; the boats were manned and armed, and, an hour before daybreak, the whole party landed in a small cove, formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any one to stray away, but to be extremely vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way, over rock and stone, through bush and briar, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning : the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice ; and at others to slide down huge masses of rock ; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest, and nearly at the extreme height of a mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of Nature than of the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions, as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and, in a few minutes, they burst into an open space, that had been cleared of the underwood and some of the trees, and now formed a pleasant alcove. Here

the scene became highly interesting: it was one of those which Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. In one corner, upon an elevated mound, so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen, as they stuck in his broad girdle; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favourite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eyes, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of fervid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were *Frère du Diable* and his wife, or, in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate groups, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground, and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary frame; others were awaking from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs; whilst a few were examining their arms or polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle roused every soul in an instant, and carbine in hand, they stood prepared for battle. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognised, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction to see the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul, as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together, after which refreshments were spread upon the

greensward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Camilla, Sir Sidney, and the British officers, were seated on the grass. Behind the guerilla chief, a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left, the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band and the utmost harmony prevailed.

A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where the chief sat, and, as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work. The dauntless look of defiance was exchanged, but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard. "Do they seek the lion in his den!" she exclaimed with bitterness; "on, on! and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then, seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that every rock and glen re-echoed the noise. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader, who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze. Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle, and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of his band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English captain till his return. She gave her husband a look of stern reproach. "Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps, and shall I shrink! On! on, Galeazzo! the death-shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my

ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and, drawing the head part over his own, so that the nostrils covered his brows, he assumed that terrific appearance, which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and, as soon as he saw a smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

The guerilla band spread themselves into small parties, and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite in one body if it should be necessary; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not unaccompanied with suspicion of *Frère du Diable's* intentions.

Night came—a beautiful clear Italian night—reviving in the mind all the strong fervour of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave, which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride, when, about the middle of the first watch, light wreaths of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and, in a few minutes, the red glare of ascending flames gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweeping through the liquid element to the

spot they had quitted in the morning; and, in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But, though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. In the centre of the space the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the horrible figures that were spread around. The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner; whilst Camilla, in wild accents, exclaimed, "They would seek the lion in his den! But more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes"—and she threw another log into the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier, under pledge to destroy *Frère du Diable*) down to the very outposts of the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the stronghold of the band. "And see," said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword, and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, "thus perish all our enemies!" "Ay, perish, perish for ever!" responded Camilla. "This is he," continued the chief, "who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged!" The miserable victim had been burnt alive.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.*

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

This random sketch alludes to the death of the Reverend George Walker, rector of Donnochmore, the hero who defended Londonderry, with a few half-starved militia, against the whole regular and well appointed army of King James, who lost ten thousand men in his fruitless attempt. Walker afterwards fell at the battle of the Boyne, near to King William's right hand. He was certainly a man unequalled in bravery and resolution, as every one who has read the account of that notable siege will admit. The hint concerning his tenets is taken from an account of his life, in a pamphlet printed in Dublin in 1700.

SCENE—*A field of battle. Alarums in the distance. The Rev. GEORGE WALKER mortally wounded, supported by his son, JOHN.*

John. My father, thou art dying. Turn thy thoughts
To that momentous change. Thy wound is mortal :
Thou knowest it, or shouldst know it. Yet thou seem'st
Blithe as a bridegroom on the tiptoe verge
Of Hope's dilated height, gazing enrapt
On the delirious joys so long deferred.
O my loved lord and father ! let me say,
This guile ill suits the door of death.

Walker. What, John, art turned confessor ? Thanks, good boy,
For this kind admonition. For my part,
I think not of my death, save as a speck
Of darkness mid a day of joyful light.
The victory's our's, boy ! Think of that award !
Our brutal enemies dispersed
Like chaff before the wind. Look but to that,
And what's an old man's life ? The tyrant's arm
Is broke for ever. That cold-hearted bigot,
Who trampled on the necks of free-born men,
And gloried in their blood—where is he now ?
Flying like traitor-coward, as he is,
From out his last red hold, like hunted fox,
Or ravening wolf. Boy, that man was a fiend,
Who o'er God's heritage long time hath shed
Death, pestilence, and famine, by his breath.
I've crossed him somewhat, playing my small part
To his confusion, and I yield my life
In the good cause with joy. What then is death ?
One passing pang—no more—I leave yourself
And five bold brothers in my humble stead :
And I must be immortal here on earth
As well as in the heavens—if that, indeed,
There be such place for souls of mortal men—
Ay—if such a thing as after-life there be—
There it is dark—well—I shall know it soon.

John. My father, do I hear these doubtful words
From thy revered and consecrated lips,
Even in the view of Time's fast gaining shore
And ocean of Eternity beyond !
Thou doubt'st not of a glorious life hereafter !
It cannot be ! Tell me thou rav'st through pain,
And ease my soul of this oppressive load.

Walker. Why, John, I've thought, and thought, and preached, and prayed,
And doubted : thought, and preached, and prayed, again,

From Ackermann's Forget Me Not.

And all that I have reached is a resolve
To take my chance with others—and I'll do it !
I neither do believe nor disbelieve—
I DO NOT KNOW.

John. To hear the champion of the cause of Christ
Speak thus amazes me. The man whose deeds
Make mankind stare and wonder ! he who taught
The path of life through Jesus, till the young
Shed tears of love, and old men trembling leaned
Their heads upon their hands and inly groaned !
How's this ! my father ? I am all amazement !

Walker. Boy, pester me no farther, for my time
Draws near a close. I taught the way through Christ,
Because no other surely led to peace,
To virtue, and to happiness on earth,
Which must to everlasting glory lead,
If such the lot of erring man can be.
But when I 'thought me of the human millions
Swept off by famine, pestilence, and sword,
From Adam down to this—the serf, the savage,
The infidel, the sage—men of all casts,
Tenets, beliefs, strewed o'er the world's wide face,
From age to age, like carrion—why, I doubted ;
Though zealous to believe, I doubted sore.
Don't tease me, boy ! I cannot help it now !
In his infinite mercy who created
This frame and all its energies I trust.
Farewell ! A darkness settles o'er the field—
God shield King William ! Round his sacred head
And his good consort's may the grace of Heaven
Be shed abundantly ! Boy, where's thy hand ?
Pray let me feel it : kneel beside me here,
And pray for me—I love to hear thy voice—
It sounds like a renewal of my own,
And of my young belief—Oh, it is sweet !

John. (Kneeling, and bowing over his father.) O thou Almighty Father,
who presid'st
O'er all the destinies of mortal men,
Look here in pity ! on thy servant look !
Who, bathed in blood, stood in the breach for thee,
And the pure renovation of thy church,
When those in office basely turned their backs,
And now lays down his life in that great cause !
One look of mercy, gracious God, bestow !
For though thy throne of glory's in the heavens,
In light ineffable, yet thou art here,
Surveying this red field, and taking note
Of all who fought and bled for right or wrong,
Their motives and advisement. God of mercy !
While the benevolent spirit of my father
With frail humanity holds intercourse,
Open his eyes to view the only path
From earth to heaven, through that mystic bond
Which never can be cancelled—God with man !
Before his soul pass o'er that awful bourn
From whence there's no revert, no disannulment
Of bygone edicts, O unseal the valves
Laid open to the walks of grace and glory
By forfeiture divine, by deodand,

Which men or angels could not comprehend !
 Sun of the soul ! bright polar star of hope !
 And prostrate human nature's adoration !
 What would creation be without thy light !
 What would the heaven and all its treasures be,
 Its blest society, euphonies, and joys,
 Without *thy* glories, O Redeeming Love !
 And what eternity ? Ah ! there the soul,
 Standing on reason's farthest, loftiest verge,
 And gazing onward o'er a gulf profound,
 Quakes at the dim perspective—darkness there
 Brooding for ever—ages after ages
 In millions of blue billows rolling on
 Far, far away, into the void obscure,
 Unfathomed by the darkling soul's proud scale,
 By plummet or by line !

Where shall the trembling spirit turn ? Where fly ?
 Ah, the retreat is palpable and near !
 To thy most blessed word, thou God of truth,
 Where life and immortality appear
 Blazoned in living light. Unto that spring,
 Opened in David's house, O lead my father,
 To bathe in light divine, and pass to thee
 Believing and rejoicing !

He is gone !
 That ardent noble spirit, who ne'er knew
 Dissimulation, interest, or alarm
 At aught save at dishonour ! Brave, brave father,
 And kind as brave !—my model thou shalt be
 In all my perils through this world below !

MARGARET AND MARY.*

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

YOUNG Margaret woke, and waking cried,
 Rise, Mary !—lo, on Dunscore side,
 The morning sun shines bright ; and hear !—
 The reapers' horns ring far and near !
 The thrush sings loud in bush and bower ;
 The doves coo loud on Iale old Tower ;
 The poet's walk, by Ellisland,
 Is rife with larks that love the sand ;
 The paws are leaping in the Rack,
 The cornecrake calls from fair Portrack ;
 There's silver sure in yon sweet rill
 That flows 'tween this and blithe Cowehill ;
 And see ! from green Dalswinton's lake,
 Their distant flight the herons take.
 I'm glad I've wakened—'tis so sweet
 To see the dew shine on our feet ;
 To see the morn diffuse its wealth—
 Light, life, and happiness, and health ;
 And then the sounds which float abroad
 Are nature's, and come all from God !
 Young Mary thus : from London fair,
 She came to Margaret for sweet air ;

* From Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile Forget Me Not*.

Not sisters born, yet sisters they
In heart, in spirit, and in play.
See, see ! the farmer quits his horn—
Fast 'neath the sickle sinks the corn !
The bandsmen all with hoary locks
Tie up the sheaves and set the shocks ;
The busy maids, with snooded tresses,
Dish sweet milk pottage out in messes ;
With aprons full of polished spoons,
Their reeking meals bear to the boons.
E'en now, upon Nith's winding stream,
The glad sun sheds a brighter beam ;
Dark Blackwood smiles, and 'mongst her trees
Carse lists the music of her bees ;
And from Dalswinton, broad and fair,
The smell of fruit fills all the air :
Old age in sunshine walks abroad,
Thankful, and gives his thoughts to God !
See, children, see !—'Twas thus another
Voice spoke, of aunt perchance, or mother—
That stream has run, yon sun has shone,
Yon hills have stood, that wind has blown,
Since first God framed them with his hand—
All else is changed within this land :
Landmarks decay, tombs yield their trust,
Youth fades, and old age sinks to dust !
Ten ancient names have ceased in story,
Ten ancient towers have lost their glory,
Two kirks, where learnings lamp and cowl
Were trimmed, now shelter bat and owl !
For Seton's soul, where monks said masses,
The wandering gipsies graze their asses ;
Full sixty halls, where Maxwells dwelt,
The sway of strangers' hands have felt ;
The Douglas—but I shall not say
What chances wrought their sad decay—
Or stern Kirkpatrick, whose dread dirk
Won Scotland's freedom in her kirk ;
Or Charteris, whose proud feudal power
From Tinwald reached to Liddel's tower ;
Or Halliday, whose hounds could range
From Solway sands to Moffat grange :
All these—the brightness of their days
Are gone—their power the stranger aways—
Or sad on their diminished bounds
They rule, nor hosts, nor deep-mouthed hounds.
Fair children, this stern lesson learn :—
What merit wins and worth can earn
May, in some inconsiderate hour,
Be plucked—as now I pluck this flower !
The flower will rise with sun and rain
In summer, and bloom bright again :
But when fame goes, its emblem see,
My children, in yon stricken tree !
It lies—it roots—nor from its side
Sends shoots to be the forest's pride !

A LEGEND OF THE CHEDDER CLIFFS.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

"AND these, then," said I, as I stood gazing on the romantic and beautiful scene before me, "are the Cheddar Cliffs! How many fanciful ideas come crowding upon the imagination, amid rocks and chasms like these, where, if you speak, your words are echoed as by a thousand unseen spirits; and if you move across the cavern, your step sounds like the footfalls of a host!—surely so wild a scene must have its legend, even in anti-legendary England.—Do tell me *one*, or *suppose one* for me," I added, turning to our guide, a blunt, matter-of-fact looking peasant, "I will be as credulous as you could wish, however wild and improbable the tale may be—I should not dare to doubt one tittle of it, while I am here looking on these gem-like stalactites; where one may fancy the Genii of Aladdin's lamp have been strewing treasures, or the gnomes building for themselves a fairy palace—surely, surely, such a place must have its legend!"

"Why, for the matter of that Ma'am, I believe there is a kind of a rigmarole sort of a story told about the rocks," was the reply, "not that I know any thing about it, thof' to be sure I've heard it a time or two."

"Try—try"—said I, impatiently.

"Tis no manner of use trying, as the saying is," answered the inexorable peasant, "I never could make no hand of such things, seeing as I can neither read nor write."

"Is there any one in the neighbourhood who can tell it?" I demanded hastily.

"Oh, aye! that's another guess sort of an affair—yes, Ma'am, yes—there's blind Mary the Knitter, knows it from end to end, like a book; and if you like to wait here till I fetch her, I'll be back before you've walked half a dozen times round the cavern; though it is but a dullish kind of a story to hear after all."

I assented joyfully; and in very little more time than he had stated, the sturdy peasant returned with the blind girl. She was the gentlest looking creature I

ever beheld, with one of the finest profiles imaginable; her jet black hair was braided smoothly under her close cap of simple white; and had it not been for her blank and sightless eyeballs, she would have been the most lovely creature I ever looked on.

"Are you not fearful of treading so dangerous a path?" I asked gently, as I took her hand to lead her forward.

"No, Madam," was the low and tremulous reply, "I fear nothing but a thunder-storm."

"You are alarmed at thunder and lightning then;" said I, anxious to put her at her ease, ere she commenced her narration.

"Alas! I have had cause!" she answered, as she passed her hands over her darkened eyes, "I never hear a thunder-clap but I remember that a flash has preceded it." Then smiling sadly, she continued in a less mournful tone, "the Lord is very merciful; though blind and an orphan, I can yet earn my bread, and I ought not to repine; I trust I do not—yet there *are* moments—Oh! Madam, it is sad to remember what a glorious world I am existing in, and to be unable to see the bright sun and the sweet flowers!"—She hung her head for an instant; and then appearing to make a violent effort to overcome the train of thought into which my unguarded question had plunged her, she suddenly added, "but you wish to hear the Legend of the Cliffs, ladies; if you will kindly lead me to a seat on a fragment of the rock, I will tell it you."

We did as she requested: and as soon as she had taken her place, and drawn an unfinished mitten from her pocket to continue her knitting, we seated ourselves beside her, and she commenced her tale.

"It is said, ladies, that the old Saxon Kings sometimes resided in this neighbourhood; and that Alfred the Great, on his death-bed bequeathed his hunting-seat somewhere near the Cliffs, to his son; be that as it may, it is certain that it was once a single rock, without



Drawn by Bartlett.

Engraved by Currie.

CEDDAR CLIFFS.

Engraved Expressly for the ROYAL LADIES MAGAZINE, &c.

Published by W. SAMS, 1, St. James Street.

any of the caves and chasms which now form its principal beauty. In those days, the river which you must have remarked in the valley, did not exist; and some say, that where that very river now flows, the hunting-seat of King Alfred actually stood. Many, many years after his death, when the valley was filled with the cottages of the yeomen, and vassals of the great men who had halls and castles round about, a poor widow woman and her daughter came and took possession of one of the humble tenements of the village. At first the cottagers were very anxious to learn who they were, and from whence they came; but gradually that inquisitiveness died away, for the widow was gentle and pious, neither giving nor taking offence; and the daughter was so beautiful, that before she had been many weeks among them, she might have chosen for her husband any young man in the valley. Well, they lived for a time very happily, working hard, and seldom leaving their home; but at length their peace was disturbed. A great lord, who owned a castle hard by, had assembled a number of nobles, as highborn and as haughty as himself, to enjoy the diversion of hunting. One of these, a tall, dark, fearful-looking man, was one day, by accident, parted from his companions, and as evening fell, he was returning slowly through the valley alone, when he chanced to pass the cottage of the widow. The young girl was as her wont when the sun went down, busied in tending the flowers which decked their little garden; and hearing the tramp of a horse, she looked up; for a moment she stood speechless with astonishment and dismay, but in the next she uttered a piercing shriek, which was echoed back by the dark rock, and fled with the velocity of a deer. The Stranger-Noble sprang from his horse, entered the cottage, and closed the door after him; he stayed in that lowly hut till nearly midnight, when he again came forth, and vaulting into his saddle, galloped off. As soon as he disappeared, the girl sprang from among some brushwood, where she had been crouched down, and rushed into the house. Sighs and sobs were heard to issue from it, at daybreak, by the peasants, as they went to their labour in the fields. That day passed away;

neither the widow nor her daughter crossed the threshold of their dwelling, nor did they even uncloase their casements. The following morning rose lurid and frowning; the sky seemed big with tempest, and the dense clouds rolled along the face of the heavens like sable palls: short muffled peals of thunder were reverberated by the hollow rock; and faint, flaky flashes of lightning played upon its surface; at intervals wild and sudden gusts of wind swept over the valley, and bent the heads of the tall trees even to the earth, while a few large drops of rain fell from time to time from the overcharged and murky clouds; yet amid this threatening of the elements, the dark Noble was again seen threading his way to the widow's hut. The dark plumes of his hat were from time to time blown violently across his eyes; and those who saw him remarked that the hand which was raised to put them back, was flashing with gems. When he reached the cottage, the door resisted his touch, but with an impatient gesture he beat it in, and entered. For a time nothing was seen of the inmates of the dwelling, and the howling of the storm which was rapidly becoming more violent, prevented all other sounds from being audible. In about an hour, however, the girl rushed through the open door, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes flashing—in a second she was followed by the fearful Noble: on she flew—on—on—with the wild speed of agony; the thunder pealing above her head, and the lightning flashing in her path—on she flew as though unconscious of the fury of the storm. She paused one instant, as if to collect all her energies, when she reached the foot of the Cliff; and then with a strength and speed scarcely human, she sprang up the acclivity. Mortal foot had probably never trod the path before; and even the bold man who pursued her, hesitated a moment ere he followed in the fearful chase—but he did follow—and putting forth all his power, he had gained on her ere she reached the summit. When each had obtained a footing on the dangerous and dizzy height, they paused for an instant as if by mutual consent, and then a shrill scream audible above the voice of the tempest was heard; and they were struggling as if for life, even

upon that fearful rock. The girl's strength was evidently failing fast, and her fate appeared each moment more inevitable, when a peal of thunder—stupendous—continuous, and overwhelming burst over the valley—in the next instant a low rumbling sound, like the passage of some heavy body over a rough path, or the roaring of an angry sea through a subterraneous cave, fell on the appalled ears of the inhabitants of the hamlet—and then came a crash! it was as though the earth was rent even to its centre. At that moment men cowered down like unweaned babes, and hid their faces for fear—women forgot to shriek in their excess of consternation; and for awhile none ventured to look up. But soon came a new feeling of dismay: their lowly dwellings were flooded with water; half wild with delirious terror they rose from the

earth, and gazed upon each other—then they cast their eyes around them; and lo! the tall rock was cleft in twain as by some mighty instrument; and a rapid stream was rushing and roaring through the valley: they sank down upon their knees in prayer; many had not survived the storm: their dwellings had been carried away by the impetuous flood; but those who lived after this dreadful day, never learnt to their dying hour, the fate of the widow's child, or of her enemy. Of the aged woman herself, the death though dreadful, was certain; her hut was one of those which were borne away by the torrent, and she passed from among them even as she had come—unknown, and unwept.—”

And this was the Legend of the Cheddar Cliffs.

THE SEA-FIGHT.*

A FRAGMENT.

PROUDLY the tall ship beats aside the spray;
And, like a water-spirit, takes way
'Mid light and beauty—hear the thrilling shout
By the thronged multitude pealed hoarsely out—
A nation's glad farewell of hope and pride!
Away she floats along the yielding tide,
Her canvass spread to woo the favouring gale,
Which sighs and shivers in each bellying sail.
From the tall vessel, hark! a thrilling cry—
“St. George for England! We will ‘do or die!’”
Well may she bear her bravely; for she goes,
Powerful and proud to meet her country's foes!
Another—and another!—They have passed
In their stern beauty—and each towering mast,
Like a faint streak on the horizon's verge,
Still marks their progress o'er the ocean-surge.
Now lingering friends forsake the saddened strand,
Waving, although unmasked, the kerchiefed hand,
And beauty, whose young heart has now no home,
Save with the loved one journeying o'er the foam,
Wipes off her tears to gaze once more in vain
For those she may not look upon again!
The slightest heaving of the wind-touched wave,
To her scared spirit seems affection's grave:
And not a whisper of the sportive breeze,
But is a voice of terror from the seas—

* From the Bouquet.



Printed by J. P. de la Cour, New York.

Engraved by H. W. Smith.

THE SAILING OF THE SHIP, A DRAUGHT BY J. P. DE LA COUR, NEW YORK.

THE SAILING OF THE SHIP, A DRAUGHT BY J. P. DE LA COUR, NEW YORK. THE SAILING OF THE SHIP, A DRAUGHT BY J. P. DE LA COUR, NEW YORK.

Mothers and sisters, a fond heart-bowed train,
 Turn, like the loved one, to their homes again,
 And seem with tears to chide the willing wave,
 Which bears away their beautiful, their brave!

* * *

Hark ! to the thunder of the fearful fight—
 “St. George for England ! Heaven defend the right !”
 See, where the smoke in stifling vapours curled,
 Its death-enshrouding banner has unfurled—
 Mark, where the shivered sails and cordage fly—
 Where naked masts tower vainly to the sky,
 Or, 'mid the cannon's mingled roar and flash,
 Fall in wild ruin with a sullen crash !
 Nor fall alone—the fearless and the brave,
 Are borne down shrieking to the foaming wave ;
 Striving in vain the angry surge to breast,
 Or buried deep beneath the billow's crest :—
 While some grown bold amid their agony,
 Cling madly to each ruin floating by,
 And make the pang more bitter still to die !
 A moment's hope—a thought of life and home—
 A fiercer battle with the blinding foam—
 A cry for help, re-echoed by the note
 Of the loud cannon's death-proclaiming throat—
 A long, wild gaze, till the strained eyestraining crack.
 The anguish to feel strength and grasp grow slack—
 The shrieks of drowning comrades sinking fast,
 The maddening dread of being the *lost* and *last*—
 Well may the wretches prostrate in the wave,
 Shrink with fierce loathing from so dark a grave ;
 And rallying all their energies that hour,
 Put forth the remnant of their shackled pow'r—
 One closely clings, with wild and maddening hope,
 To the rent timber, and the severed rope ;
 While some lost comrade with despairing eye,
 Looks up to Heaven in his dark agony,
 As though he felt how vain were all the care
 Of man to save, while hope was only *there* !
 Another, frenzied by the giddy spray
 Of the rude billows, casting thought away,
 Waves his rough hand towards the scene of strife,
 And with the shout of battle yields his life !

* * *

'Tis past—the combat's din is hushed and o'er—
 The cannon's fearful voice is heard no more—
 A joyful cry peals out with set of sun—
 “St. George for England ! Lo, the Fight is won !”

English Fashions.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE cool winds of the last few days have given a tone of winter to the dress of our belles ; though not, as yet, a decided tone. Indeed, few opportunities furnish

better examples of contrast in dress than a walk on any of our fashionable promenades at this season of the year. The light silks and muslins of summer are frequently seen in whimsical opposition to the warm

furs and velvets of winter, while bonnets and hats present every possible grade of material and colour. The winter novelties are, therefore, not very apparent as yet.

One of the most marked changes in fashion is the reduced size of the bonnets, which are now becoming reasonable in form, dimensions, and trimmings. The garnitures inside the brim, so long worn, are at length discarded, and are succeeded by plain, though rich, lining of the same material as the bonnet, or of watered silk. Feathers are not much in favour for bonnets, nor do we think they will be this winter. They are, however, much used for full evening and ball costume, and are generally plumes of the ostrich, and with little or no dress. Caps are worn somewhat smaller, but there is no change of any consequence in make or material since our last. Turbans are much made of the new terry velvet, rather broad and low, and superbly ornamented with feathers and jewellery. Pelisses will be worn much trimmed, and of very rich materials. We shall give some beautiful designs very shortly, as also for cloaks and *manteaux*. Some of our fashionables are wearing chinchilla; but sable, and that most beautiful of all beautiful furs, ermine, will be the decided favourites this winter. Boas of the latter are an elegant finish to every sort of out-door costume, and are still in high estimation. The sleeves of dresses are worn of very elegant and fanciful designs, but still as large at the top as ever; and there is every possible variety in those for evening dress. The skirts of dresses have still very deep hems, to the full as deep as last month, with handsome trimmings at top; and some few are seen with rich borders of velvet foliage. The *corsage* is, without a single exception, made quite close to the shape; and for evening dress, cut lower than for some time past. For morning costume they are mostly cut *en schall*, and are generally worn with a *chemisette* of cambric, with plaited frills, or of net, with British lace trimmings, and form an elegant and comfortable home-dress. *Gros de Naples*, or plain satin, is most in use for morning promenade and carriage dress; *moiré*, *tulle*, and various kinds of crape and gauze, for *grande costume*. In many instances these materials are worked in gold, silver, or silk embroidery, in light and graceful columns and borders. The *cançons* of lace and

work is now too much worn by the lower, to be at all esteemed by the higher ranks. It is a graceful and becoming article of dress, and we regret to see it out of favour.

The prevailing colours are *marquise*, *brun d'aveline*, crimson, blues of various tints, willow green, and white pink.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

Walking dress of *gros de Naples*, of a rich brown. Cloak of royal-blue satin, lined with ermine, and corded with velvet of the same shade as the satin. This cloak has a rich garniture down the front, of an entirely novel kind, it is composed of separate pieces, each cut in three deep scallops on one side, and extended on the other into a stem, which is turned back, and forms a curved strap. These pieces are of considerable size at the bottom of the cloak, and diminish gradually as they approach the top. The cape is cut square across the bust, and terminates in a point at the waist. The cape itself is small, but it increases to a comfortable size by *epaulettes*, broad on the shoulders, and, like the cape, narrowing towards the bottom of the back, but, instead of ending in a point, as the cape does, they form a fullness, and give a smart finish to the cape. The collar is cut in three large scallops, drawn down at the narrow parts by small bands, and forming four *bouffants*. A boa of ermine is an appropriate and becoming finish to this rich envelope. *Chapeau* of terry velvet, the same colour as the cloak. The front is open, but much smaller than they have lately been worn. The crown is low, and flat at the top, and is tastefully trimmed with *chour* of velvet ribbon. Morning *cornette* of fine thread-lace, with long *mentonniers*. Gloves of blue kid. *Botlines* of silk, golphed with black kid, on morocco leather.

FIG. 2.

Evening dress of *tulle*, over a pink satin slip. The body is made plain, and rather high; with a fall of *tulle*, edged with pink satin, and set on in large plaits. The sleeve is short, and not too full, and has three triplets of doubled satin leaves across the top, a very little below the fall. The skirt has a moderately deep hem, above which is a trimming of pink satin, cut *en feston*, at each point of which is a triplet of satin leaves larger than those on the sleeves. *Cinture* of pink satin. The hair is arranged in two *coques* at the top of the head, and supported by a richly-carved comb of tortoiseshell. The front

hair is dressed full on the temples, not in distinct curls, but fringed *à la reine*. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of gold and pearls. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

FIG. 3.

Carriage dress. Pelisse of merino, colour *brun d'aveline*, corded with *gros de Naples* of the same colour. The *corsage* is plain, and very close to the shape, and over it is an elegant pelerine. It is pointed at the waist, before and behind, and is cut into three straps, on each side of the back, wide at the upper part, and becoming smaller towards the waist, where they meet in a sharp angle under the *ceinture*. The *epaulette*, or jockey, is very large, and divided into two points, joined halfway down by *lanquetter* left on each side, and festooned together by corded knots. The skirt is made quite plain, and very full, especially at the back part. Sleeve large at the top, and of the usual size at the wrist, which is ornamented by a superb gold bracelet. Hat white *moiré*, with soft ostrich feathers, or *marabouts*, and *brides* of satin ribbon. *Collerette* and *mentonnières* of quilled *tulle*. Gloves and shoes of *brun d'aveline*.

PLATE 2, FIG. 1.

Evening dress of *blonde*, worn over a slip of white satin. This splendid dress

has a deep flounce round the skirt, surmounted by a broad band of lace, and a scalloped heading. The *corsage* is made *uni*, and rather *en cœur*, and has over it a very rich stomacher of *blonde*, which is continued over the shoulders, forming deep *epaulettes*, and from thence to the bottom of the waist behind, to match the front. This part of the dress is edged with scalloped *blonde*, with loops of gauze ribbon in front, and on each shoulder. The sleeve is short, finished by a fall of *blonde*, set in naves on a plaited band of ribbon. *Ceinture* of gauze ribbon.

FIG. 2.

Walking dress. Pelisse of crimson terry velvet. The body is made close to the figure. An ornament, forming at once a lappel and an *epaulette*, crosses the bust, ending at the waist in front and back. The collar, of ermine, is large and square, and covers the shoulder to a considerable depth. This is cut *à la imbécille*, and has a deep *manchette* of ermine. A beautiful trimming of progressive scrolls over a plaited band of satin, distinguish this elegant pelisse. The garniture is set on a little *en tablier*, and is carried quite to the bottom of the shirt, having the appearance of covering a part of the deep flounce of ermine which finishes the pelisse.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

Divines of the Church of England, Nos. 'xv. xvi. xvii. — *Family Classical Library*, Nos. xx. xxi. xxii.

THE volumes of the *Divines of the Church of England*, now before us, complete so much of Jeremy Taylor's works as it is intended to give. The last volume (xvii.) contains the whole of his "Holy Living and Dying." We have already expressed our opinion upon the subject of thus mutilating the productions of one of the greatest men England has produced, and we have only to repeat our regret that the mutilation has been deemed expedient. We have, however, five volumes of this distinguished writer, and they possess an intrinsic value; but the possessor of them is not released from the necessity of seeking to procure the remainder of his works; a necessity that cannot fail to diminish the separate sale of this portion of the series. With this exception, we are prepared to reiterate our unqualified approbation of the design and execution of this very valuable undertaking.

The three volumes of the *Family Classical Library*, above enumerated, contain Dr. Smith's elegant and faithful translation of Thucydides. The two next numbers of the *Divines of the Church of England* are to comprise Bishop Hall's "Contemplations:" and the ensuing ones of the *Family Classical Library* "Plutarch's Lives." We suppose it will not be considered as entering within the legitimate scope of the former, to give us also the "Three Centuries of Meditations and Vows, Divine and Moral," or the two books of the "Characters of Virtue and Vice," of the British Seneca.

THE ANNUALS.

We have at length arrived at the period when the splendid tribe of literary and musical offerings, called annuals, demand all our attention, and vie with each other in their claims to priority of notice, and pre-eminence of station. Already we have received, though some of them at a later period of the month than will enable us to do justice to their merits, the two "Forget me nots" of Mr. Ackermann, the elder of which has adopted crimson silk clothing, instead of its paper case; "The Amulet," "The Juvenile Forget me not" of Mrs. Hall, "Friendship's Offering," "The Winter's Wreath," "The Bouquet," Mr. Harrison's "Humourist," "The Comic Offering" of Miss Sheridan, and, for we know not a more appropriate present among the whole tribe, and must class it with the annuals, Mrs. Alexander Kerr's splendid volume of Songs, illustrated with engravings, by Finden and other celebrated artists. The embellishments of Mr. Prout's "Continental Annual" also reached us almost at the eleventh hour, and promise that the work itself will be second to none of the annuals. The literary claims of the Annuals are varied but slender; indeed the system of providing light reading is pretty general, and favouritism produces a large majority of what can at best be termed pretty poetry and amusing tales. "The Amulet," as a whole, takes the lead in literature; it is the furthest removed from frivolity, and combines, with a sprinkling of light, spirited articles, more of solid worth than its rivals aim at. The "Forget me not" of Mr. Ackermann, "Friendship's Offering," and the "Winter's Wreath," have several striking papers, and are equal to any of their predecessors. The "Juvenile Forget me not," are pretty and appropriate; Mrs. Hall, however, is a formidable rival to Ackermann. Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering" is decidedly better than her former volume, there are many irresistible drolleries which give a light and humorous turn to almost every paper, and Mr. Harrison is more happy in his laborious undertaking than he was in last year's "Humourist." "The Bouquet" appears to contain about half original articles, and half selections, among which are some of the most splendid papers that have appeared for the last twenty years in the periodicals of the day, while the original articles, if not equal to their companions, seem to have been written for the embellishments, and to this may be attributed whatever disparagement they may suffer by comparison.

We have given specimens from those which arrived in time, and shall complete the whole in our next number. Leaving, therefore, the selections to speak for their respective works, we dismiss for the present the literary claims of these splendid periodicals.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE ANNUALS.

We are unable to give any thing like a critical notice of the numerous works of art which grace the Annuals, and preferring the absence of all remark to a hurried review, we content ourselves with generally observing that there is an evident improvement throughout the whole, and enumerating the plates of all that we received in time to look over.

THE AMULET.—Presentation Plate. Engraved by R. Wallis; from a Drawing by Henry Corbould.—The Countess of Blessington. Engraved by J. H. Watt; from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.—The Lady Cawdor. Engraved by Charles Marr; from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.—The Marchioness of Londonderry and her Son. Engraved by Charles Rolls, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.—The Death of the First-born. Engraved by W. Greatbach; from a Painting by George Hayter.—The Greek Girl. Engraved by Charles Fox; from a Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.—Venice. Engraved by E. Goodall; from a Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield.—Sophie. Engraved by J. Thomson; from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.—The Death of Eucles. Engraved by S. Sangster; from a Painting by B. R. Haydon.—Corinne. Engraved by R. Goodyear; from a Painting by the Baron Gerard.—The Rising of the Nile.—Engraved by E. Goodall; from a Drawing by David Roberts.—Moonlight. Engraved by C. Marr; from a Painting by W. Boxall.

FORGET ME NOT.—Vignette Title-page. By J. Carter; from a Drawing by H. Corbould.—The Triumph of Mordecai. By E. Finden; from a Design by J. Martin.—Don Juan and Haidee. By W. Finden; from a Drawing by J. Holmes.—Uncle Toby and the Widow. By C. Rolls; from a drawing by H. Richter.—Mariana. By R. Graves, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—The Thunder-storm. By W. Finden; from a Painting by J. Wood.—Toka. By J. Carter; from a Drawing by W. Purser.—The Stage-struck Hero. By T. Engleheart; from a Painting by W. Kidd.—The Frosty Reception. By S. Davenport, from a Painting by W. Buss.—Mayence. By J. Carter, from a Drawing by S. Prout.—The Disappointment. By S. Davenport; from a Drawing by H. Corbould.—La Pensée. By Mrs. Hamilton; from a Painting by J. Holmes.

ACKERMANN'S JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.—Presentation Plate.—Vignette Title-page. By W. Chevalier.—The Vanquished Lion. By T. Landseer; from a Drawing by

E. Landseer, A. R. A.—The Boudoir. By J. Romney; from a Drawing by W. Hunt.—The Little Artist. By H. C. Shenton; from a Painting by T. Passmore.—Returning from Market. By J. Carter; from a Painting by W. Shayer.—The Shepherd Boy. By H. Rolls; from a Painting by H. Warren.—Avvocata. By W. R. Smith; from a Painting by T. Uwins.—William and his Story Books. By W. Chevalier; from a Painting by A. Chisholme.—The Ballad. By W. Chevalier; from a Painting by R. Farrier.

THE WINTER'S WREATH.—The Visionary, a Portrait. Engraved by F. Engleheart, from a Painting by H. Liversseege, in the possession of the Proprietor. (Frontispiece).—The Highland Fortress of Lessing Cray. Engraved by Robert Brandard, from a Drawing by J. Martin, in the possession of the Proprietor.—The Village Suitor's Welcome. Engraved by E. Smith; from a Painting by T. Stothard.—The Wreck. Engraved by W. Miller; from a Painting by Samuel Williamson, in the possession of Mr. Burland, Liverpool.—Allan, the Piper of Mull. Engraved by H. Robinson; from a Drawing by E. Goodall.—Naples. Engraved by E. Goodall; from a Painting by W. Linton, in the possession of P. Rothwell, Esq. of Bolton.—Abbeville. Engraved by A. R. Freebairn; from a Drawing by D. Roberts.—The Vintage Dance. Engraved by H. Robinson; from a Painting by —Platzer, in the collection of P. Rothwell, Esq. Bolton.—Lago di Nemi, Roma. Engraved by R. Brandard; from a Painting by A. Aglio.—The Reply of the Fountain. Engraved by E. Smith; from a Painting by H. Liversseege, intended for the Bolton Institution.—View near the Bavarian Alps. Engraved by R. Wallis; from a Painting by G. Barrett.—Inscription Plate, The Wreath. Engraved by E. Smith.

MRS. S. C. HALL'S JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.—Presentation Plate. Engraved by R. Wallis; from a Drawing by H. Corbould.—The Provence Rose. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff; from a Miniature by Miss Fanny Corboux.—Vignette Title-page. Engraved by Thompson; from a Drawing by Harvey.—The Dead Robin. Engraved by W. Greatback; from a Painting by H. Thompson, R.A.—The Evening Prayer. Engraved by John Bull; from a Painting by B. E. Duppa.—The Young Sportsman. Engraved by C. Marr; from a Painting by R. Farrier.—Gentle Mary Gray. Engraved by J. Stewart; from a Painting by J. Inskipp.—The Gleaner Boy. Engraved by J. C. Edwards; from a Painting by J. Holmes.—Also sixteen Engravings on Wood, by Branston and Wright, and others, from the Designs of Harvey.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.—Lady Carrington. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; in the possession of John Capel, Esq., M.P. (Frontispiece).—The Presentation Plate. Engraved by J. W. Cook; from a Painting by H. Corbould. (Title).—The Fairy of the Lake. Engraved by Edward Finden; from a Drawing by Henry Richter.—The Poet's Dream. Engraved by J. Goodyear; from a Painting by R. Westall, R.A.—The Embarkation. Engraved by R. Brandard; from a Drawing by J. Whichelo; in the possession of the Rev. W. Carmalt.—The Orphan. Engraved by H. C. Shenton; from a Painting by J. Holmes.—Expectation. Engraved by William Finden; from a Painting by E. C. Wood.—The Greek Mother. Engraved by Henry Rolls; from a Painting by H. Corbould.—The Dismal Tale. Engraved by H. C. Shenton; from a Painting by T. Stothard, R.A.—The Palace. Engraved by Edward Finden; from a Drawing by W. Purser.—Myrrhina and Nyrtio. Painted by John Wood. Engraved by T. A. Dean.—The Prediction. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from a Painting by A. Johanot.

THE BOUQUET.—Portrait of the Queen.—A Sea-Fight.—Katy Cheyne.—Moonlight Visit.—Frightened at Nothing.—The Enraged Exciseman.—Scene in the Life of an Actor.—Chedder Cliff.—View in Italy.—The Absent Fisherman.—The Card Party.—Merry Cottagers.—Claudine.—The Return.—View in Venice.—The Peasant's Child.—St. Peter's Priory.—Splendid Emblematical Title-page.

MRS. ALEXANDER KERR'S MUSICAL VOLUME, *Vignette Title-page*, by W. Finden; from R. Westall, R. A.—Dedication.—The Circumcision, by Charles Rolls; from A. E. Chalons, R. A.—The Fairy Bark, by J. J. Johnstone; from Westall; and twelve Vignette Tail-Pieces to as many songs, of which we must say something hereafter.

MR. PROUT'S CONTINENTAL ANNUAL.—Roman Column at Igel, near Treves. Engraved by S. Fisher, ornamented as a Title-page by F. W. Topham.—Cathedral Town, Antwerp. Engraved by W. Floyd.—View in Ghent. Engraved by J. H. Vernot.—View in Nuremberg. Engraved by E. J. Roberts.—City and Bridge of Prague. Engraved by Le Keux.—Church of St. Pierre at Caen. Engraved by James Carter.—Place St. Antoine at Padua. Engraved by E. J. Roberts.—Port and Lake of Como. Engraved by T. Barber.—Rouen Cathedral. Engraved by W. Wallis.—The Porta Nigra, or Roman Ruin at Treves. Engraved by E. J. Roberts.—View in Metz. Engraved by T. Barber.—Hotel de Ville at Brussels. Engraved by E. J. Roberts.—City and Bridge of Dresden. The whole from Drawings by Mr. Prout.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 30th Sept., in Portman Square, the Hon. Mrs. Montagu, of a daughter.
At the Dowager Lady Radstock's, No. 4, Park Square, the Hon. Mrs. C. A. St. John Mildmay, of a daughter.
On the 29th, at Pitfour, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, of a daughter.
On the 4th, at Culverthorpe, the Hon. Mrs. Handley, of a daughter.
On the 19th, at Orierton, Pembrokeshire, the Lady of Sir John Owen, Bart., of a son.
On the 28th, in South Audley Street, the Lady of the Hon. E. Stafford Jerningham, of a son.
On the 18th, in Dublin, the Lady of the Hon. Robert King, of a son.
On the 17th Oct., in Devonshire, the Lady of Sir Ralph Lopes, Bart., M.P., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 18th Sept., in St. Michael's Church, Trenton, New Jersey, Prince Lucia Murat, second son of Joachim Murat, the late Ex-King of Naples, to Carolina Georgina, youngest daughter of the late Major Thomas Frazer, of South Carolina.
On the 20th, at the Marquis of Northampton's, Castle Ashby, the Baron de Normann, Secretary of Legation to his Prussian Majesty at Hamburg, to Wilmina, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Maclean Clephane, of Carslogie and Torlonsk, N. B.
On the 8th Oct., at St. Mary's, Robert North Collie Hamilton, Esq., eldest son of Sir Frederick Hamilton, Bart., to Constance, daughter of General Sir George Anson, K.C.B., M.P.
On the 5th, at Aldingbourne, Sussex, James Wentworth Buller, Esq., of Downes, county of Devon, M. P. for the City of Exeter, to Charlotte Juliana Jane, third daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.
At Betchworth, in Surrey, Mr. Sergeant Goulburn, to the Hon. Catherine Montagu, sister of Lord Rokeby.
On the 18th Oct., at Sandbach Church, Cheshire, the Rev. Henry Spencer Markham, of Clifton Rectory, county of Notts, to Sophia Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir John L. Kaye, Bart., of Denby Grange, Yorkshire.
On the 20th, at All Souls, Marylebone, Adam Askew, of Redheugh, in the County Palatine of Durham, Esq., to Elizabeth, sixth daughter of the late Sir Richard Rycroft, of Everlands, in the county of Kent, Bart.
On the 12th, at St. Nicholas Church, Galway, John Gunning Plunkett, Esq., of Cloose, county Roscommon, cousin to the Duke of Argyll and Earl of Coventry, to Jane, third daughter of the late Francis Kelly, Esq., of Liss Kelly, in the county of Galway.

DEATHS.

- On the 17th Sept., at his residence, Reynshambank, Cheltenham, in his 88th year, the Hon. Robert Moore, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Marquis of Drogheda.
On the 20th, at Buxton, in his 84th year, S. E. Rice, Esq., father of the Right Hon. T. S. Rice, Esq., M. P.
On the 20th, at his residence, Burghfield Lodge, Berks, in his 70th year, the Hon. Frederick Lumley, elder brother to the Earl of Scarborough.
On the 24th, at Brighton, the Hon. C. W. Lambton, eldest son of Lord Durham, in his 14th year.
On the 2nd Oct., at Wheatfield, Oxon, in his 35th year, the Rev. Frederick Charles Spencer, Rector of Wheatfield, and grandson of the late Lord Charles Spencer.
Groby Ferrers, third son of the late Edward Ferrers, Esq., and Lady Harriet Ferrers.
On the 12th, at his house in Beaumont Street, Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., in his 83rd year, elder brother of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.
On the 11th, in Grenville Street, Brunswick Square, Janet Murray Ogilvie, second daughter of the late Sir William Ogilvie, of Boyne, Bart.
On the 18th, at her residence, the Grange, near Ellesmere, Lady Tara, relict of Lord Tara, and second daughter of the late T. J. Powys, Esq., of Berwick House, Salop.



N°3

N°4

ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Etched by Cheeseman

FOR THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE

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ENGLISH FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Etched by Chesnut & Co.

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

DECEMBER, 1831.

Embellishments. :

VIEW OF ST. PETER'S PRIORY.

VIEW OF CHEDDAR CLIFFS. :

THREE GROUPS OF LADIES IN FASHIONABLE ENGLISH COSTUME, FOR DECEMBER.
Etched by Cheesman, from original Models and Drawings.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONG our accessions of literary strength for the new year will be found the contributions of Miss Jane Porter, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, &c., and of a distinguished and favourite writer in Blackwood.

We find it impossible to close our volume without a Supplement ; which, however, will be published gratis, with the January number.

ADVICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Complete your sets. The four scarce numbers WILL NOT be reprinted.

We have, in deference to our American friends, coloured a plate for them ; but we suspect our English subscribers will discard it, which they *may* do without breaking in upon their volume.

A court end bookseller, the last who ought to neglect the *Royal Lady's Magazine*, is more than suspected of wilfully, though vainly, endeavouring to retard its progress. To those who have had their numbers kept back till after the first of the month, we have only to observe, that during the whole year it has been published on the last day of the preceding month, and that they will do well to mark any seeming carelessness in respect to us, by transferring their orders for the *Royal Lady's Magazine* and other favours to more attentive booksellers.

The "Kitchen Tea-party in Rathbone Place" was funny enough, melancholy as was the occasion, but the account is more fitting the *Morning Post* than the *Royal Lady's Magazine*.

Poor Margaret's case is deplorable, and her deceiver a consummate, heartless villain, alike reckless of causes and of consequences, of honour and of crime ; his affectation of religion, and attendance at divine worship fills up the measure of as abandoned a wretch as ever disgraced humanity. We hope Margaret is satisfied with our opinion, and with our pity for a victim so young. Her "Tale of Real Distress" is not adapted to our work.

The proprietors of the *Bouquet* request us to state, that the assertion of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, that the engravings of the *Bouquet* were "all published before," is a wilful and deliberate falsehood, and that his subsequent apology, and the admission that he had not examined the work when he noticed it, are as disgraceful (if any thing can disgrace the *Literary Gazette*) as the lie which called for the explanation. We copy the man's assumed reason for the apology, because it affords a specimen of the grammar of an individual who has the effrontery to praise or condemn, as pay or prejudice may dictate, the writings of other people. "It is only the strict sense of justice and love of perfect truth which induces us," &c. &c.

To several correspondents, who complain of the political bias of the reviewer of Moore's *Fitzgerald*, we would observe that the talent of a writer will always overcome a good many of our political scruples.

To the article "The Approaching Revolution," in our last, we omitted the signature "WILLIAM."

Among the novelties for the new year, we may mention a series of papers, entitled *The Florist*, with coloured Illustrations, the first being a review of Chandler and Buckingham's splendid work upon the *Camelia Japonica*, with a specimen of that beautiful flower, reared from seed in England.

Many favours are unavoidably omitted ; "The Algerine", and "Quiet Lodgings." were actually in type, as were also notices of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, and six or seven other works, and ten or twelve pieces of music, songs, &c.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."

Dedication to the Queen.

DECEMBER, 1831.

THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION.

No. II.

THE KING'S PROCLAMATION.

WILLIAM REX.

WHEREAS certain of our subjects, in different parts of our kingdom, have recently promulgated plans for voluntary associations under the denomination of Political Associations, to be composed of separate bodies, with various divisions and subdivisions, under leaders with a gradation of ranks and authority, and distinguished by certain badges, and subject to the general control and direction of a superior committee or council, for which associations no warrant has been given by us, or by any appointed by us, on that behalf; and whereas, according to the plans so promulgated, as aforesaid, a power appears to be assumed of acting independently of the civil magistrates, to whose requisition calling upon them to be enrolled as constables the individuals composing such associations are bound, in common with the rest of our subjects, to yield obedience; and whereas, such associations, so constituted and appointed, under such separate direction and command, are obviously incompatible with the faithful performance of this duty, at variance with the acknowledged principles of the constitution, and subversive of the authority with which we are invested, as the supreme head of the state, for the protection of the public peace; and whereas, we are determined to maintain, against all encroachments on our royal power, those just prerogatives of the crown which have been given to us for the preservation of the peace and order of society, and for the general advantage and security of our loyal subjects; we have therefore thought it our bounden duty, with and by the advice of our privy council, to issue this our royal proclamation, declaring all such associations, so constituted and appointed, as aforesaid, to be unconstitutional and illegal, and earnestly warning and enjoining all our subjects to abstain from entering into such unauthorized

combinations, whereby they may draw upon themselves the penalties attending a violation of the laws, and the peace and security of our dominions may be endangered.

Given at our Court, at St. James's, this 21st day of November, 1831, in the second year of our reign.

God save the King.

There is no way by which I can so effectively analyze this extraordinary document, and show its real character, as by breaking it up into a series of "Texts and Comments." Every sentence will thus receive its due remark, and every sentence calls for remark.

TEXT.¹

"Whereas certain of our subjects in different parts of our kingdom, have recently promulgated plans for voluntary associations, under the denomination of Political Associations."

COMMENT.

Where, and in what parts, of the kingdom of England have there been formed *any* combinations of persons under the denomination of Political Associations? No-where: but POLITICAL UNIONS, illegal, dangerous, unconstitutional, revolutionary POLITICAL UNIONS, have sprung up every where; in every city, town, borough, hamlet, and parish, where fifty disaffected persons can be found, there you will find a POLITICAL UNION. What then is the reason of this paltry equivocation—of this shuffling with the public safety? Either the ministers dare not array themselves against their supporters, their ONLY supporters, the UNIONISTS—or else they are secretly, and in heart, *their* supporters! Read, as an additional "comment" upon this "text," the following (a sister-proclamation) by the Council of the National Political Union, and published almost cheek-by-jole with the Royal one, in the *Times*. "National Political Union. Royal Proclamation. To the Editor of the *Times*. Sir,—In consequence of the mis-statements in some of the evening papers upon the subject of the proclamation relating to Political Unions, and the strong excitement which it has occasioned in the public mind, we, as members of the council, think it necessary to state that the proclamation *does not apply* to the National Political Union, *nor* to the *great majority of Unions now in existence*. The proclamation is, in fact, *little more than a copy of* 'the Laws relating to Political Associations,' put forth some few days ago by this Union, and now in the hands of its members. Crown and Anchor, Strand, Nov. 22." This is pretty nearly the truth. The king is made to do journey-work for the National Political Union. Moreover, he is made to enact the part of the renowned knight of La Mancha, by fighting with windmills instead of giants.

TEXT.

"To be composed of separate bodies, with various divisions under leaders, with a gradation of ranks and authority; and distinguished by certain badges, and subject to the general control and direction of a superior committee or council, for which associations no warrant has been given by us, or by any appointed by us on that behalf."

COMMENT.

This is meant to designate the Birmingham radicals—the 150,000 loyal souls who sung "God save the King," when they met to agree (as they *did* agree, by their *cheers*) not to pay the king's taxes, and to do sundry other equally patriotic and affectionate things towards his Majesty. *They have* formed themselves into separate bodies, with various divisions, subdivisions, gradations of rank, &c. &c.; but they are *not* a Political Association; they call themselves a POLITICAL UNION; and the proclamation, therefore, does *not* apply to them by name, whatever it may do by implication.

TEXT.

"And whereas, according to the plans so promulgated as aforesaid, a power appears to be assumed of acting independently of the civil magistrates, to whose requisition, calling upon them to be enrolled as constables, the individuals composing such associations are bound, in common with the rest of our subjects, to yield obedience."

COMMENT.

What! when the whole country is looking aghast at these unions, as knowing their existence to be incompatible with that of the throne, the government, and the constitution, is it credible, that the king's ministers can advise the king to proclaim that the

ONLY inconvenience HE and THEY discover; in them is, that the persons so associated may be thus prevented from acting as constables!!! There is no other danger!—no other embarrassment!!—no other objection!!! It “appears,” for even this fact is not asserted—but it *appears*, forsooth, that what they are doing is likely to stand in the way of their being enrolled as constables, and therefore—this proclamation is issued! Alas! it is too grave a thing to jest with: else—how irresistibly the mind reverts to the instructions of Dogberry to his companions of the watch; how naturally we picture to ourselves “Dogberry and Verges, two foolish officers,” when we think of those by whom this proclamation was advised, framed, and put forth! Now, what have the Birmingham Unionists, and any other unionists (if any others there be, to whom the proclamation applies) to do, in order to get rid of this tremendous charge? Simply to issue a proclamation of their own, declaring their readiness to serve as constables, whenever they are required, and there is an end at once—of the danger? No—but of the proclamation.

TEXT.

“And whereas, such associations, so constituted and appointed, under such separate direction and command, are obviously *incompatible with the faithful performance of this duty (!!!)* at variance with the acknowledged principles of the constitution, and subversive of the authority with which we are invested as the supreme head of the state, for the protection of the public peace; and whereas, we are determined to maintain, against all encroachments on our royal power, those prerogatives of the crown which have been given to us for the preservation of the peace and order of society, and for the general advantage and security of our loyal subjects.”

COMMENT.

I can only refer (quotations would be too voluminous) to “Rushworth’s Historical Collections,” or to “Husband’s Collection of all Remonstrances, Declarations, Proclamations, &c.” 1642, for various Proclamations of Charles I. in the *beginning of his* struggle with the people. The reader will see how “determined” he too was, “to maintain, against all encroachments on his royal power, the just prerogatives of his crown”—see it expressed in almost the same words. But the people, who then, as now, had begun to “associate” (though they did not sing “God save the King,” as at Birmingham, and at Bristol, while it was in flames), invariably assured him they were so brimful of loyalty, that they could not think of laying down their arms or dissolving their unions, till they had rescued his royal person out of the hands of his enemies. We know what followed!

TEXT.

“We have therefore thought it our bounden duty, with and by the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our royal proclamation, declaring all such associations, so constituted and appointed as aforesaid, to be unconstitutional and illegal; and earnestly warning and enjoining all our subjects to abstain from entering into such unauthorized combinations, whereby they may draw upon themselves the penalties attending a violation of the laws, and the peace and security of our dominions may be endangered.”

COMMENT.

How lamb-like, how gentle, how considerate! First, his majesty is made to appear alarmed at the prospect of difficulties in the way of his loyal subjects acting as constables; then, he only “warns and enjoins them” to abstain from doing any thing that may *appear* to prevent their becoming constables; and lastly, he only tells them, that if they do persist in so conducting themselves, “they may,” perhaps, not that they *will*—oh no!—but if they are very perverse, very obstinate, very naughty, they *may, possibly*, “draw upon themselves the penalties attending a violation of the laws!!” Is this the language of AUTHORITY or of FEAR? Is it the language of a government confident alike in its power and its honest determination to exert that power, or of a government conscious of NEITHER? The king is made to declare that certain acts are “at variance with the acknowledged principles of the constitution;” that “they are subversive of his authority;” and, having declared this, he goes no further than to “earnestly warn and enjoin” the parties to abstain from what they are about, lest they

should "draw upon themselves the penalties of violating the laws!" Oh this amiable meekness! How prophetically it shows us our real situation. Men do not entreat men to "sin no more," except when they are powerless to punish the sins they have committed. The stern voice of law and justice does not sink into the plaintive key of persuasion and admonition, and contingent punishments, till circumstances have taught the homely proverb, never to show your teeth unless you are able to bite. A government disdains to coax sedition back to loyalty, unless it feels that if it cannot wheedle, it is still less able to enforce.

TEXT.

"Given at our Court at St. James's, this 21st day of November, 1831, and in the second year of our reign. *God save the King.*"

COMMENT.

Amen! with all my heart. But, unless Shakspeare be right, my response is vain.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

It is this "divinity," or nothing, that must stand between causes and their natural effects.

WILLIAM.

A SERENADE.

COME forth, come forth, 'tis the witching hour,
When beauty, and music, and love have pow'r;
Fancy has spread her gleaming wings,
The heart is alive to gentle things;
Come forth—the moonlight is flooding the sea—
Hinda, come forth, come forth to me!

Come forth, come forth, while the night-wind sighs,
While the wave is murmur'ing its soft replies;
The stars are spangling the water's breast,
Like jewelled studs on a purple vest;
Come forth—'tis the hour for the fond and free—
Hinda, come forth, come forth to me!

Come forth, come forth—'neath the moonlight fair
The mermaid is braiding her sea-green hair;
Painted shells are strown on the strand,
To tempt the touch of thy fairy hand;
Come forth, 'tis thy fond one is waiting thee—
Hinda, come forth, come forth to me!

S.S.

TITLED AUTHORS.

THE KEEPSAKE, FOR 1832.

It may have been fancy (and we dare say it was)—but when we took hold of this crimson-bound, golden-edged volume, we thought we felt a kind of convulsive, heaving, palpitating motion under our hand, and heard a mournful rustling among the leaves, very like what the wind always produces (in a novel) through the leaves of a sentimental grove, where a despairing lover is meditating upon hanging himself. It rather startled us; the more so, because upon opening it, the same strange delusion seemed to produce a flutter of soft sighs and gentle moanings, as if issuing from an assembly of persons expecting some great disaster. While we were pondering upon

these mysterious circumstances, and wondering what they could mean, our ears were assailed with a confused cry, or murmur, of whispering voices, that seemed to come from various parts of the volume, and sounded for all the world like these words: "Spare us! spare us! Have mercy upon us! have mercy upon us!" We are wholly unable to explain these phenomena, unless it be that the souls of the last *Keepsake* (which has been dead, we know, since last February) are condemned to do penance in the body of the present one; and have so lively a remembrance of their former sufferings, that when they found themselves in the very same situation again, they could not refrain from giving audible, visible, and sensible expression to their terror. If this explanation be not satisfactory, we cannot help it; but the reader may rely upon the fact, which happened exactly as we have stated it.

Well, then. Here we have before us the *Keepsake*, for 1832. But we *desiderate* (as our friend the Lord Chancellor told the Earl of Harrowby)—we *desiderate*—(the phrase is horribly pedantic)—the luminous pen of the Editor, Mr. Frederic Mansell Reynolds. No preface (as there was last year), to herald the "illustrious names," and bespeak indulgence for the modest presumption of the anonymi: no "moral song," (as there was last year), about

Let it pass
For, alas!
And we must
Turn to dust.

Except, indeed, the name in the title-page, and the usual quantity of blunders in the body of the work, there is absolutely nothing to testify the superintendence of Mr. Frederic Mansell Reynolds. Wherefore is this? It is a great loss to us, who have a natural fondness for whatever is ridiculous. [N.B. We prohibit Mr. Reynolds, or any one else, from adding, "that is the reason of your own inordinate *self-love*."] We intend to dichotomize.—"To do what?" we hear a score of sweet ladies tongues exclaim. Heaven forgive us! The Lord Chancellor's pedantry has so infected us, that sober English words, with sober English meanings, appear flat and insipid. However, we beg pardon. We cannot recal the word; but those ladies who are over-curious, and will not believe us when we say there is no harm in dichotomize, must run to their dictionaries and satisfy themselves. We shall go on: but after another fashion.

Every thing about us, every thing in the political, the religious, and the moral world, is changing places, or getting ready to do so. The kitchen is preparing to walk up stairs into the parlour, the garret to walk down stairs into the drawing-room; and we, in the spirit of the times, intend to pay our respects to the *untitled* authors of the *Keepsake* before the *titled* ones. The latter, among whom we include all M. P.s, must wait till January; but the former shall have justice at once.

Silence! Order in the court! Place the "author of *Frankenstein*," *alias* Mrs. Shelley, at the bar. "Prisoner, we have seen your face before. If we remember rightly, you were convicted of petty larceny; you stole a 'new black coat' from the fire-side of a person unknown; besides maltreating two other persons, called Grammar and Syntax. But let us hear what you are charged with now."

If our readers have "done us the honour to remember" (as they say in Parliament) what we wrote last January (*vide*, "Titled Authors," p. 39), they will recollect that we then stuck fast in the middle of a metaphorical passage, and was forced to give it up. The same fate pursues us now. We foresee many serious difficulties in continuing this juridical form of criticism; so without further apology we beg leave to discard it, and do our business in the usual way of persons of our calling.

The first piece, by an untitled author, is "The Dream, a Tale," by the author of *Frankenstein*. The tale itself is founded upon a tolerably pretty legend; but it is told in that tawdry style of inflated prose, stuffed with epithets, and sprinkled with half-obsolete poetical phrases, in which Mrs. Shelley delighteth; and in which, we suppose, there be readers who delight, though we, certainly, are not of the number.

Mrs. Shelley, for example, cannot mention the sun, without calling it "the *journeying*

* See "Titled Authors" in the *Royal Lady's Magazine* for January last, p. 41, where this offence is clearly established against the "author of *Frankenstein*."

sun" (p. 24); and the sun cannot shine through the trees; it must "*rain its beams*" through the "*leafy coverts*;" and her heroine cannot feel distressed in a castle; oh no—she must have a "*dull sorrow which clutches her heart with an unrelenting pang beneath her castle roof.*" (*ib.*) Again: her hero, if he make love, it must be in a "*leafy star-lit bower*" (p. 26); or the enamoured pair must meet "*during many a summer night in moon-lit dells*;" and when "*daylight is abroad*" (that is, when it is daylight, only "*daylight abroad*" is much finer), then they fly to a "*sweet recess to avoid its scrutiny*" (p. 27). The *scrutiny of daylight abroad!* What an advantage a writer has, who does not consider it necessary to know the meaning of words.

To say that a lady smiles is very commonplace; but to say that a "*smile wreathes her lips*" (p. 36), must be beautiful; especially as it presents itself to the mind associated with what is exquisitely beautiful, the following familiar passage in Milton *L'Allegro*:

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek.

By the same rules of fine writing, "*unkempt locks*" (p. 37), is much more dignified, much more expressive, than "*uncombed*;" and tears "*stealing from dark lashes*" (p. 36), must not be objected to, though *lash* as a substitute for *eye-lash*, be notoriously wrong. If, too, you wish to describe a person who is extremely agitated, what is the use of mincing the matter? Say boldly, and at once, that "*you can see her heart beat, as it lifted her fair hands crossed above*" (p. 36). The reader is sure to stare at such an uncommon palpitation; and the more you make him stare and wonder, the more you "*elevate and surprise*" him. Among beauties of this kind are to be reckoned a river, whose waters, "*though ever changeful* (i. e., *full of change, see any dictionary*), *are yet the same*" (p. 34); and "*an aristocracy of the soul*," which consists in the accidents of birth and fortune, &c. &c. "*And can passion play such freaks with us!—like death, levelling even the aristocracy of the soul, and bringing noble and peasant, the wise and foolish, under one thralldom?*" (p. 31.) We do not quarrel with the image—we like it on the contrary; and would push it much further, and talk of the *monarchy of the head, the aristocracy of the soul, and the democracy of the feet*—king, lords, and commons, in the body natural, with a place for the bench of bishops in the heart. But what we object to is, making the *soul* a party to the question whether a man is born in a cottage or a palace.

We could easily multiply these specimens of the tawdry in writing, by birds which never sing, but "*weaken silence*;" by "*the rustling of boughs*" not being heard, but "*meeting the ears*" (p. 24), &c. &c.; while there is scarcely a sentence which is free from unmeaning epithets (such as falling into "*cold water*" when you tumble into a river (p. 24), "*dear recollections of a past life*" (p. 24), &c. But *cui bono*? Enough is as good as a feast. They who fancy this haberdashery—this frippery of style, will not be taught by us to rate it at its true value; and they who do not, will hardly thank us for nauseating them with more. Mrs. Shelley, however, is not the only dealer in these small wares. The age is overstocked with them: tinsel and glitter, words divorced from ideas, and ideas divorced from each other, are the chief stock in trade of the bulk of modern writers.

Before we take our leave of Mrs. Shelley, we would observe that it is a great pity she does not get some friend (the editor of the *Keepsake* is evidently incompetent, or he would not allow the blemishes to remain) to correct her grammar. It is "*too bad*," when the "*schoolmaster is abroad*" (as we have been told he is), to have our ears offended with such boarding-school sentences as these:

"But, could Constance, *her* (she) whose beauty was so highly intellectual, and whom he had heard perpetually praised for her strength of mind and talents, could she be so strangely infatuated?" (p. 31). Or, "*if it was decreed, that she must sacrifice all, the risk of danger and of death were* (was) *of trifling import, in comparison,*" &c. &c. (p. 32).

THE STAR OF THE PACIFIC.

By J. A. St. John.

This is a well written tale of pure nonsense! Mr. St. John's style is fluent, agreeable, sometimes highly effective; but his subject is so ridiculously improbable, nay

impossible, that an ordinary child of twelve years would fling it aside with contempt, if required to believe it. Imagine a person, "the only son of the late General Brown, in Upper Harley Street, and born in the year 1793" (for thus Mr. St. John introduces his hero), returning from India with a complaint in his eyes, which becomes so bad during the voyage, that he wholly loses his sight. There is no great difficulty in imagining this, it will be said. Granted; but it will require a very extraordinary imagination indeed to swallow the rest. Very soon after he is blind, Mr. Brown is shipwrecked, the vessel strikes upon a rock, goes to pieces, and the passengers and crew go—God knows where!—but most probably to the bottom; for Mr. Brown never *hears* any thing more of them, and he could not see what became of them. Must not Mr. Brown's situation have been dreadful? One would think so. Let what would happen to the rest, there was nothing for him in his afflicting condition but inevitable death. No such thing. The ship strikes upon one rock, and Mr. Brown is wonderfully popped by a good-natured wave into a snug crevice of another. "Tis true, upon my honour—what will you lay it's a lie?" as Major Longbow would say. Here Mr. Brown sits, like an owl in an ivy-bush, till he is tired of his lodging, and then, most miraculously, (when the storm is over) contrives to let himself down upon the beach. He tumbles over something which he discovers to be a woman, from the smoothness of the chin; and, being a woman, he has no doubt she was one of the kind ladies who, after blindness came upon him, used to sing, read, and talk to him, out of pity for his misfortune; so he buries her under a heap of stones, which he scrambles together in the best way he can. This done, he begins his journey. He gropes his way from the sea shore to the interior of the island; comes to a river; finds out its breadth by flinging stones across, and that it is too deep to ford, by sounding the bottom with a long staff, which he got—we really forget how—but he picked it up somewhere as he went along. Mr. Brown is now in a brown study how to get across this river. He does not like to wet his clothes lest he should catch cold by sleeping in them afterwards. He takes them off, therefore, ties them up into a bundle, puts the bundle on the top of his head, and finds it too large. He then very sagaciously determines to throw his coat, waistcoat, and—&c. together with his shoes, stockings, hat, and all the other etceteras of a gentleman's walking wardrobe, one by one, over the river, and has the indescribable satisfaction of not hearing any one of them plump into the water; whence he very naturally concludes they all arrived safely. Now, if any thing will make a man swim a river, it is when he is on one side of it, and his clothes on the other. In, therefore, jumps Mr. Brown, and swims like a fish. But there be some fishes, we believe (we speak hesitatingly, because, though we read old Isaac Walton regularly once a-year, we never angled for a gudgeon in our life) that cannot swim against the stream. Be that ichthyological fact as it may, however, it is certain Mr. Brown could not—for the stream carried him so far out of his straight line, that when he arrived on the other side, a man might as well hope to find a spangle, dropped in Cheapside the day before, as to walk to the identical spot where his coat, waistcoat, and—&c. had alighted. Mr. Brown was now in a pretty predicament. He wished, when it was too late, he had carried his clothes with him; because, even if they had got a little wet, in a warm climate like that (*i. e.*, somewhere in the Pacific), it would have been no such great hardship for Mr. Brown to sit down till they were dry again; whereas now, he must necessarily find himself (as indeed he says he did, though not in those words) "uncommon uncomfortable." However, on he walks, and comes to a forest, where he hears the chattering of innumerable monkeys; and being by this time tolerably hungry, the monkeys (as if they knew it) begin to pelt him with "a shower of large hard fruit," which, though they gave his body some confounded knocks, proved very serviceable to his stomach. Let a man be never so hungry, however, he would soon get tired of having quartern loaves and turkeys flung at his head; and this was Mr. Brown's feeling. In self defence he begins to pelt the monkeys with their own missiles, and taking excellent aim with his ears (throwing in the direction of the sound of the chattering), he was fortunate enough to knock some of them down, when the rest, like rank cowards as they are, took to their heels, and left Mr. Brown to eat his supper without further molestation.

Mr. Brown now wanders about the island for two or three days, meeting with all sorts of adventure that could never happen, and doing all sorts of things which a person, in

his situation, could never do; till at last "the scent of baked meat entered his nostrils" (p. 58). Man has been defined "a cooking animal"—the only animal that cooks its food; and Mr. Brown, in the spirit of this definition, came to the logical conclusion that the smell of baked meat was an evidence that he "was approaching the presence of his fellow-creatures." (*ib.*) His conclusion was right; though as it was a tribe of savages, who were in the habit of cooking each other occasionally, and probably prized a bit of white man as we do venison or muir-fowl, he was in danger (as he afterwards learns) of being baked himself, had not the chief's daughter, the lovely *Shazaly*,* pleaded for him. His life is spared—he is conducted to the chief's hut—falls in love with the amiable savage, Miss *Shazaly* (who had already fallen in love with him, having first taught him the Ooencemookapoka, or some such language), and marries her according to the "custom of the country," i. e., by taking hold of each other's hand, plunging head over ears into the sea, and rising up—wet and married. But their union is concealed from *Shazaly*'s father, who would have refused his consent, not because Mr. Brown "was a foreigner, but that, by his misfortune, he was incapacitated from succeeding to his rude sceptre, which, as he had no son, must devolve to his daughter's husband" (p. 60). Time, however, that garrulous old tell-tale, brought about something which made it impossible for Mrs. Brown to deceive her father much longer; so, to avoid the fatal consequences of his resentment, they fly into the mountains and live in a cavern, where, just as Mrs. Brown is near her confinement, there happened a tremendous thunder-storm, that introduces an equally tremendous flash of lightning, which, contrary to the general practice of flashes of lightning, restores Mr. Brown to sight, a day or two before Mrs. Brown was in want of a nurse! So far so good—but Mrs. Brown is only "as well as can be expected," when her father discovers their retreat—is going to kill them both, but is so touched with the innocence and beauty of his little grandson, that, instead of doing so, he throws away his hatchet and takes Master Brown upon his knee. Every thing is now *couleur de rose*—they all return to the paternal wigwam: Mr. Brown becomes one of the tribe, by virtue of being regularly tattooed; his father-in-law dies in due time, and Mr. Brown succeeds to his "rude sceptre." Wishing, however, to see his native land once again before he settles in the South Seas, he makes a trip to England with his wife, in a whaler, finds both his parents had been dead many years, "leaving him the heir of all their wealth," which he "converts into such articles as might be most useful to his new countrymen, and prepares to return as quickly as possible to the Pacific." Meanwhile, he determines to spend a winter in Paris, that Mrs. Brown might have an "opportunity of seeing the second capital in Europe;" and, we suppose, of taking home with her a few French fashions, laces, gloves, silks, &c. It is true, he meets with the person to whom he relates this history of himself, and which he concludes thus: "In the summer I shall return to the island, where, if I fail in the attempt to civilize my wild countrymen, I shall myself be content to become a savage with *Shazaly*."

We have thus given a faithful summary of the incidents of Mr. St. John's "Star of the Pacific." We have said, and we repeat, that he has *written* his tale well, with much command of language, and considerable force of situation; but what can compensate for, or overcome, these inherent absurdities? The demand is made upon us that we are to suppose such nonsense might be, for it is not presented to us like the *monstrosities* of German romance; and in this point of view, Mr. St. John might just as well have attempted to describe a man without legs, shuffling himself along in a wooden bowl to make the tour of Europe, ascend Mont Blanc and cross the Pyrenees.

THE CHAMPION.

By Mrs. Charles Gore.

One of those tales which, forty years ago, would have been a gem for *the Lady's Magazine*. Mrs. Gore has chosen the times of Henry VII. for her story; but she cannot make her characters either think or talk in the spirit of that age. Rowe fancied he

* This name, composed of the words *sha, zai, illee*, strictly signifies "the star of the water-plain," which is the appellation these savages apply to the ocean; but as the only ocean with which they are acquainted is the Pacific, I have used it in that restricted sense (i. e., the Star of the Pacific), in the epigraph (p. 70).

wrote like Shakspeare in *Jane Shore*, because he used "beshrew me!"—"marry!"—"anon!" and other customary phrases of Shakspeare's style. So Mrs. Gore (and not Mrs. Gore alone, but nine-tenths of our modern antiques), believe they embody feudal barons, knights of chivalry, and ladies, their peerless loves, when they call a necklace a "a carcanet," a veil "a wimple," clothes "gear," footmen "serving-men," and housemaids "maidens;" all which give us just as lively an idea of what they are intended to do, as if a tailor were to put on one of the suits of armour in the Tower, and swear he was one of the barons who signed Magna Charta at Runnymede.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

By *Joseph Jekyll*.

A *jeu d'esprit* of a page and a half, which we could laugh at after dinner, from the lips of Mr. Jekyll himself; but not even then, unless we had had our second bottle, before which we are never good-natured enough to laugh at *every thing*.

EDITH.

By *L. E. L.*

It is very strange (and we only mention it on that account), but it is very strange (and therefore we cannot help mentioning it), that L. E. L. and Mr. Jerdan should be so fond of writing about scandal and little children. Our friend Jerdan has two pieces in this volume—one is about a baby, and the other about "poor Miss M.'s affair," and "poor Emma Hall," who is at last "detected." L. E. L. has four pieces, and two of them are about little children going to heaven. We say again this is very strange; and having said so again, we shall say no more.

"Edith" is like every thing Miss Landon writes, full of pretty words that have a jingling flow, which the *Literary Gazette* swears is poetry. Get at the meaning of these pretty words (when they have any, which is not always the case), and nothing can be more puerile, silly, affected, and commonplace. Here are our proofs, for we disdain the skulking, assassin-like criticism, of censuring without making our readers *our* judges. "Edith" begins thus:

Weep not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave;
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave:
And make the sod we're spreading fair,
For her who sleeps below;
We might not bear to lay her there
In winter frost and snow.

We beg to be informed what difference there is between burying those we love in spring and in winter? You see what childish nonsense it is, when tried by the unerring test of what is good—the sense. But the lines run glibly, and glib lines, says the *Literary Gazette*, must be poetry. Again:

We never hoped to keep her long,
When but a fairy child,
With dancing-step and bird-like song,
And eyes that only smiled.

Eyes that only smile must be, metaphorically, eyes that never cry—very extraordinary eyes indeed for a child of flesh and blood that is ever washed in cold water, or has ever had a piece of lollipop snatched out of its hands. But this, to be sure, is a "fairy child," with "a dancing step" and a "bird-like song." And as we have never happened to meet with *such* children, we cannot pretend to say how they behave themselves. Again:

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes;
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies!

And so, because she had clear blue eyes, it was to be expected she would die! "No," says L. E. L., "not on that account merely, for listen—

Too changeable the rose which shed
Its colour on her face;
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

One faint trace of what? A passionate red? And what does a passionate red mean? If we were talking of children in general, we could understand it, for the imps are very passionate at times, and their little cheeks glow like scarlet: but L. E. L.'s child was not one of these, for she tells us in the last verse,

This earth was not for one to whom
Nothing of earth was given.

The whole, therefore, is utterly past our comprehension, though we dare say we ought to call it very beautiful poetry. We dare say, too, they who do call such writing beautiful poetry, will call us—God knows what! We cannot help it. It is not in our power, if we would, to dispense with common sense. A foolish meaning, a bad meaning, an irrational meaning, an affected meaning, even the shadow of a meaning, we can put up with: but your *no*-meaning, your jumble of long and short words to make out a line, are our abomination.

THE SELF-DEVOTED.

By Miss Agnes Strickland.

This is a sonnet about

Dark and stormy hours—
Ruined towers—
Summer flowers—
Halls and bowers—
Cheerfully resigned—
Hath entwined—
Hath inclined—
And palaces to wind.

With six more rhymes, viz.: "below," "him," and "part,"—"wo," "dim," and "heart." There are just the legitimate number of lines—fourteen—but wherefore they have been written, or wherefore printed, Miss Agnes Strickland and Mr. Mansell Reynolds alone can tell.

THERESE.

By Sheridan Knowles.

Mr. Knowles is a man of genius. It is not likely, therefore, any thing from his pen will be chargeable with the faults which belong to the pieces already mentioned. After reading Mrs. Shelley, Miss Landon, and even Mr. St John, it was refreshing to find ourselves with Mr. Knowles. *Therese* is an interesting tale. But we strongly suspect it is either a direct translation from the French, or of French extraction, and that Mr. Knowles has adapted it, with some touches of his own. It has all the rapidity of incident, vivacity of sentiment, and quiet shrewdness of observation, peculiar to the higher order of French fictions. If we are wrong in this conjecture, the greater merit will belong to Mr. Knowles, who in selecting a French subject has been able to succeed so well in giving it a French character. So well, indeed, will he have succeeded, that he has imparted to it no inconsiderable portion of that extravagance, that artificial preparation of events (wholly out of nature), inseparable from whatever is of French manufacture; the wonders and fortunate accidents of the old romance, engrafted upon the manners and situations of modern society. The story of *Therese* is common-place enough (that of a waiting maid being more beautiful than her mistress, whose intended husband she captivates and marries; with the episode of a false accusation of theft, the supposed stolen jewel having been placed in her box by another, for which she is brought to trial, and of course triumphantly acquitted), but it is managed with great skill, and told in elegant language. There is a strange oversight, however, in the contrivance, by which the innocence of *Therese* is established. The contrivance is this: The person who actually conveys the lost jewel into the box of *Therese*, breaks her key

in endeavouring to open it; the *fragment of the key is found in the lock*, and corresponds exactly with a broken key in possession of the real culprit. We have a farce called *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, and a locksmith would indubitably laugh at any one who told him he had opened a lock with a second key, after having broken the first one in it.

GOOD ANGELS.

By L. E. L.

This is the account of another little child which a good angel carries to heaven, having succeeded in snatching it from the fangs of the old serpent. It is written to illustrate a plate which, though it bear the name of Howard, the Royal Academician, appears to us to be as grotesque a conception of art as ever came from the pallet of Fuseli. The subject being unintelligible, L. E. L. has very properly accompanied it with some lines of the same quality.

THE NEW KING.

By Theodore Hook.

The droll of the dinner-table has here given us a "palpable hit" at St James's, during the last eighteen months, in the person of a *King of Bavaria*, his court, and courtiers. It is a clever sketch of *real* life; for there would be no great difficulty, we suspect, in naming all the parties aimed at. We do not look for any thing approaching to vigour or power in the butterfly movements of Mr. Hook's pen; but the "New King" has a fair proportion of its peculiar excellences, vivid transcripts of superficial manners, and a quick perception of passions which play upon the outside of human character. We ought not to omit mentioning (though Mr. Hook himself does), that he is indebted for most of his satire upon the habits and propensities of the *New King*, to the "Six Weeks of a New Reign, by the Silent Member," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for August, 1830; and to sundry passages in the "First and Second Letters to the King, by the Silent Member," published a few months since by Hatchard.

THE FORTUNES OF A MODERN CRICHTON.

By T. H. Lister.

It is curious to observe how people mistake their own powers. What should we think of a man, who, being remarkably well formed in every respect, except his legs (which happened to be bandy), should always dress in silk stockings, and a slovenly coat and waistcoat? Even that which we think of Mr. Lister—that he was vain of his deformity. "The Fortunes of a Modern Crichton" is an excellent paper, from the moment it assumes the form of a narrative; terse, spirited, and discriminating. But before we are allowed to see this, we are made to fix our eyes upon Mr. Lister's misshapen legs, which he stretches out in the shape of two pages of the veriest balderdash that ever soiled paper. In other words, Mr. Lister thinks it necessary to show he can think, before he shows he can narrate; and his thinking clothes itself in most portentous nothings. He begins thus:

It has been frequently remarked, that the present age is less rich in men of first-rate talent, than we have reason to expect, and that their number and eminence is (are) not so considerable in proportion to the aggregate amount of intelligence as it was in former and less enlightened times.

What reason, pray, have we to *expect* that the present age should abound with men of first-rate talent? It would puzzle you greatly, Mr. Lister, to assign the reason. In a nation of dwarfs, why should any man wish to be a giant? Before we complain that there are fewer first-rate men now than in former times, let those who make the complaint show (if they are able), *one* first-rate man, who will bear comparison with the first-rate men of those same former times. It is not that first-rate talent is scarce, but that it is extinct.

Mr. Lister then goes on to show, that "men, like mountains, are estimated by their relation to the objects near them;" and presently after, very gravely observes, it may perhaps be "attributable to chance" that "our present array of first-rate men does not bear its former proportion to the aggregate mass of inferior talent," because, "*genius is the gift of nature!*" This is wonderfully profound. Equally profound is the fol-

lowing: "We seem more than ever to despise the man who, however eminent in his line, is *merely* any one thing:"—and the following: "Who has not heard it said that such a one is a *mere* lawyer! Another is a *mere* political man of business—lives in committee-rooms, and the House of Commons, and is seldom seen or heard out of it" (them):—and the following: "There is no imputation which depreciating envy so gladly fixes upon *any* man who excels in *any* one particular, as *that* he can do *merely that*, and is capable of nothing else." That is, that that man that can only do that that he does do, is a man that depreciating envy fixes upon as a person that can do *merely* that; and that is a discovery for which the world is indebted to Mr. Lister, who, by the by, can do a great deal better than that, as any one may satisfy himself who reads "The Fortunes of a Modern Crichton."

AN EARLY PASSAGE IN SIR JOHN PERROT'S LIFE.

By L. E. L.

"There is," says Miss Landon, in a preliminary notice to the above, "a very curious and rare biography extant of this accomplished knight and courtier, and it was placed in my hands by Mr. Crofton Croker, who thought that I should find a variety of subjects for poetical illustration in Sir John Perrot's adventurous and romantic career. The present incident he especially marked as very characteristic of the *picturesque* tone of the age. To Mr. Croker I beg to inscribe the ballad, and trust the rest of its readers will partake in his *sympathy* for the *memories* of his ancestors."

It will be seen by the above, that L. E. L. writes nearly as good English in her prose, as in her poetry, with her "picturesque tone" of "an age," and Mr. Crofton Croker's "sympathy for the memories of our ancestors." It will be seen, too, that L. E. L. is an adept in the modern system of reciprocal puffing. Mr. Crofton lends her a book—and the important circumstance is duly announced to the world: she inscribes the ballad to Mr. Crofton Croker, and Mr. Crofton Croker will not fail to extol it in whatever magazine, review, or weekly gazette, weekly journal, or weekly paper, may happen to be the depository of his miscellaneous lucubrations. And so the thing goes on! But we are afraid L. E. L. is sadly ignorant of every thing about Sir John Perrot, seeing that she calls him an "accomplished knight and courtier." We are quite sure she never read any thing about him, especially in Sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, in Granger, or in Dean Swift's "Polite Conversation." Let that pass, however. So clever a personage as L. E. L. may be allowed to prattle now and then of things she does not understand. Our present business is with the ballad. Here is the first stanza:

The evening tide is on the turn, so calm the waters flow;
There seems to be one heaven above, another heaven below!

This is a flagrant plagiarism. We have heard little children exclaim, when looking into a calm duck-pond, "Oh, mamma—only look—there is a moon up there, and a moon down here." The thought must be natural, however, or it would never occur to a child; and nature is a great excellence in poetry.

The blue skies broken by white clouds, the river by white foam,
The stars reflect themselves, and seem to have another home.

We cannot say we exactly comprehend this doctrine of stars *reflecting themselves*. Miss Landon beats Sir Isaac Newton in her discoveries. But the image is vastly pretty.

A shade upon the elements, 'tis of a gallant bark,
Her stately sides fling on the wave an outline dim and dark.

Again we are puzzled. Whether by "the elements" L. E. L. means the first or constituent principles of things in general, or only the four elements, or only two of the elements; and if only two, which of the two, earth and water, or fire and air, we know not. But never mind: "a shade upon the elements" is highly poetical, no doubt; and were it not, only think of the profound philosophical reflection to which it leads.

The difference this by things of earth, and things of heaven made,
The things of heaven are traced in light, and those of earth in shade.

Oh, Newton! Newton! Why were you only a philosopher? Had you been a poet as well, see what discoveries you might have made! Could you revisit this earth

surely you would burn *your* "opticks," and adopt the more luminous ones of L. E. L. But to proceed. On board this "gallant bark," there is "a noble knight wrapt in his cloak," and "revolving all those gentler thoughts the busier day hours check," for, says L. E. L.

A thousand sad sweet influences in youth and beauty lie,

Where?

Within the quiet atmosphere of a lone starry sky.

To be sure. Is not that beautiful? And is not what follows beautiful, especially the melodious rhythm of the lines?

A shower of glittering sparkles fell from off the dashing oar,
As a little boat shot rapidly from an old oak on shore.

A little boat shot from an old oak! Well, that is new, and *ought* to "elevate and surprise" us. The consequence, however, of the old oak shooting out this little boat, was, that "the eye and pulse" of the "noble knight wrapt in a cloak" grew "quick;" or, as Miss Landon more lucidly expresses it, "His eye and pulse grew quick, the knight's"—

The little boat contains a little page, who had been sent on an errand to the knight's fair lady; and when he is asked what message he has brought back, he replies,

"I found her, with a pallid cheek and with a drooping head,
I left her, and the summer rose wears not a gladder red.
And she murmured something like the tones a lute has in its chords,
So very sweet the whisper was—I have forgot the words!!!"

Only think of a message "like the tones a lute has in its chords!" No wonder the poor little fellow forgot it. We do not see, indeed, how he was to deliver it, even had he not forgotten it, unless he had had another lute, and a good musical ear, so that he might have played it to his master in the same chords as he received it. And here we must inform the reader that, although we have very attentively read this poem twice through, we know no more than the man in the moon what it is all about. In familiar phrase, we can make neither head nor tail of it. Miss Landon calls it "an early passage in Sir John Perrot's Life." It must certainly be one of those "passages" mentioned by Gray, in his "Long Story," which "leads to nothing." It is to be hoped Mr. Crofton Croker will be able to make it out, as he sent L. E. L. the book from which it is taken. One or two samples more, however, of the poetry (for that may be very fine, notwithstanding the story is unintelligible), and we have done. A lady, whom we guess is meant to be Queen Elizabeth, thus apostrophizes the "accomplished knight and courtier:"

"Good omen such a morn as this, her Grace of England said,
What progress down our noble Thames hath Sir John Perrot made?"

Then Sir Walter Raleigh, "with a soft and silvery smile," says,

"Methinks that every wind in heav'n will blow his sails to fill,
For goeth he not forth to do his gracious sovereign's will."

He who can *read* these lines poetically, must have powers of elocution far beyond ours. The ballad concludes with a stanza of the same harmonious flow.

"Wo to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas,
When roll'd the thunder of that deck upon the southern breeze:
For bravely Sir John Perrot bore our flag across the main,
And England's bells for victory rang when he came home again."

Let us put it in prose, and see how it looks.

"Wo to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas, when the thunder of that deck rolled upon the southern breeze; for Sir John Perrot bravely bore our flag across the main, and when he came home again, England's bells rang for victory."

There—that is poetry! Something like those convenient pieces of domestic furniture which serve for a chest of drawers by day, and a bed by night—so this sort of poetry will serve for prose when it is wanted, and can be done into poetry at the shortest notice.

LADY EVELYN SAVILLE'S THREE TRIALS.—A TALE.

By Mrs. Charles Gore.

A very clever, and, in its close, affecting story, which justifies us in saying to Mrs. Gore, forbear writing about champions, and knights, and abbots of the fifteenth century, and give us more of such pleasing pictures of men and manners in the nineteenth, as the "Three Trials of Lady Evelyn Saville."

We had written thus far, when a young friend of ours, the son of a very old one, and a clever youth, dropped in. Seeing the *Keepsake* on our table, "I have been shamefully used by the editor of that work," said he, pointing to the volume. We inquired how? "I sent him," continued the young gentleman, "a very pretty short article, and begged to have it returned immediately, if not used. It was never returned, and it has not been used." "Not good enough!" we replied. "But what was the subject?" We thought we saw the rogue colour up, as he answered, "An imaginary love-letter;" and then, after a pause, he added, "I thought it good enough, and you shall tell me what you think of it, for I have a copy of it in my pocket-book." So saying, he drew forth his pocket-book, and taking from it a neatly-folded sheet of embossed paper, put it into our hands. "Ah, George!" we exclaimed, "an *imaginary* love-letter, eh?" and shook our heads very gravely, as we unfolded and began to read it. It was as follows:

"My dear Araminta,

"Do you remember that purple twilight's falling, as if it were the atmosphere of some fairy land? One pale star, calling to its lingering kindred, alone was in the sky of all night's spirit-band. The oak-boughs were swinging to and fro mournfully, for a soft warm wind put the branches aside; and a little river wound through the meadow, singing to the tall grass and wild flowers hanging over it. At our feet blue violets were growing; we saw not their blossoms, but we felt that they were fair; for the fresh and fragrant rain of young April fell from their opening leaves. The shadows fell deep, and we could see only the dark outline of each other's face. The trees closed thick above, and we deemed earth held not so lonely or so lovely a place. The silence was sweet; but it was sweeter when broken by words such as love whispers once in his youth, and leaf, star, and night, are each taken for a witness (though we doubted not) of such stainless truth. Hope with its fever, and memory with its sorrow, came not to a moment whose joy stood alone; for there are some days which never know a morrow, and one of these is the day when love first finds utterance.

"Do you remember all this, Araminta?

"The blue violets are still shaded by the oak; Time has left no trace in that quiet grove; but as the colours of this picture are faded, so are the colours the heart threw over it. Passion and picture! They were each a fair delusion, and tears have washed away the brightness of each. Alas! why should we wake from such a beautiful illusion, to know that life's happiness was lavished on a day? And yet, we are not false. Amid absence, strangers, trials, time, how dearly we have loved on; faithful through all that endangers the faith of love, though we feel that the dream of our earlier love is past. We have heard the heart's religion, its holy truth scoffed at, and the sneer, if not admitted, has yet profaned. By the world's many busy cares, our thoughts have been distracted, and selfishness has hardened whatever ground it gained. When I think how that affection is blessed beyond measure (the last best trace of heaven our earth retains), I marvel how ambition, or pleasure, or vanity, can ever have power to relax or to break its gentle fetters. My spirit ponders mournfully; my eyes are dim with tears; all life's worldliness is cast aside for a moment; the flowers and the green leaves are keeping their summer watch, and I dream of the shadow of the past beneath their shadow.

"Do you remember it, Araminta?

"FLORIO."

"You must not be angry, George, but this is sad twaddle," we observed, when we had finished reading it. "It is very childish, and, in many parts, mere gibberish, abominable fustian, nursery bombast. But having said thus much, we can tell you, you have no great reason to complain of the editor of the *Keepsake*, for Mr. Mansell

Reynolds, struck with the beauty, we suppose, of your effusion, and having too much prose already, handed it over to L. E. L. to do it into poetry, which she has done by the help of a little addition, to your own abundance, of unmeaning words and explanations."

"What do you mean?" said our young friend.

"There," we continued, placing the *Keepsake* in his hand, "satisfy yourself. Read aloud, at p. 239, '*Do you remember it?*' By L. E. L., and you will find every syllable of your prose looking just like poetry."

George read aloud, as follows:

Do you remember that purple twilight's falling
As if it were the atmosphere of some fairy land?
One pale star to its lingering kindred calling
Was alone in the sky of all night's spirit-band.
To and fro mournfully the oak-boughs were swinging,
For a soft warm wind put the branches aside,
Afar, a little river wound through the meadow singing
To the tall grass and wild flowers hanging o'er its side.
Down at our feet the blue violets were growing,
We saw not their blossoms but we felt that they were fair,
For the fresh and fragrant rain of young April's bestowing
Fell from their leaves as they open'd to the air;
Deep fell the shadows round, each could see only
The dark outline soft'ning of the other's face.

"D—n it!" exclaimed George, "I did not write such balderdash as a dark outline softening of the other's face."

"We know you did not, George; that is a touch of L. E. L.'s own genius. Go on."

Thick closed the trees above, earth held no such lonely,
Nor, as we deemed, so lonely a place.

"Here again," cried George, "she makes me write neither grammar nor sense—she might have said 'earth held not so lonely.'"

"Never mind; it is poetry, George—*Literary Gazette* poetry—so don't be so squeamish."

Sweet was the silence, but sweeter was it broken,
By words such as love whispers once in his youth,
When leaf, star, and night, are each taken for a token
And a witness—

"There, again!" cried George, "a token and a witness—two words for the same thing."

"Ay, but one of them was wanted to rhyme to broken. Go on."

And a witness, though we doubted not, of such stainless truth;
Hope with its fever, and memory with its sorrow,
Came not o'er a moment whose joy stood alone—

"What does that mean, George?"

"Oh! it means a joy that stood alone."

"Exactly. Just as we might say that a man whose nose is red is a man with a red nose. Very good. Proceed."

There are some days which never know a morrow,
And the day when love first finds utterance is one—
Do you remember it?

Still the blue violets by the oak are shaded,
Time in that quiet grove has left no trace,
But as the colours of this picture are faded,
So are the colours the heart threw o'er the place.

"How is that, George? First you say the blue violets are where they were, and time has left no mark of change, and then you talk of the colours of the picture being faded?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed George, his own colour rising instead of fading, "I shall never finish if you interrupt me in this way."

Passion and picture were each a fair delusion,
Tears have washed the brightness of each away,
Why should we wake from such beautiful illusion,
To know that life's happiness was lavish'd on a day?

"Humph!" and we only looked at George. But it was a look that said "fiddle-dee and blatherum-skite, George!"

And yet we are not false, mid absence and mid strangers,
Mid trial and mid time how dearly we've lov'd on;
Faithful through all that the faith of love endangers,
Though we feel that the dream of our earlier love is gone.
We have heard the heart's religion, its holy truth derided,
And the sneer, if not admitted, it has yet profaned.

"Humph!" quoth we again, with just such another look.

By the world's many busy cares our thoughts have been divided,
And selfishness has harden'd whatever ground it gained.

"Humph!" quoth we.

When I think how that affection is blessed beyond all measure,
The last best trace of Heav'n our earth retains;
I marvel how ambition, or vanity, or pleasure,
E'er have power to relax or break its gentle chains.

Here a very loud "Humph!" broke from us, involuntarily.

My spirit ponders mournfully, my eyes are dim with weeping,
Aside for a moment all life's worldliness is cast;
The flowers and the green leaves their summer watch are keeping,
And I dream beneath their shadow of the shadow of the past.
Do you remember it?

"Flowers and green leaves *keeping a watch*—humph!"

"Well," said George, "I don't care for humphs; I think L. E. L. does prose into poetry (bating a few nonsensical redundancies) very cleverly."

"Yes, George, and we wonder the *Literary Gazette* has never thought of getting her to do some of the best murders in the *Newgate Calendar* into verse. It would be very effective—for see how differently a thing looks thus transformed;" and we took a piece of paper, and wrote as follows:—

"Dear George,

"We are busy just now, and cannot waste any more time in chattering with you—so your bow, and be off without rhyme or reason.

Yours truly,

Wk.

"Dear George, we are busy just now,
And cannot waste any more time
In chattering with you—so your bow,
And be off without reason or rhyme."

George took the hint, departed, and we went on with our work.

BABY.—AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

Collected and Edited by W. Jerdan.

Before we say one word of this farrago of filth, indecency, and vulgarity, we must ask Messrs. Colburn and Bentley a question. What is the reason, gentlemen, you have been so tardy in publishing Miss Landon's novel? It is only this day (Nov. 21st) that we have read in the *Times* the following paragraph.

"We are requested to state that Miss Landon's new novel, under the title of *Romance of Reality*, will be published on the 28th inst.;" and in the *Age* of November 20, we see something about "L. E. L., the fair authoress of, &c. &c." "of great beauty, general admiration," &c. &c. is about to "produce a prose fiction, under the title of "*Romance and Reality*;" the "poetical talents of," &c. &c. "highest order," &c. &c.;

"public curiosity," &c. &c.; "whether her prose will equal her poetical popularity," &c. &c. &c. Our reason for asking this question is, to apprise you of the great mischief you have done the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, by allowing him to fall into the untoward blunder of quoting from a book three months before it is published. The epigraph to "*Baby*" runs thus :

Death sends truth before it as its messenger.—*Romance and Reality*, by L. E. L.

This was intended to be only the puff immediate; a quotation from the book upon the very heels of its appearance; whereas now it is the puff-preliminary-extraordinary: besides which, it exposes secrets, for how could the editor of the *Literary Gazette* get hold of a book months before it is announced for publication? Only by the system of "you claw me, and I'll claw you;" a system which is seldom carried on in so bare-faced a way as this. But how sadly disgusting all these reciprocal quackeries appear.

And now what are we to do with Mr. Jerdan's *Baby*? We have said repeatedly that we scorn, the lurking assassin-like criticism which condemns without proof. But we cannot pollute our pages with the many beastly images of Mr. Jerdan's fancy, in order to exhibit the evidence upon which we go, when we pronounce his *Baby* to be a paper intensely gross, filthy, nauseous, vulgar, and indecent. It will be enough for our general purpose to bid the reader picture to himself (as well as he is able) the mass of circumstances attending child-birth, over which decency casts her thickest veil; then to imagine the greater part of them not only dragged into sickening exposure, but heightened by Mr. Jerdan's taste beyond what they ever are, till the gorge rises at the foul mass, and he may form some idea of Mr. Jerdan's *Baby*. With this denunciation of the loathsome effusion, as a whole, we must be content, and shall proceed to pick out, if we are able, a few of the least revolting specimens of what Mr. Jerdan considers wit and humour. But, before doing so, we will give one specimen of his happy knowledge of grammar; it is the first sentence.

Every reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following auto-biography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation.

"Every," Mr. Jerdan (as your youngest son, if you have one, could inform you) denotes each out of all, and has no plural signification. A critic by profession, though he may not happen to be "an author by profession," should know his accidence.

The reader should be informed that Mr. Jerdan's bright idea in this paper, is that of supposing an infant, who only lived four-and-twenty hours, describing every thing that happened to it during that period. With this key he will be prepared to relish Mr. Jerdan's wit.

Baby's nurse is described as a "filthy old woman;" a "hag," with "inflamed eyes, a nose reddened towards the point, and her breath abominably infected with the odour of a transparent fluid called gin." Yet, it is not said that *Baby* was born in St. Giles's, the only place where such nurses abound; and *Baby's* birthplace, after all, we suspect, judging from the style of his auto-biography. "It was evident," continues *Baby*, "from my entrance into the world, that this monster entertained a design against my life; and though I resisted with all the energy of a free born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal." (How exquisitely facetious!) *Baby* "sets up a squall." "There's a stout boy," cried the demon, "I'll warrant ye that will expand the bones of his head for him."

We'll warrant, there is not a nurse in England who would talk of "expanding;" and least of all a St. Giles's nurse.

"My poor head, indeed, was the immediate object of her attack, for taking another gulp of gin from the glass, and spouting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might." (How elegantly this is told!) "The burning substance penetrated through the fontanelle or mole of the head, to my very brain." (Surely we trace here the anatomical knowledge of Mr. Jerdan's puffed pet-quack, St. John Long. The fontanelle or mole of the head!!!) "Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a British man child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me, and I was crushed by the foul combination." (This,

besides being a prodigiously droll, is a prodigiously luminous sentence; beginning with one thing, and ending with another.) "The old woman they called nurse (*curse* would have been a juster title) endeavoured to kill me another way." (Ha! ha! ha! if this be not wit, we beg to be informed what is!) "There was a large brown pan in the middle of the apartment, filled with tepid water, and into this the murderer plunged me headlong. She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigour with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled." (Excellent, if faith!) "Astounded by my courageous conduct, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could not accomplish the murder, she could gratify her hellish spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to *scrape me from head to foot* more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy." (You are rather nasty, Baby, here—but excessively humorous nevertheless) "I could do nothing but cry and *howl*, as if my lungs were bursting." (Humorous again.) "I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury; for they put an ugly cap upon my head, and brought a band under my chin and across my throat, to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this the third attempt upon my life within the first thirty minutes of its duration." (Droll; and uncommonly accurate.) *Baby* then has some castor oil given him; and *Baby* "exclaims internally, with an oath, 'It is d—d bad!'" which we take to be as witty as all the rest of this inimitable performance. Next comes a circumstance which we decline to mention, contenting ourselves with using *Baby's* own description of its "utter nastiness," and saying of the elefant writer of it, as *Baby* does of the nurse, "Oh beast!" *Baby* being now about half an hour old, amuses himself with looking round the room. "The view impressed me with no idea of comfort. Phials, and labels about their necks, pipkins———" ("Oh beast!" say we again)—clothes, chairs, and tables, at all sorts of angles, &c. &c. &c., seemed so untidy, that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room." Why! *Baby*. Because "it was enough to make any body sick!!!" (Ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! oh! *Baby*, *Baby*, if you go on this way much longer, you will kill us with laughing.) A "savage" comes into the room (*i. e.* *Baby's* papa), and "going up to the bed, and putting his face close to mamma's, he gave her a smack, (how polished and refined *Baby* is in his language!) which, though partially concealed, was perfectly *audible* to my ear." (*Baby*, my dear, you ought to know, if Mr. Jerdan does not, that most things which are audible are heard by the ear. But we suspect this is a blunder of your amanuensis). "He is a charming boy, and your very picture! he is indeed his papa's own," said the nurse (*as confounded a lie as ever was uttered*), and the papa *chuckled out a horse-laugh!*" (*Baby*, we are afraid you have already lived long enough in St. Giles's to pick up the classic simplicity of its dialect.) When *Baby* is dying, "a *ferocious-looking fellow with a red face and twinkling eyes*," whom *Baby* supposes "was brought at the late hour from a masquerade, as he was dressed in domino," comes into the room. Presently, "the *black ruffian* dashes some water over the piteous countenance" of *Baby*, who is christened "Peter Nathaniel." How creditable to Mr. Jerdan's character and feelings is this description of a clergyman. He will say, they are *Baby's* character and feelings, not his: but it is *his Baby*, and he ought to have taught it better.

Well reader—have you had enough of Mr. Jerdan's wit, humour, elegance, and refinement? We hope so; for if you want a stronger dose, you must do as we have done, read the *whole* of this miserable compound of dulness and nastiness.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE WRITER TO SEND HER SOME VERSES.

By J. R. Gowen.

Two stanzas of nonsense, which prove that the lady desired the writer to do what was not in his power.

SCAN-MAG.

By W. Jerdan.

Mr. Mansell Reynolds appends the following notice to this poetical effusion of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*:

"The editor, in prefixing the author's name to this bagatelle, feels himself bound to

state, that it was written literally *currente calamo*, in less than half an hour, in order to meet an exigency occasioned by the sudden and inevitable exclusion of a very able but long article on the same subject." Under these circumstances, we shall content ourselves with letting our readers see how Mr. Jerdan writes in a hurry; they have already seen how he writes with deliberation. One verse will suffice. It is the first. The other four are equally brilliant.

Well—such a one as Mrs. P.
 I never heard of yet;
 With her it is, as you may see,
 All fish that comes to net.
 But never mind—'tis like she'll catch
 More than she could wish;
 And fishing find—or lies they hatch,
 A pretty kettle o' fish.
 I'll say it as long as tongue can wag,
 Though fools accuse me of *scan-mag*.

Mr. Mansell Reynolds does not mention within how much of half an hour Mr. Jerdan wrote his five verses; but we are ready to pit ourselves against him at extempore, for any sum he chooses to name. We wrote the following in sixty-five seconds.

Well—such poetry as this,
 We never read before;
 It's really worse than L. E. L.'s,
 And what can we say more?
 But never mind—(we've this relief,
 Seeing there's nothing in it),
 Though it took Jerdan half an hour,
 It is read in half a minute:
 And that, we'll say, while tongue can wag,
 Is quite enough for such *cag-mag*.

We have thus gone through the "untitled" authors of the *Keepsake*; Mr. Jerdan bringing up the rear with his poetry, which concludes the volume. In our next we shall pay similar attention to the merits of the "titled" ones. In our next, too, we shall break a lance with that very testy gentleman, Mr. Alaric Watts, whose *Literary Souvenir* is now lying before us, and deserves to be remembered.

STANZAS

Translated from a scarce and ancient volume of German Ballads.

OVER the Rhine came three young men,
 And arrived at an inn in a lonely glen—
 "Hath our good hostess fresh wine and beer?
 And say, is her lovely daughter here?"
 "My beer and wine are both fresh and clear,
 But my daughter lies stiff on her death-cold bier."
 And soon to the chamber they took their way,
 Where in sable garments inwrapp'd she lay.

The first, who withdrew the shadowy veil,
 At the mournful sight felt his spirit quail—
 "Ah! didst thou yet live, thou angel fair,
 Henceforth thou shouldst be my sole love and care."

The second, who gazed on the calm still face,
 Turn'd away, of his weeping to hide the trace—
 "Wo is me, that thou liest upon thy bier,
 Sweet maid! I have loved thee for many a year!"

The third, who upraised the sable veil,
Imprinted a kiss on her forehead pale—
“I have loved thee in silence until this day,
And still will I love thee for ever and aye!”

F. C.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE LUNATIC.

“Urseus, surnamed Codrus, being asked why he mixed so much buffoonery in his works, replied, that nature had formed mankind in such a manner as to be most taken with buffoons and story-tellers.”—*Warburton; Ded. of Div. Leg.*

THE NECROMANCER—THE DREAM—THE ENIGMA—THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE adventure once happened to me; so strange, that he who has faith in it must have more of that virtue than belonged to him who was able to remove mountains.

I had been lying on my couch, reading a book full of dark and fantastical imaginings, when, exhausted by the excitement it produced, I arose to walk forth and shake off the sombre impressions. I wandered into a neighbouring wood; but I had not penetrated it above a quarter of a mile, before I perceived the trunk of a tree moving towards me, which presently got between my legs, and in spite of myself, I was carried up into the air astride it. I have no recollection of the road I took afterwards, I only know, that at the end of my journey, I found myself in the midst of a desert place, where I could discover no footpath, or track of any kind. This solitude seemed like a new world to me, and I resolved to penetrate it; but in vain. I saw no obstacles to my further progress; yet, every attempt I made to move, I found myself resisted by the air. At length, I threw myself fatigued upon my knees; and then I was still more astonished to find that I had passed, in a single instant, from broad daylight to profound darkness.

I saw the stars shining in the blue heavens with sparkling lustre; the moon was at her full, but of a more pale and silvery hue than usual. Three times she was eclipsed; and three times she descended from her orbit. The winds were hushed, the fountains were mute, the birds forgot their song, and the animals were devoid of all motion, save what testified fear and trembling. The

horror of frightful silence prevailed around, and all nature seemed to wait the coming of some dread event. My own dismay responded to that of the visible creation, when, by the light of the moon, I beheld, issuing from a cavern, the gigantic figure of a venerable man, clothed in white, of a swart complexion, with thick arched eyebrows, terrific eyes, and a long beard. He wore upon his head a cap of matted vervain, and on his shoulders a mantle woven of the wild fern. Directly opposite his heart, hung a bat, half dead; and round his neck a carcanet, composed of seven different precious stones, each of which bore the character of the planet that governed it. In his left hand he carried a triangular vase filled with dew, and in his right a wand formed of the twig of a green elder-tree, one end of which was tipped with a ferrule, compounded of all the metals, while the other served as the handle to a censer. He kissed the ground at the entrance to his cave, then muttering some uncouth words in a strange unearthly voice, he approached, backwards, the shade of an old oak, at four paces from which he dug three circles, one within the other, the obedient earth seeming to tremble as it received the figures traced by the necromancer.

When he had performed these things he placed his vase in the midst of the circles, uncovered it, put the pointed end of his wand between his teeth, lay down with his face towards the east, and fell asleep. During his slumber, and towards the middle of it, I saw five grains of fern-seed drop into the vase. He took them all out when he awoke; put

two of them into his ears, one into his mouth, threw the fourth back again into the vase filled with dew, and cast the fifth out of the circles. But scarcely had this last escaped from his hand, when I saw him surrounded by myriads of animals, many of them of fearful shapes, and innumerable insects. He touched with his wand, a screechowl, a fox, and a mole, which immediately entered the circles, uttering loud howling cries. With a brass knife he cut open their stomachs, took out the heart of each, which he wrapped up in laurel-leaves, and swallowed them. He next took their livers, and squeezed the blood into an hexagonal vessel. This done, he commenced his fumigations from the censer. He mixed the blood and dew together; dipped a glove of virgin parchment into it, which he put on his right hand; and after four or five horrible yells, closed his eyes, and began his invocations.

His lips scarcely moved at all; but I heard guttural noises, which sounded like the confusion of many voices. He was raised about a foot from the ground, and every now and then he looked earnestly at the nail of the forefinger of his left hand. His countenance was inflamed and full of agony. The dreadful violence of the convulsive contortions by which he was shook, flung him at last upon his knees; but no sooner was he able to articulate three words of a secret prayer, than, as if suddenly endowed with more than mortal strength, he resisted without the slightest yielding, the gusts of a fierce whirlwind which began to blow against him, sometimes in tremendous blasts, at others in eddying tornadoes, and all, as it seemed to me, for the purpose of driving him out of the circles he had traced. Presently these circles began to roll swiftly round him; and then red hail, like blood, descended, which was followed by something yet more appalling—torrents of fire, that roared as they fell, and becoming burning globes, sent forth flashes of vivid lightning, till they all burst with an explosion like thunder.

This, however, was the last of these awful appearances; for now, a pale, soft, clear light, dispelled them all, and in the midst of it appeared a young man, his right foot resting upon an eagle, his left upon a lynx, who gave the negro-

mancer three phials, filled with I knew not what liquor. He, in return, presented the young man with three hairs, one plucked from the top of his head, and one from each of his temples. The phantom then struck him on the shoulder with a small stick, which he held in his hand, and the whole disappeared. And now, the stars waxing dim at the approach of the rising sun, their light was quenched by that which began to spread over the heavens, and I thought it time to find my way back again to my own home. While I was endeavouring to do so, the sorcerer perceived, and came towards me. As he advanced with slow steps, I could not help devoutly wishing that he would stand still. He laid his hand upon mine; it was so stony cold, that mine felt benumbed for a considerable time after. He opened neither his eyes nor his mouth, and in this dreadful manner led me through heaps of crumbling ruins and rubbish, beneath the tottering walls of an uninhabited castle, where the mouldering hand of time had been at work for ages, in converting what had once been princely halls and chambers, into gloomy rugged caverns.

As soon as we had entered, he spoke to me.

"Boast," he exclaimed, "that you have stood face to face with the mighty sorcerer, AGRIPPA! whose soul, by metempsychosis, is the same as once animated the great Zoroaster, prince of the Bactrians. During nearly a hundred years, since I disappeared from among man, I have preserved myself here (by means of that sacred elixir, the *aurum potable*) in a state of uninterrupted health. No disease could touch me. Every twenty years, I swallowed a portion of that divine medicine, which restored me to youth again, repairing whatever of bodily strength had gone to decay. You saw the three phials which were given to me by the King of the Fire Spirits; the first was full of that precious elixir; the second, of the powder of projection; the third, of oil of talc. You owe me everlasting thanks for having selected you from among all the rest of mankind, to assist in the performance of mysteries, which I celebrate only once in every twenty years. It is I who, when it pleases me, bestow by my art, dearth or abundance. I stir up

wars by kindling feuds among the genii who govern kings. It is I, who teach shepherds the wolf's paternoster. I instruct soothsayers how to twirl the sieve, till they find the name of the guilty one who has robbed his neighbour. I command the wandering fires to glide meteor-like, over bog and fen, or by the side of rivers, to drown the night traveller who follows them. I make the fairies dance by moonlight, and urge the gambler to seek the four-leaved clover beneath the gibbet. I drag the dead from their graves, and send them as shrouded spectres at midnight, to the bed-side of the forgetful heir who delays to do the thing he promised to the dying. I command demons to inhabit deserted castles, and to slay those who venture to take up their abode in them, until some one has the courage to insist that they should reveal concealed treasures. I cause the candles to burn that are made of the fat of a malefactor, who has been hanged, and which the robber uses, when he would have those sleep soundly whom he intends to rifle. It is I who make frolicsome sprites turn every thing topsy-turvy in a house, glasses, bottles, plates, with huge clatter, but without breaking or spilling any thing. I strike men with sudden frenzy, changing them into were-wolves, who prowl in churchyards, and devour children by the road-side, but abandon them when some knight cutting off their paw, which proves to be the hand of a man, they are discovered, and delivered up to justice. I carry away churches which have been built with stone that is not paid for. I am he, that in the bed of the fornicator and the wanton, become to the latter an incubus, to the former a succubus. I send the nightmare to torment with phantasms, such as go to sleep without signing themselves with the cross. I instruct the rustic to place beneath the threshold of the sheepfold, a tuft of hair, or a toad, with three curses, to make the sheep which pass over it pine away. I teach the composition of charms, of conjurations, of talismans, of magic mirrors; how to find the mistletoe of the year nine, and the plant that leads wayfarers out of their path. I send goblins, ghosts, phantoms, and all the beings of the world of shadows. Lastly, I am myself, the wandering Jew, the grand hunter of the

forest of Fontainebleau, and the fire demon of the Hartz!"

With these words the magician vanished, and I found myself upon my couch, my heart still palpitating violently, my whole body covered with bruises from the rough exercise I had been taking, and such an extreme lassitude, that I fell asleep soon after, though I strove to prevent it by reading the "Visions of Quevedo," one of which left such vivid impressions of delight upon my mind, that I dreamed I was in the other world, wandering among the Elysian fields. I had not advanced many steps, before I came to Avernus, as described by the Greeks and Romans; and I beheld Acheron, the Waters of Oblivion, Cerberus, the Gorgons, the Furies, Ixion on his wheel, and a thousand other things which we read of in the heathen mythology. Passing on, I met a number of persons clothed in the costume of ancient Greece and Rome, some of whom spoke Greek, and some Latin. There were others, busy in conducting them to several apartments. They all seemed very sociable; therefore I joined them. I remember I spoke to one, and after a little conversation, mentioning that I was a stranger, he told me I had arrived at a lucky moment, for they were that day going to change the lodgings of all who complained of being badly associated, and that if I felt any curiosity upon the subject, there were many things that would amuse me. He then politely offered me his hand, which I took.

"We will go," said he, "into the hall, where they settle the new quarters of those who wish to change their old ones, in order to have fresh companions. We shall be able to look on at our ease, and observe how each manages his own case, so as to get what he wants."

We proceeded to the place, and my conductor gave me a situation near himself. Fortunately, it was so close to the chair of the judge, that we could hear distinctly the complaints and quarrels of every one as he came forward.

The first that approached was PYTHAGORAS. He complained bitterly of his companions, a troop of comedians, who, by their eternal clatter, disturbed him in the midst of his profound meditations. The judge told him, that considering him to be a man of prodigious memory,

since he recollected having been at the siege of Troy, at least fifteen hundred years after that event took place, he had been assorted with persons who were not deficient in the same quality.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Pythagoras, "if it be only on that account you have lodged me with these mountebanks, you might, for the same reason, have put me with any that are here, for there is not one among these dead, who, if you believe their epitaphs, are not of good memory."

His remonstrance was considered so just that he was ordered elsewhere; but I do not recollect to what place.

DROSOCRIDES said he did not wish to be better placed than with a company of herbalists, because they were well acquainted with the nature of simples; but the judge decided that he should be sent to the daughters of PELEUS, with orders to instruct them how to discern the virtues of plants somewhat more skillfully than when they undertook to restore their father to youth. RAYMOND LULLY, who swore he had discovered the art of making gold *potable*, was commanded to associate with certain rich drunkards and spendthrifts who had made the same discovery. It was VIRGIL's fate to be chummed with a company of pimps, because he had debauched Dido, who, but for him, would have been a very virtuous woman. OVID and ACTÆON (both criminals by accident) were ordered to keep each other company, as two persons whom the faculty of sight had rendered miserable. They chose a very dark and obscure apartment, lest, as they said, they should see too much. I saw ORPHEUS lodged with half a dozen street-singers, because they, like him, could charm brutes by their singing. ESOP and APULEIUS were ordered to live in the same house, on account of the similarity of the miracles they had performed; ESOP having made an ass a man by teaching it to speak, and APULEIUS a man an ass, by teaching him to bray.

They talked of placing JULIUS CÆSAR among the skilful gamblers. I asked why? They replied, "Because by a single throw on the Rubicon he won an empire." However, it was considered more appropriate to feed his pride by making slaves his companions, whom he formerly considered as excellent run-

ners. "You can try," said the master of the ceremonies to him, "once more your famous *Veni, vidi, vici*, upon them."

CALIGULA insisted upon being lodged in a much more splendid apartment than DARIUS, as having accomplished things infinitely more glorious; "For," said he "I made my horse an emperor, but DARIUS was made an emperor by his horse." PATROCLUS grumbled exceedingly at finding himself placed with persons who had been cured of incurable diseases; but he was satisfied when they told him it was because he, like they, had triumphed over death. It seemed to me that JUPITER was put among the lunatics, because MOMUS declared his head was cracked. JUPITER indignantly demanded (I thought) what the buffoon meant by saying his head was cracked. "I mean," answered the droll, "that crack which VULCAN was kind enough to give you when you were delivered of MINERVA." DATHIAH, the wife of Sampson, was ordered to take up her residence with the bald, fearing if she lodged with any other, she would serve their hair as she had her husband's; and PORTIA, who came next, was sent to keep company with a group of green-sick girls, it being considered she laboured under the same malady, from having swallowed coals. NERO, after much squabbling, consented to lodge with EROSTRATUS, the famous incendiary who gave the temple of Diana to the flames; "because," said he, as they entered together, "no one delights more to warm himself by a good fire than I do."

That DUKE OF CLARENCE who was drowned in a butt of malmsey, went in search of DIOGENES, in hopes of being allowed to share part of his tub; but as he could not find him, and as they saw the great SOCRATES approaching, who was not yet provided with a companion, the judge decreed that he and the Duke of Clarence should live together, as they had both died of drinking too much. SOCRATES made a profound bow to his judge, and pointed with his finger to the venerable HERACLITUS, who was waiting for an associate, when the HEROES of ROMANCE were ordered to receive him. "He is a person," said the judge, "with whom you will be delighted; his heart is brimful of sensibility; you will never relate your ad-

ventures to him without seeing him weep, for, like yourselves, he is marvelously watery-eyed." ECHO was sent to lodge with a tribe of modern authors, because both she and they merely repeat what has been said by others.

I observed that many were commanded to be kept separate. Among these were MIDAS, because he was the only man that had ever complained of being too rich; PHOCION, because he was the only one who had ever given money to die; and PYGMALION, because no one but himself had ever married a silent woman.

After these various distributions, and many more which I forbear to mention, my dream became more indistinct, and I saw only general masses of persons mingled together, though of different callings; as for example, public executioners with physicians, because they both kill for hire, and such like congruous incongruities.

At this moment a voice sounded in my ears without my being able to perceive whence it proceeded. It seemed like the gentle breathing of the summer's wind, murmuring the following strange words:

"I was born nine hundred years before my sister, and yet she always passes for my elder. The cause of this mistake, I suppose, is on account of her hideous look, and horrible deformity. There is not a person who does not abhor her company and conversation; no words of pleasantness ever issue from her lips; and though she has more altars upon the earth than any other divinity, she receives no willing sacrifices, except in the prayers of those whom despair has smote.

"But I, who charm every one I approach, there is not a day that I do not behold every living thing, whether upon the earth, in the air, or in the waters, fall at my feet. My cradle is the grave of the sun; my grave is the cradle of the sun. All that is most amiable, most perfect, was formed the first day of my reign. Nature founded my throne, and placed my couch in the depths of a superb palace, which she guards from all intrusion when I would repose myself. The workmanship of this palace is so wonderful, that no one has ever been able to discover upon what principles of architecture it is built. My retreat is

in the centre of an inexplicable labyrinth, where the fool and the sage, the philosopher and the idiot, alike lose themselves. I divide with the god of day the extent and duration of his empire; and although my half be less magnificent than his, it is far more sweet and tranquil. I have, too, this advantage over him, that I encroach, whenever I choose, upon *his* domains, while he cannot, if he would, deprive me of the smallest portion of *mine*.

"No sooner does the orb which lights the universe descend to the horizon than I bring under my yoke, and attach to my car, one half of the human race. They are sure to be fond of me, because I treat every one according to his desires. The gay I conduct to scenes of festivity, to theatres, balls, feasts, and assemblies; the choleric to war and strife, placing them at the head of mighty armies, making them drive back embattled squadrons by a single blow of the sword, win victories and lead kings captive; the melancholy I plunge into the congenial gloom of frightful solitudes, or carry to the brink of stupendous rocks, that they may see beneath dire caverns yawning as if to engulf them. In short, I provide for every fancy something suitable to its inclinations. To the unfortunate I give riches, and sometimes, in defiance of fortune herself I hurl down her minions from the proud top of their prosperity. I elevate also, when I please, some sordid knave to the splendour and dignity of a throne, as formerly I prostituted a Roman empress to the embraces of a scullion.

"It is I who, lest lovers should boast of their success, take care to close their eyes before they approach the bed-side. It is by my art, also, that mortals fly without wings, walk without moving their feet, and die without losing their lives. I am, at one and the same time, the interpreter of the gods, and the expositor of fools. When I am seen near I am not known; it is only when I am beginning to be lost sight of that I am recognised. The eagle, which can gaze with fixed eyes at the sun, closes them at my approach. I do not know whether among my ancestors there has ever been a lion, but assuredly in the country I am scared away by the crowing of a cock. To speak frankly, I should be puzzled my-

self to explain what I am, unless you can understand that what a boy does to his top when he whips it, I do to all the the world."

"The top sleeps," I exclaimed.

"As thou dost," replied the voice; "and I AM SLEEP."

I opened my eyes to look at her, but found she had said truly, that it is only when we are beginning to lose sight of her that she is recognised.

CHAPTER II.

"Esse viros fama est in hyperboreo Pallene
Qui soleant levibus velare corpora pennis."—Ovid.

ABOUT five and thirty years ago I was on my return from Naples to England. When I arrived at Lyon, I took my place in the diligence for Paris. There were eight of us—a Benedictine monk, a tragedian, two actresses, a lawyer, a merchant, an *Incomprehensible*, and myself—without reckoning a monkey, six dogs, three parrots, two parrots, an Angola cat, and the human lumber that was stowed into the imperial.

The Benedictine was the greatest snuff-taker in Europe, the best judge of wine, and the most finished connoisseur in all the delicacies of the table. The two actresses, who, as I afterwards learned, were a brace of courtesans, were serious, melancholy, and religious in their conversation. The tragedian was a handsome man, but a vile actor (as his friend the lawyer told me); the lawyer himself a celebrated man, but hated and detested for his malignity (as his friend the tragedian told me). The merchant seemed to be a highly respectable person; wealthy, and simple in his manners; drank a great deal, eat a great deal, slept a great deal, snored a great deal (as much as four men, as was observed by the Benedictine monk), took nearly as much snuff as the holy father himself, and talked almost exclusively with him upon the things of this world. The *Incomprehensible* was neither young nor old, neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor lean, neither tall nor short, neither rich nor poor (apparently), neither witty nor dull, neither loquacious nor taciturn; he ate of every thing, was contented with every thing; and his every action proved that he neither loved nor hated any thing in creation.

It remains to speak of myself; for this *myself* is somewhat too singular to be passed over without a word. Ima-

gine, then, a little man, who carries himself so awkwardly that he appears deformed; with a pensive countenance and an absent look; with his head sunk between his shoulders, and an unsteady, reeling kind of walk, so that he might pass for one of the Acephali of Guayana. (Cortal, p. 58 of his *Travels*, describes these men, whose heads "do grow beneath their shoulders.") Imagine, further, a person who, whether alone or in company, is so apt to be entertained with his own thoughts, that he is frequently upon the point of laughing, crying, and shouting aloud, without any one being able to divine what is passing in his mind; one who is timid and rude to excess; a lover of pleasure, but disdaining, from pride, the very objects that would impart it; a zealous advocate for toleration in all things, and yet will not allow himself to be contradicted in any, &c. &c. Imagine, I say, these several particulars of mind and body, and you have my portrait; not a very flattering one, but so like, that you might write at the bottom of it, *Mr. ———*: But I can tell you *I am not he*.

I was soon tired of the monk, the tragedian, and even the merchant; and the two actresses were soon tired of me; so that by the end of the second day's journey, there was only the *Incomprehensible* with whom I could converse. Thanks to his being contented with every thing, he endured me just as long as I chose to talk. Insensibly, however, we became familiar; and as I happen to possess some very excellent qualities which I have not mentioned, he conceived a friendship for me. This was about the evening of the fourth day.

"Who are you?" he at length said to me.

I answered his question by the portrait I have just sketched.

"That is precisely what I wanted to know," he replied; "and not your condition in life, or your property."

"I am an author," I added. "I have written numerous works. The greater part of them are trash, I know; but I have the good sense, you see, to be aware of it. What was to be done, however? It was necessary to live, and to take care not only of my own children, but those of my wife; for, after all, children do not come into the world of their own accord, and *somebody* must look after them. The most important of my works is ———: my own life, in fact. There I have anatomized the human heart; and I flatter myself that book, written at my own expense, will be among the most useful of any that have ever been published. I dissect myself without mercy—sacrifice myself like another Curtius, for the good of my fellow-creatures. I have also written another admirable work called ———; and another entitled ———; and another—"

The *Incomprehensible* interrupted me, smiling as he spoke.

"You are the very man I require," said he. "You shall be my historian-grapher. I have the most extraordinary, the most wonderful things to disclose to you. It will be of no use to attempt to make them probable, for they are not so. Are you a Frenchman?"

"No: an Englishman."

"I thought so," he replied, in English, to my great astonishment. "You see I speak English too, with the same accent as yourself; and I am neither more fair nor more dark skinned than yourself; and yet, between my country and yours, there is the whole diameter of the terrestrial globe. I was born in the southern hemisphere, 0 0 degrees from the equator, and 0 0 degrees of longitude, in an island called *Orlando Island*."

He paused. I contemplated him with amazement; but as he continued silent, I spoke myself.

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that nature reproduces herself, as it were, in the two hemispheres, and that in the same latitudes we find, not only the same plants, the same animals, but

also the same men, the same nations, and people using the same language? Ah! if it *should* be so, it would indeed be a great discovery, and your history would be so marvellous, so interesting, that it would make my fortune; snatch me from the poverty in which I have languished ever since my father cursed me; for you must know I am followed by my father's curse, and that is the reason I am so poor!"

The austral man shook his head, and asked why I had been cursed. I told him my history, exactly as it will be found related in this *Diary*, which is not to be published till after my death. He shook his head again, but said nothing.

We approached Paris; and as our conversation had latterly been carried on quite between ourselves, we were anxious, before separating, to make a favourable impression upon our fellow-travellers. We therefore paid them several polite compliments, which they returned; except one of the actresses, who snuffed up our incense, but gave us none in exchange, as if she considered that we were mutually entitled to what we got. At length we reached Paris. The Benedictine rose first to get out; and, shaking his robe, set us all sneezing violently, save the merchant. We took leave of each other with as much indifference as if we had never met.

I invited the *Incomprehensible* (not forgetting his monkey, which appeared to be of a very singular species) to lodge in the same house with myself. He consented; after we had taken a little refreshment and repose, we resumed our conversation, more at our ease than in the *Lyons diligence*.

"I must not leave you in error," said he. "The inhabitants of the antarctic hemisphere are totally different from those of this portion of the globe. Every thing is different; because every thing continues there as it first came from the hands of nature. In Europe, in Asia, and even in Africa, existences have amalgamated, as it were, and have made progressive advances towards perfection; at least, the more perfect have extinguished those of the same species, which they regarded as less perfect. In the southern hemisphere, on the contrary, there has been no amalgamation. All things remain as they were in the be-

ginning, and many of the inhabitants, consequently, have an appearance so hideous and uncouth, that Europeans would immediately destroy them. Hence we have resolved to keep our country a profound secret. There is a law which decrees that all strangers arriving among us shall be detained, so as to prevent their ever returning to their native shores. But they are well treated, enjoy all advantages in common with ourselves, and without being required to work. Their descendants, however, become part of the community, and are subject to the laws by which the whole body is regulated. We never keep but one ship afloat; this belongs to the state, not to any individual; and it is always placed under the control of the princes of the blood, whom it is impossible to deceive, for reasons which you shall hereafter know: for I have a tale to tell that will astonish you."

My curiosity was inexpressibly roused, and I was so impatient to hear further, that I would not interrupt him by a single question.

"I am," he continued, "by descent, an Englishman, and so are nearly all my fellow-countrymen. We dwell in a beautiful island beyond the tropic of Capricorn, which we have named after our first monarch, who is still living. It lies under the same meridian as England, and our days and nights are the same. I have told you there is a law which makes it impossible for any of us to travel beyond our island; you will conclude, therefore, that I am travelling with the consent of the chiefs of my nation. Of all the men whom I have hitherto met, during the six months that I have been in Europe, you are the only one to whom I felt I could open myself; because I think you can assist me in the object of my journey, which is a most important one. But before I explain myself upon that point, listen to the wonderful history of him to whom we owe the origin of all our present felicity."

The *Incomprehensible* (for so I shall continue to call him) then gave me the following extraordinary narrative.*

BLANCHE MANTLE.

THE red August sun was going down over the broad heaths of Moray, and threw its last beams across the yellow woods of Culmonai, and the dark blue pines which skirt the forest of Tarnaway. The evening was still and serene as a dream of infancy, not a fleck hung in the clear blue sky, nor a sound, nor a figure stirred upon the green banks, except the light tinkle of the sheep-bells, and the solitary figure of the shepherd, who lay upon the turf at the brow of the Dunduff, and watched the scattered flock browsing in the long shadows of the wood.

As his idle gaze followed the shifting specks, his attention was suddenly fixed by the appearance of a tall gray figure moving in the sunshine along the opposite brae. Its indistinct shadow wore the shape of a female figure as it passed, dilated by the misty light, and the shepherd watched with astonishment its gigantic stature and rapid stride. He followed it with his sight, as it advanced along the little path which leads from

the moor of Lethan to the rail-bridge of Ranach, till suddenly it descended into the shadow of the hill, and for some moments was almost lost among the yellow whin bushes. In a short time it again emerged into the sunshine, and the shepherd now distinguished in the apparent female drapery the short blue gown of a travelling minstrel, partially covered by a broad white mantle, which had '*Hugh of Toddy-holes*,' been a traveller, would have reminded him of the *blanche capote* worn by the Greek sailors.

He advanced with a powerful pace till he came to the brow of the eminence, when suddenly he stopped, and gazed upon the glen, as if arrested by the noble prospect which burst before him. Though his garb was so simple, there was something in his look which made the eye of the shepherd examine him with a modest gaze. He appeared not yet turned of thirty. His dark-brown cheek was burnt by the sun to the colour of the hazel staff which he bore in his

* The subject of another paper.

hand. His long black hair and curling beard gave a stronger brightness to his calm deep eagle eye; and there was a 'tall' noble air in his athletic stature, which in that military age was regarded as almost physically confined to the order of chivalry. Hugh looked involuntarily to the neck and heels of the stranger, but neither collar of gold, nor gilt spur peeped from under the cheve-sail of his mandillion, or the green fern about his feet. The light harp which hung on his shoulder was his only object of decoration, but this might have cast some doubt upon the modesty of the bearer; for as the level rays of the sun glanced on its ebony shaft and ivory head, they glistened with coloured light, like the gems of dew upon the morning grass. The vanity, however, with which the minstrels were accustomed to decorate their harps with crystals, and carving was so familiar, even to Hugh, that though he admired the high-wrought ebony as the finest piece of *bog oak*, which he had ever seen, yet his eye past over the emeralds, the garnets, and the turquoises with no more admiration than if they had been the cairn-gorms and pebbles which studded the harp of old Highland Ronald, the earl's minstrel in Tarnaway.* Hugh was not, however, devoid of his ideas of ornament, for he noticed with displeasure the '*bright bone*' and '*blinking beads*,' tied about with a faded blue ribbon, from which the sun and the rain had almost bleached the remains of colour.—"*I dinna think my Meggie wad tie her shoon wi't,*" thought he.

While he thus criticised the person of the minstrel, the stranger gazed with deeper regard upon the romantic glen and woods below, as if he marked every hillock and slivered pine which caught the last rays of the sun, and traced the deep blue gorge of the river, now sunk into profound shadow: for a while he looked—as one might look upon the long-deserted scene of childhood, and seemed to listen, as none but a minstrel's ear might listen, as the light breeze came through the shaking aspen, and brought the roar of the river from its rocky channel: suddenly the faint sound of a distant pipe mixed in the murmur; and as the gale swelled past, a cadence of '*The*

bonnie braes o' Morray,' came distinctly up the hill. The notes struck the cords of the minstrel's heart, for a few moments his dark cheek grew paler, and his brow gathered, till suddenly he turned away toward the west, and continued looking upon the dim broad glimmering expanse of sunny shadows, where wood, and heath, and moor stretched away to the low blue outline of Bean-Drinachan.

At length he turned, and approaching the shepherd, "Good friend," said he, in a tone that seemed of foreign accent, "know you any hospitable house, or manor, where a minstrel may barter a rondel for a night's lodging?"

The modest eye of the shepherd brightened with something like pride—"I hope ye'll no think to want you in the *laich o' Moray*," replied he, and pointing to the blue smoke which rose from the opposite wood—"yonder is the house o' Relugas, and up the water o' Divie the castle o' Dunphail, and a piecie east the Baron o' Altyre—ye'll may be hae sat in the king's presence o' Holyrood, but ye'd no find gender welcome nor merrier cheer."

"And the house of Logie," said the stranger, "is there not a house of Logie?—Logie Orwal?"

"There's a house, but nae a *ha'*," replied the shepherd, "ye'll just better keep the broad road, sir minstrel."

"I thought—I heard there was one Sir Avenel d'Orwal lived there," replied the stranger,—"as I heard say, a brave knight, and a hospitable—"

"There was—" answered the shepherd with a sigh.

"And is he dead?" asked the minstrel.

The shepherd raised himself on his arm. "Ten years sinsine," said he, "yon was the blythest house under the braes o' Moray.—Ye'll see the gray tower east yonder among the tall ash-trees.—The laird was as *large o's* hand as King Robert—no a maiden was married, nor a puir man carried to the kirk, but his pipe was at the bridal, and his candle at the lykwake. When the snaw was deep, and the ploughs could na gae, ye'd see the white plaids and kirches as thrang about the *ha'* door as the abbot's gate at Kinloss—but och-hoo!

* The seat of the Earls of Moray.

when the gude laird died 'twas kent that his great spending had brought himsel to poorteth, and there was a wadset on the lands weel nigh as mickle's the manor o' Logie. I'm thinking for your tongue ye're may be nae usit to our Scottish feuds, but if ye hae the like in your country ye'll ken what it is to hae the right hand o' your bairn unchristened, and no the tiend o' your kith and kin die in their beds like the burger bodies: the Logies and the Calder's o' Calder had been at the pursuit o' blood. Ou!—since the time o' 'Fin Mac-Coul,' and when auld Sir Richard of Logie died, knight Calder bought the wadset that he might brak the hail name out o' Moray. 'Twas no lang but he got the decret and entry, and cam down frae Edinbruch with the king's seal—we'd nae minded the king nor the shirra o' Morra, ye ken—but the yearl that was *our laird** to Calder was in his aid wi' three hundred broadsword and mair—and the noble young knight was put out o' Logie wi' a the best o's bluid and following."

"And what became of him?" asked the minstrel.

"As we heard," replied the shepherd, "he took the cross wi' the heart of Robert the Bruce, and was killed in Spain under the king's banner, like monie o' his forebears that are gone."

The eye of the stranger lighted up for a moment, but suddenly it returned to its deep calm. "He is a proud knight to whom God sends such noble ending," said he.

The shepherd looked down to the gray tower, which stood silent and lonely without a smoke, while the little black roof of each cotter's hut sent up its white curling spire on the still air. "Ou aye," said he, "for the nobility—but I'm thinking he'd no just minded to keep anither har st in Logie, and after, lie at his grandfather's shouther under the mickle stane in Edenkelie."

The minstrel turned away—it might be the sun shone on his eyes—but he lifted his sleeve to his brow, and as he looked again, "I would that I was laird of Logie for thy sake," said he, "for I

have known to want the heart of a true vassal."

The shepherd shook his head as he replied, with the coldness of one habituated to a hopeless wish, "And ye were Laird *Orwal* ye had never wanted one in Logie."

The stranger stood for some moments without reply; but suddenly, he bade "Good even" to the shepherd in a voice of "gentillesse," little customary from one of his proud calling to a peasant, and again resuming his journey, hastily descended the hill, and was lost in the birch wood below.

He had entered the little path, which partly beaten by deer, partly kept by men, leads down, through the skirt of the forest, to the foot-bridge of Ranach. Though his foreign tongue and habit could give little probability that he had ever trod that way before, he past each turn, and cross track, without hesitation, and continued to thread the intricate mazes of the deer-paths, as if he had been old Hubert the earl's forester himself. It was not long before the deep increasing roar of the Findhorn, indicated the near approach of the river, and suddenly the path emerged from the trees upon the rock above the little bridge, which hangs over that deep, tremendous chasm, called in the ancient language of the country† the '*Rathad Cuinge N'Fhearn*.'

The minstrel stopped an instant to gaze upon the dangerous pass.—It was a narrow footing of three or four planks, guarded by a white hand-rail, which stretched like a spider's thread over the roaring water. On either side the rock rose a black precipice of fifty feet above the stream, and on the summit, a mossy seat, surrounded by white wood-roses, offered its rest and fragrance beside the path: the pilgrim stopped and looked upon the flowers, and glanced around, as if for the hands by which they had been planted, and the little white slender figures which at evening were sometimes seen fitting like the '*Blanche Ladies*' of the wood, about their fairy mound. One moment, more he stopped to pluck a rose-bud and fixing it in his bonnet, glanced a

* Superior lord.

† The narrow way of the Findhorn. The name is pronounced *Rat-Cungt*.

backward look, and again resumed his way along the path. Having crossed the 'brae of Relugas,' and forded the shallow stream of the Divie, he turned short into the path which followed its bank, and as the evening light declined, looked often to the red glow which glistened through the trees, and quickened his pace with every step.

The twilight was fast closing as he entered that wild deep hollow, which leads up from the river to the moor, and from the tragic event, of which it was once the scene, has been named the 'Hollow of the Heads.*' It is a dark solitary gulf, winding like a deserted bed of the neighbouring river, between high precipitous rocks, overhung by tall elms and weeping birches, which even at noon diffuse a cool and solemn twilight through the chasm. The masses of stone which have rolled together on the bottom, are covered by a velvet coat of vivid moss, and creepers, scarcely marked by the unfrequented path; under which is heard at intervals the subterranean sound of rilling water. It is a scene, in which Salvator Rosa had delighted to paint the fearful incident from whence it has been named; and for the memory of which, few of the neighbouring peasants would cross its gloomy shadow after sunset. As the minstrel passed under the vast elm which overhangs its gorge, his eye glanced quickly into the dim hollow before him, but it was rather the look of impatience than of fear, and he past lightly over the moss-grown stones, which scarce whispered his step along the breathless silence of the rocks.

He had reached the deepest recesses of the hollow, when suddenly he turned aside, and parting the spreading hazels, which half hid the gray precipice, climbed by the natural steps of the rock to a little mossy buttress which jutted up amidst the trembling tops of the birch-trees, rooted forty feet below. The eye of the minstrel glanced upward, to the craig, and immediately fixed on a little rustic cross which stood above in a chink of the rock. It was but two wands of hazel, spliced together by a knife, like the work of some idle hunter,

who might have sheltered from a shower under the craig; but it was now almost cemented together by the lichen and moss, which had grown over the decayed bark, and which evinced the length of time which it had remained undisturbed, perhaps untouched, since, by the hand which placed it. The stranger crossed his breast, and bent his knee; and for a moment continued with his eyes fixed upon the simple rood, then rising hastily, he looked on the little mossy pillow at the foot of the rock. The deep soft velvet was impressed, as by the lair of some small wood-game, but the keen eye of the minstrel immediately discerned that it was neither the bed of the fox, nor the badger, nor where the martin sits to watch at twilight; with an eager look he glanced round into the den,† then half loosing his harp, struck three cords of a wild peculiar melody.

The unusual sound had scarce died away in the solitary echo, when at the foot of one of the rocks below, the bonnet and face of a man rose slowly out of a small chasm, and for a moment the dark eyes glanced cautiously round the den, but as they caught the tall figure of the minstrel on the craig above, a half-suppressed exclamation of joy whispered from the rock, and a young man in the green bonnet and kirtle of a Franklin's groom, sprung from the cavern, and hastened towards the stranger. For a few moments there was such meeting as might be between a 'gentle master' and 'true man,' after long and dangerous absence: but suddenly, "All is well!" exclaimed the minstrel, "the cross is on the rock—the seat is still visited—have you seen her?"

The groom's bright look suddenly fell—"No," replied he, hesitating, "I could not speed so far, but I saw May Margaret, the lady's damoiselle."

"And what tidings?" said the stranger, with breathless impatience.

"The Lady of Dunphail is wondrous well," answered the groom, "and the young esquires, her nephews, and the old Laird Bisset are haleer than he was ever wont—"

"I care nothing for the old laird,

* '*Slochd nan Cheann*,' now corrupted in '*Slockinan*.'

† '*Den*,' in the Aberdeen dialect, is used, and very expressively, for a certain character of hollows and small valleys, for which no English term is descriptive.

and his *hale-hood*," interrupted the minstrel, "*Rose*—the young lady, what of her?"

"The worst that may be told to a true knight," replied the groom.

"How, is she ill?" exclaimed the minstrel.

"Not as you should say ill in body," answered the groom, "but grievously pained in mind—loath I am to say it—but on St. Laurence, she shall be married to Sir Riginald Calder."

The minstrel's eye flashed like a lion, "What *Calder of Calder*!—the wolf of Drinachan!"

The groom remained silent; and as the minstrel looked on his face, he remained for some moments without asking another question. At length, "And with her own consent?" said he in a voice of unnatural calmness.

"Oh no—no—" exclaimed the groom, "St. Mary forbid!—but the false traitor of Calder has shown a letter to the abbot of Kinlos, bearing the name and seal of the prior of St. John in Seville, and giving tidings that *you* were '*honourably*, slain with the Douglass in the great battle against the Saracens—the lady that is like to die of grief, has no will nor joy left, and the baron who was ever the son of an unchristened Jew, bade her say '*Yes*,' and she has no strength to say '*Nay*.'"

The minstrel sat down on the rock, and for a while remained with his head leaned upon his clenched hand, and his eyes fixed immovably on a faint ray of light which quivered upon the moss—at length he arose suddenly, "Norman," said he, "return straight to Kilravock—say to my good brother Sir Hugh, that before the sun shines on St. Laurence, the heiress of Dunphail will be at his castle-gate; beseech him for our kith sake, and old fellowship to send instant warning to Rait Inchhaugh Brodie, and all who are in his band, to keep true aid against what may fall out from the Bissets, and the Calders. To-morrow at midnight, be thou at the bridge of Divie before the castle, with our horses, the laird's great hosting-steed, and twenty of the best Roses who may put mail on their backs."

After a few brief words, Norman drew a bore of his belt, and '*scrogging*' his bonnet, bounded down the path, and was instantly lost in the ob-

scurity of the den. As he disappeared the minstrel pursued the steep ascent of the chasm, and in a few moments reached the open chase upon the heath above.

The night had closed when he arrived at the gorge of the deep natural moat, which formed by an ancient channel of the Divie, isolates the steep green hill on the summit of which stands the fortalice of Dunphail: he stopped under the old oak, at the turn of the path, and looked to the dark towers which rose blank silent shadows against the sky: one red light shone faintly in an upper casement, but no sound came from the walls, except the heavy chide of the bloodhound, which bayed within the court. The stranger hastily untied the ribbon from his harp, and folding it in a slip of parchment, placed it carefully in his almoniere, and proceeding up the path, soon arrived at the little terrace surrounding the castle. For a moment he stood before the gate, and signed his breast, and dropped a bead of his chaplet, then loosing his harp, sat down on the bench under the ash-tree, and lightly running his fingers over the cords, began the celebrated rondel, by which Blondel discovered the prison of King Richard.

He had not finished the first stanza, when a light appeared in the shot-hole over the gate, and glimmered successively at the loops below, till suddenly the melody of the harp was interrupted by the clash of bolts and chains, and a gleam of light beaming through the unclosing wicket, shone upon the grizzled beard, and wide gray kirtle of the old warder: for a moment he stood on the threshold, and held forward the lamp in his hand, but a brief inquiry and ready welcome, immediately stopped short the music of the minstrel, and lifting his cithar under his arm, he followed a serving-lad, whom the warder summoned to conduct him to the hall.

The '*little groom*' paced before him down a dark narrow passage, through which a confused din of music and tumult increased as they advanced, till stopping at a small door it suddenly opened the sight of a low narrow hall, resounding with the merry dance, which of old closed the day in every Scottish household. A large iron lamp hung

from the vaulted roof, shed a red dusky light through the 'stour,' raised by the feet of the dancers, and as their shifting figures passed below, showed indistinctly the motley groups of esquires, yeomen, and *damoiseaux*, whose green mantles, blue coats and tartan kirtles, fluttered, crossed, and reeled with incredible velocity to the measure of a villanous cruit, almost drowned by the bounding feet, which beat the floor—here and there a solemn blue bonnet jiggled, and ducked to the auxiliary notation of a finger and thumb, which cracked like a castanet, and the close white kirch of some immortal old wife bobbed, spun, and trilled through the dark wave of snoods, and shock heads, like the nodules of foam in the eddy of a whirlpool.

It was not without difficulty that the 'little varlet,' and his athletic follower pressed through the skirt of the vortex, but at length they made their way to the vast chimney before which sat the old knight Bisset, his green velvet bonnet cocked awry over the ear, which was turned up to the cruit, while his dim watery eye twinkled on the jolting heads before him, and his gray toothless beard mumped quickly to the measure of the reel. At the approach of the minstrel, he turned his face, and suddenly adjusting his bonnet, erected himself against the tall arras back of his seat, and welcomed the stranger with the dignity of "Earl Thomas" on the "*Black Chair*"* of Tarnaway.

After a few questions of his road and tidings, he bade the stranger to the carved oak settle beside him; and as he endeavoured to raise his voice above the surrounding din—"Yonder loons," said he, "would not give over their *threesome* for the coming of '*Dan Orfeo*,' let alone Euridice, of the which sir minstrel you are greatly lacking,"—and the old knight laughed at his own wit, and literature, till the ready tears fell from his eyes.†

The minstrel replied by such a smile as might have relaxed the features of

Roland, after the treason of Angelica, or Sir Tristram de Lions, when he presented *la beale Isonde* to his rival King Mark—he was, however, spared an attempt at the repartee incumbent on minstrel humour, by the old knight leaning over the opposite arm of his chair, to whisper in the ear of the serving-boy, who still waited at his shoulder: this communication was presently explained by the appearance of a vast buck pasty, and a huge flagon of Rochelle, which was set before the minstrel, with an intimation that supper was preparing.

The stranger, however, eat with an appetite, which promised little grace to the livery, and at every pause of the reel, or sound of the unclosing door, his eye scanned through the hall with an impatient glance. At length, in an interval, while the blind Crowther rested his stiffened fingers on his knees, the stranger pushed away the wine-flagon, and reaching his harp made offer to give 'the maidens a lilt on the cithar.' The proposal was received with universal alacrity, and the dancers began to crowd to their places. The minstrel rested the harp on his knee, and for a few moments drew the strings, and ran his hand over the cords with a touch, which made the bald eyes of old Malice fix towards his seat, and the countenances of the dancers light with animation; till suddenly he struck into a brilliant strathspey, and the bounding hall went off like electricity. If the dancers had shown vigour under the influence of blind Malice, they were now thrown into an ecstasy, which resembled an orgie of the Corybantes, for the rattling of dirks, the mill of feet, and the clapping of hands, animated by the short shrill cry, with which the Scottish reel-dancers excite each other. At length the minstrel ceased the magic music, and as he sat down the harp, the old knight held out his hand, and giving him a hard grasp—"By St. Rule!" exclaimed he, "as there were nae ither feet in the hall ye'd mak the tykes, and Meg Tabby

* A heavy and very antique chair of carved oak is still preserved in the great hall of the castle of Tarnaway, and is said by the tradition of the country, to have belonged to Thomas Randolph, first Earl of Moray.

† The 'Gentles,' of chivalry indulged equally in laughing and weeping. In the "*Morte D'Arthur*" we are frequently told that the king, the knights, and Queen Guinevere herself, "*laughed till they fell off their seats*," at sayings and doings which it requires the testimony of the author to discern had any relation to a jest.

loup on the floor like morris-men, and May Marrión!"

In a few moments blind Malice began to twang and tune his cruit afresh, and the old knight winking aside to one of his nephews—"Now man," said he to the minstrel, "ye'll tak a turn o' the game yoursel."

The keen eye of the stranger had already marked amidst the crowd the bright blue snood and *jimp* green kirtle of a little laughing maiden, who had just entered the hall, and stood among a group of *damoiseaux*, whispering and glancing her black eyes with an air which bespoke its familiarity with a ladies' bower. The minstrel immediately accepted the invitation of his host, and putting off his white mantle, advanced to the fair bower maiden, who blushed with pleasure at his approach, and immediately accepted the hand which was offered to lead her to the floor. The bystanders gathered round the reel in which they were to dance, some curious to see the skill of so 'gentle' a minstrel, and not a few, animated by the same wicked expectation as the knight, to witness the agonies of his ingenuity, under the torture of blind Malice's cruit: but the second tour was scarce finished, when the hall rung with clapping hands, and even the old laird started out of his arm-chair, and hobbled into the press, to see the object of universal eagerness. As soon as he distinguished the figure of the minstrel, he began to clap, and whoop, and snap his fingers in an ecstasy of admiration. Whether animated by this applause, the feet of the stranger seemed to beat the imperfect measure of the cruit, as if by inspiration, and not only followed every intricate vibration of the fling, with almost invisible rapidity, but at times introduced in spontaneous variety, the grotesque and graceful steps of the hornpipe, the sara-band, and the ring dances of the Greek Cypriots.

At length the reel ended amidst a tumult of applause, and as the gallants led back their partners, the old knight pushed through the throng, and thrusting aside the intermediate couples, saluted the minstrel with a violent slap on the shoulder. The stranger, who was in the act of bending his head to the glowing cheek of his proud little partner, started suddenly round at this un-

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welcome interruption; but the knight stretching out his hand—"Hey man!" exclaimed he "but had ye been yon Orfeo, I spoke of whiles—ye'd no been long to win your lady, and deil the clood in hell had come by ye, when aince ye'd gotten her."

For the first time the dark steady eye of the minstrel relaxed into a smile, and bending in silence to the compliment, he led forward his partner through the congratulations of the crowd. At length the commencement of another reel, diverted the interest of the dancers, and watching a momentary opportunity, the minstrel slid into the hand of the *damoiselle* the little packet, containing the ribbon, which he had taken from his harp—"May Margaret," whispered he hastily, "bear this instantly to thy mistress—'tis a relic from the Holy Land, the which, if she present at *midnight* of Laurence eve, on St. Mary's Shrine in the chapel, shall have virtue to deliver her from *all jeopardies*."

Margaret took the packet with a doubtful look, and suddenly turned a piercing glance upon the minstrel, but he had already mingled with the crowd; and after a moment's hesitation she slipped the packet into her bosom, and glided from the hall.

* * * *

The great clock of the castle struck midnight, and as each stroke came half drowned through the storm, Norman glanced eagerly into the impenetrable gloom, but no step was on the road, nor could his eye distinguish any object but the dark rails of the bridge, and the white sheet of water, which roared beneath. The troopers sat under the shelter of the trees, their cloaks muffled to their faces, and their drenched horses drooping their heads to the driving rain. The tempest increased at every moment: the wind blew down the narrow glen in violent gusts, which tossed the heads of the trees in whirling eddies, and at times seemed to sweep upward from the ground. The rain fell in sheets, which resembled the deluge of a waterspout, and at a little distance, a part of the hill-side had sunk into the valley, with all its trees and bushes, and left a wide, deep '*scaur*,' from which burst a torrent of subterranean water.

The Divie—the preceding day a

2 D

shallow gliding stream, through which Norman had waded scarce wetting his chaucues, was now a furious cataract, which roared at the brim of its channel in white mountainous waves. A hollow rumbling concussion, like distant thunder, mixed with its roar, and seemed to roll under the water, which every moment sapped vast flakes of the bank, or brought down fragments of stone, that rebounding over the rocky bottom of the river, caused the extraordinary sound by which it was accompanied. The tallest trees shook like a bulrush in the stream; and as they fell went down unheard, almost unseen, amidst the roar of wind and water which swept over them.*

As the clock ceased, Norman glanced anxiously to the pillar of the bridge, on which the bright foam rendered faintly visible the fearful height of the river—it had now risen almost to the keystone of the arch, and the rider remained with his eyes immovably fixed upon the rushing line, which seemed almost sensibly to increase. In a few moments more the waves filled the arch, and suddenly a deep gush of water went over the whole platform, and left only the shivering handrail visible above the foam.

Again the terrific stream collapsed and sunk with a roaring suction under the cavity of the bridge, while the solid oak planks vibrated upon the conflicting waves like the leaf of a water-lily. In the next moment the bank began to sap on the opposite side, and the white trunks of trees, which shot like lightning through the arch, struck the pillars with a force, that made the solid buttresses quiver like a haystack. "In ten minutes more it is gone!" exclaimed Norman.

The water continued at intervals, washing its angry surges over the whole footway—the esquire turned hastily to the troopers—"Let us pass," said he,

"or they are out off:" the horsemen made no reply, but advancing silently to the bridge, waited for the subsiding surge, and before the succeeding wave, spurred their snorting horses over the planks, and sought shelter under the opposite trees.

They had scarce taken post, when the sound of a step approached in the deep gravel, and suddenly a pale white figure appeared through the darkness. The men roused upon their horses, and immediately Norman recognised the dark shadow of his master covered only by his kirtle, and supporting a slender figure, closely muffled in his *blanche capote*. "Is all safe?" said the deep voice of the minstrel, as he stood before them.

"All but the storm, *Sir Avenel*," answered Norman. "But a moment more, and the bridge is gone."

"Bring white Soldan," said the knight; and as he spoke, one of the grooms led forward the horse, and throwing off the wide mantle by which he had been covered, the pale figure, and streaming mane of the noble Arabian appeared suddenly in the darkness.

Sir Avenel looked at the bridge. The furious water was now running like a mill-stream over the vibrating planks. "Can you venture this?" said the knight, glancing despondingly to the white veiled figure which clung to his arm.

"If you are sure of the horse, I can sit," replied the gentle voice of Rose Bisset.

"He is my own glorious Soldan, which brought me from Palestine!" answered the knight.

Rose laid her slender hand on the shoulder of the horse, and offered her little white foot to the esquire, who already kneeled beside the stirrup. The knight lifted her to the saddle, and in a moment she fixed herself in the seat,

* A *lammas flood* is one of the most striking features of Scottish climate, and few seasons pass without some remarkable instance of its ravages. In August, 1830, the province of Moray was visited by a tempest, causing such a deluge on all its rivers, as there is every evidence to believe could not have occurred during three centuries before. The above sketch, which may seem exaggerated, is but a feeble outline of the scenes witnessed on the Divie, and the Findhorn.

An ample detail of the ravages upon all the rivers, with many remarkable circumstances of the danger, escapes, and losses of the devastated people, is given in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's interesting work, '*The Account of the Great Floods in Moray*.'

and gathered up the reins—"I am ready," said her soft maiden voice, almost drowned in the wind.

Sir Avenel leaped on his horse, and taking the bridle of Soldan, led him towards the bridge. The noble steed snorted, paused, and drew back, as if conscious of the precious burden which he bore: "Soldan! ho, Soldan!" said the knight, patting his white neck—"Forward, good Soldan!"

At the deep sound of his master's voice, the horse suddenly raised his ears, and advanced cautiously on the bridge; at that moment a deeper surge of the flood swept through the hand-rails a white whirling tumult of foam and wrack, and the horses rushed forward into the stream. In an instant the black figure of the knight was lost in the darkness, but the pale horse, and mantle of Rose, struggled, fluttered, dashed, thundering through the foam and tempest, like the white water-spirit of the storm.

"Soli Deo Gloria!" shouted the crusader, as he led forth the horse on the firm turf, and for a moment the splash of the troopers followed after through the roaring waves.

They gathered up in quick succession on the bank till all was silent but the storm.

"Are all here?" said Sir Avenel; and as the low voices answered out of the darkness, the knight spoke a few words to Norman, and the esquire leaning forward, the horsemen followed slowly up the narrow path which led from the glen.

In a few moments they wound above the trees which hid the bottom of the valley, and saw the windows of the castle glimmering faintly through the storm; the towers were wholly lost in the darkness, but quick shifting lights appeared, and vanished in the casements; and suddenly a number of red sparks moved along the air like gliding stars.

"The trackers are on the hill!" whispered Sir Avenel to the esquire—"ride on."

The dark line of horsemen pressed eagerly up the steep, till having gained the level down on its summit, they followed its winding edge at a rapid trot. The knight glanced back into the deep blank gulf of darkness below, but the

lights had disappeared, and no sounds came from the glen, but the roar of the river, and the trees.

As they approached the parting of the paths, Norman turned back to the side of Sir Avenel, "There is no bridge left on the Findhorn, but the Rathad-Cuinge," said he.

Sir Avenel stopped suddenly, "The Rathad-Cuinge!" he repeated.

"I would not fear to take it," replied the esquire. "There never was a flood on Findhorn, which reached the planks, and if the lady can venture to cross on foot, I would gage my fee to lead over some of the horses."

The knight paused for a moment; then turning his bridle, "Lead on," said he, "you know the road."

They had scarce gone fifty paces, when an indistinct sound came down the wind.

"What was that!" exclaimed Sir Avenel looking back.

"But the weird wind," replied Norman, "it yells and clamours to-night as if all the demons of the air shrieked in the blasts."

At this moment there fell one of those momentary lulls, which intervene amidst a storm.

"There, again!" said Sir Avenel, and as he spoke, the deep-mouthed chide of a bloodhound came distinctly in the gust.

Rose had not spoken before—"Oh there is '*black Dulochan*!'" she exclaimed, closing to the side of Sir Avenel.

"No, no," answered he, "it is but some shepherd's dog on Tulledivie."

"'Tis no shepherd's dog," replied Rose, "I know his tongue—it is the black dog of Drinachan."

The bay of the hound came now distinctly on their track, and the loud clatter of arms, and the trample of horses could be heard at intervals—"By holy St. John they have crossed the bridge!" exclaimed Norman.

Sir Avenel sat without a motion of his rein, and gave directions to his men, in a tone as calm and unhurried, as if he had stood in the hall of Kilravoch. In a few moments they resumed their course as rapidly as they could ride for the darkness; as they reached the hill of Relugas, the bay of the dog and the trample of the pursuit had receded far in the wind, and when they crossed the

parks below, it was lost behind the hill. "Good fellows," said Sir Avenel, "another sixty roods the bridge is crossed, and broken, and no man on earth may follow." The riders spurred fiercely forward, and the pale white figure of Rose and the Arab horse, shot like a flying shadow through the darkness.

As the little troop swept round the elbow of the glen, and approached the promontory, which forms the eastern buttress of the Rathad-Cuinge, every eye strained forward towards the river, and vainly endeavoured to distinguish its course through the darkness; but as they advanced, the terrific roar of the water gave fearful warning of its fury.

At length they came upon the rock above the bridge, and the whole party stopped appalled at the black half-visible tempest which rushed through the abyss. At the moment, a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the whole course of the river, and showed its white roaring battle of mountain waves running at the edge of a shelf, not a bow's length below the bridge. The fragile fabric shook like a spider's web over the sweeping tumult, and its bleached rail and trembling footway stretching indistinctly through the haze of spray, seemed to extend into immeasurable darkness like the visionary *Bridge of Dread*, over which the soul is said to pass the gulf of eternity.

The troopers looked appalled upon the fearful pass, but Sir Avenel leaped from his horse, and lifting Rose from the ground led her down the path towards the water; the horsemen followed in silence, and as they approached, the deafening thunder of the cataract drowned even the roaring of the trees, and the white spray drove in their faces like a sheet of snow.

The knight made no check before the bridge—"Now, lady," whispered he, "one prayer to the virgin—a firm hand to the rail, and all is safe." Rose replied only by the close pressure of her cold hand; for a moment she trembled—paused—stopped—it was but while her slender finger moved upon her

breast and forehead. In the next her white figure stood above the roaring flood, and glided—faded—vanished in the darkness as if it melted in the air.

In the momentary pause which followed the mail glove of Sir Avenel flew through the spray and clashed upon the rock at the foot of Norman. "They are safe!" he exclaimed, as he lifted the signal, and taking the rein of Seldan led him forward towards the bridge. For an instant the brave horse trembled, snorted, and stretched his wide nostrils to the gulf below. The esquire patted his white shoulder, and encouraged him by his voice; then loosing the rein upon his neck passed boldly on the bridge, and called him by his name.* The brave and gentle animal immediately followed him upon the terrific footing, and proceeding step by step passed the trembling planks and gained the opposite bank in safety. The troopers could scarce suppress a shout of joy, and immediately led forward their horses towards the bridge, but none would approach the roar of the water, and each recoiled snorting and trembling with ungovernable fear. At this moment the clattering career of the pursuers approached full speed, and in an instant the horses were abandoned, and the riders rusted upon the bridge, but not half their number had passed when a furious clamour of armed men rushed down upon the pass.

For some minutes the clash of the blows, the yell of shouts, the dash of falling bodies, mixed with the roar of the tempest; but suddenly the tall black stature of a gigantic figure appeared upon the centre of the bridge. He was rushing forward, followed by the mixed rout, when he was met by Norman, and each grasping to the rail made desperate stand for the passage. Unable to join in the combat, and appalled by the shaking footway, the rest recoiled upon the rock, while the dark figures of the two combatants, the flash of swords, and the clang of mail could be distinguished over the spray and roar of water. Suddenly they appeared to close together, but at the same moment a high swellit

* The Arab horses are accustomed to follow their masters without leading, even through fire.

† On the Findhorn, and other mountain rivers of the same character, these swells sometimes come down like a bank six feet 'abreast.'

of water came down over the chasm, and men, bridge, and horses, swept overwhelmed into the gulf. As they went down, a wild thrilling shout mixed with the roar of the flood, and a terrific blaze of lightning illuminated the white roaring sheet of water. For a single instant the black heads of the combatants, the fold of a red mantle, the flash of a dirk appeared amidst the foam, but in the next all was lost but the pale shooting light of the froth, and the rolling peal of thunder which burst over the river.

The yeomen of both sides stood stiff and appalled upon the brink, their hands fast clenched, and their eyes fixed upon the black abyss which roared between them. But suddenly the faint blast of a horn sounded in the forest, and as a second flash of lightning showed the northern bank it shone only upon the lone black rock, and the tall rent beech-trees, tossing their white branches in the wind.

* * * *

The sun rose bright and still and breathless upon the Findhorn, the slender birch-trees scarce shook away the heavy drops from their boughs, and the blue harebells and cuckoo-cups hung surcharged over the dewy grass, in which the tears of the night glistened like crystal gems. None stirred but the red buck which stepped cautiously through the fern, and no sound came over the Ranach but the slow deep warble of the blackbird and the subdued hum of the river.

The yellow water now lipped gently on the margin of the meadow, but far above along the mossy banks, and amidst the tallest trees, long ridges of discoloured froth and tangled wrack were left upon the turf, or hung suspended in the branches. At intervals in the hollows of the rocks, or on the shelves of sand lay the half barked trunks of shattered trees, and here and there a broken wheel, an empty cradle, or the rafter of a cottage, tokened the desolation which had swept from the Monaidh-lia to the carse of Moi.

As the morning shone over the fishers' huts of Slui, one of the old men tottered out into the sun, and leaning on his

staff above the pool, looked down for the cobble, which had been drawn up on the bank the night before. While he continued gazing on the "jetsome" of the river he observed the sun glisten upon a red heap, half covered by the sand and shaggy wrack. Thinking to find the contents of some broken *kist* he descended to the spot, but as he approached he discovered the shape of limbs beneath a scarlet mantle, and lifting the skirt with his salmon-hook, beheld the bodies of young Norman and Sir Hugh Calder, locked together in the death-gripe of their last struggle.

Their blue stiffened features were fixed in the glare of mortal defiance, and their limbs bore fearful marks of the conflict of torrent and rocks, which could not separate their mangled bodies. The dirk of the esquire was still fast clenched in his right hand, and his left closed on the throat of his master's enemy, the deep wound in whose neck disclosed the death-stroke which had reached him in the water.

* * * *

The race of Orwal has become extinct in Moray: its ancient domain has passed to another family; not one of the inhabitants trace their lineage to its blood, and its name is only remembered in the appellation of three little hills near the house of Logie. Tradition has left no trace of when they failed, or who were the last of their race; but in the ruined chancel of Kinloss there is an altar-tomb,* on which lie the figures of a knight and a lady in the surcoat and kirtle of the fourteenth century. Their hands joined, and the feet of the warrior crossed as the effigies of those who had fought in Holy Land. On the step below the tomb kneel the figures of three children, their hands uplifted, and their faces turned towards the forms above; in each compartment of the fretwork are two pointed escutcheons, partly broken, and discoloured by the green damp mould; but if the moss is cleared away, a curious herald may discern the faint remains of colour and gilding, and distinguish in the half obliterated figures the five crozlets of Or-

* The traveller will now look in vain for this monument; for the chancel and the greater part of the ruins of Kinloss, have been removed at different times to furnish stones for the neighbouring cottages and farm buildings.

wal, and the three eastern crowns of the once powerful house of Bisset. Round the upper moulding of the tomb appear the remains of a worn legend, but the characters are now defaced, and the eye

can only trace the letters, ".... Ave...! B. ss. t et illi sui;" and below, the words
SANCTA MARIA ORA PRO NOBIS!
S.

REMINISCENCES.

[*A dialogue between two friends in the Regent's Park, or any other quiet place.*]

A. God bless me! How do you do? I have not seen you this age; but I have often inquired after you.

B. No; it's a long time since we last met. Something like five or six years, I think?

A. Ay, that it is, at least. And how have you been, and where have you been, and what have you been about all that time?

B. Oh, I don't know; doing the best I could to keep things smooth and comfortable. But how has the world used you?

A. Much as usual. I have had my ups and downs. But in the long-run I have contrived to keep the right end of the rope, thank God.

B. That's all well. (*A pause.*)

A. This is fine weather.

B. Very. (*Another pause.*)

A. I don't think you are quite so stout as you were.

B. No, I am considerably thinner—(*patting himself*), but you have picked up flesh a little—(*poking his friend*).

A. Do you think so? (*Another pause.*)

B. How are you all at home?

A. Not so well as I could wish. Mrs. A. has been laid up with the influenza, for this last fortnight, and I am afraid the *babby* is going to have the cholera morbus.

B. Dear me! I hope not. I see by the papers, by-the-by, the cholera has arrived at Sunderland, but I have not heard of its being in London.

A. God knows, we don't want it. We are bad enough without that.

B. Y—e—s. (*Another pause.*)

A. Well, I am glad to see you. Where do you live now?

B. At Newington Butts. I wish you would call some day when you are passing. It is the third door on the right-hand, after you get through the turnpike. You can't mistake it, for it is the only

house in that row with a mahogany-coloured door and a brass knocker.

A. I will; and I hope you won't pass by No. 1, Short-street, Finsbury-square, without stopping to say how do you do! Good morning. I am glad to see you looking so well.

B. Good morning. Remember me to Mrs. A., and I hope she will soon get better. (*They shake hands.*)

A. By-the-by, what has become of old Major Hewson? The last I heard of him was about two years ago, when he was living somewhere near Colchester.

B. (*Shaking his head.*) Poor fellow—he is dead.

A. Indeed!

B. Yes; he never held up his head after that affair of his son, George. I suppose you heard of it.

A. Not a word.

B. You surprise me. It was in all the papers at the time.

A. What was it?

B. (*Making a sign under his left ear, and pointing upwards.*)

A. Good God! Hung himself!

B. (*Shaking his head again.*) Worse than that. It was done for him.

A. What do you mean?

B. You know George was always a gay young man, fond of expense and show, and (I am afraid) of women and the gaming-table. The major's fortune would not permit of his allowing him enough to pay for all this, and getting acquainted with a set of black-legs, they made a tool and a victim of him. He was taken up for forgery, and—it broke his father's heart.

A. Poor Major Hewson! Poor fellow! I remember he was particularly fond of George, and proud of him too; but I confess I always thought him partial, for his brother Edward was every way superior to him—more the gentleman in his

manners, and a much sounder head. Is *he* still managing his little farm at Reigate?

B. I have not heard any thing of Edward Hewson since that unfortunate affair of his wife.

A. His wife—his wife—(*musings.*) Now you mention it, I seem to have a sort of recollection of having heard something about Mrs. Hewson. She was thrown from her horse, I think, and broke her collar-bone.

B. Oh, that was before they went to live at Reigate. No—what I allude to happened about the time of the major's death. She ran away with a young fellow whom she met at the assemblies at Margate, and who turned out to be nothing more than a linen-draper's foreman.

A. The devil! She was a pretty little woman.

B. Yes, pretty enough—but a jade.

A. I forget whether you ever met Mr. Smith at my house?

B. Oh yes, several times—a very lusty man, and wore powder.

A. No, that was James Smith, the cornfactor, in the Borough. *He* was upset in a boat the other day, going to Greenwich, to eat white-bait, and drowned. The Smith I mean, was short, thin, pale-faced, and had a remarkable cast in his eye.

B. To be sure, I have met him; he played an excellent game of chess.

A. The same. Well, *his* wife served him the same trick as our friend Hewson's, only last week: eloped with an attorney's clerk in the Minories, took upwards of two hundred pounds, and set off for the continent. Mr. Smith traced them to Boulogne, but lost scent of them there, and gave up the pursuit.

B. Wasn't that Mr. Smith the brother-in-law of Frank Sowerby?

A. Yes. Why do you ask?

B. Because I see his name is in the *Gazette* of last night.

A. You don't say so!

B. Francis Sowerby, of Milk-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman—if it's the same.

A. (*Snapping his fingers.*) Then I'm done out of about seventy pounds, as clean as a whistle!

B. I am sorry for that—but there he is among the bankrupts, safe enough.

A. Mine's a particularly hard case. That old rascal (*I* can call him no better) came to me one morning, about a month

ago, while I was at breakfast, and asked if I could lend him a hundred pounds for a few hours. I did not happen to have so much in the house; and so far I may consider myself fortunate, for if I had had five hundred, and he had wanted it, such was my opinion of his stability, I should not have hesitated a moment. However, what I had I gave him; I think it was near seventy pounds. I know it was above sixty; and, like a fool as I was, I must needs press him to give me his acceptance for it at two months (wishing to oblige him), instead of having it back the next day, as he promised I should. Now, doesn't such a fellow deserve hanging ten times over? For he must have known in what situation his affairs were.

B. Scandalous! It is these things that make one absolutely afraid to do a good turn to any body.

A. Oh, they are enough to make one swear not to lend a shilling to one's own father. I had rather, at any time, be robbed on the highway of ten pounds than be fairly diddled out of sixpence.

B. So would I.

A. So would any body.

B. But it is the way of the world.

A. It is a d—d bad way, that's all I can say.

B. Yes.

A. It would be a good thing if we always remembered what we learn at school, that honesty is the best policy.

B. Yes.

A. *My* grandmother had a capital maxim—to trust nobody, and then nobody can cheat you.

B. Yes.

A. But, good God! if one can't trust a friend, it is a melancholy thing indeed.

B. Yes.

A. In last night's *Gazette*, eh?

B. Yes.

A. Well—what can't be helped must be endured—but the next seventy pounds, or the next shilling, I lend to man, woman, or child, will do them good I guess. So, good morning.

B. (*Shaking hands with A.*) Do you ever see any thing of Mrs. Rowbotham now?

A. I met her, not more than three or four Sundays ago, coming from church.

B. I suppose she is as hearty as ever?

A. I never saw her look better. She seems to have taken a new lease of her life.

B. Pleasant news for *me*! I have an annuity of thirty pounds to pay while she lives, and a reversionary interest in three hundred at her death.

A. I thought you had settled that business with her son-in-law, Mr. Snap.

B. So I thought, but I found Mr. Snap meant to make a bite of me, just in time to save myself.

A. God help us! What a world it is, There is hardly any living in it without roguery.

B. Very true, very true! Well, good morning. [They shake hands and go different ways, *A.* thinking of Sowerby's bankruptcy, and *B.* calculating the chances of an old woman's life at fifty-five.]

P. P. P.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

P A R T X.

(Concluded from p. 240.)

THAT the assassination of the king did not originate with the fanatic by whom it was perpetrated, was very generally suspected; nor does it seem quite clear, that the courtiers more immediately in the confidence of the queen, did not receive the intelligence with minds prepared to expect it. When Sully first entered the Louvre, the day following the fatal event, he discovered none of those marks either of sorrow or consternation that he expected. He describes with great fidelity the impression produced upon his mind. He perceived, he says, no appearance of sincere grief, save in those who had held offices more immediately about the king's person, but in the interior of the palace he saw either countenances calm and composed, in which—which afflicted him the more—an effort to appear wretched was visible; or faces with an air of gaiety, which excited in him a feeling of indignation. The queen's reception of Sully was accompanied by those feelings of strong emotion, which his devoted attachment to her late royal husband could not fail to inspire. But the honest sympathies of nature soon vanish amidst the machination, jealousy, and intrigues of a court. The titled retainers of royalty knew well how much they had to fear from the stern, upright, unaccommodating temper of the minister, and they resolved to leave no means untried to effect his removal. In the mean time they conducted themselves towards him with a respect approaching to prostration. The princes, the nobles of the court, and the members of the council, overwhelmed him with protestations of inviolable friendship, at the very time

that they were contriving his downfall. But Sully knew too well what stuff these parasites of power were made of, to be thrown off his guard by their predial expressions of attachment. He knew that they were all the while plotting how they should best make him the victim of their perfidy. He did not toil, however, to exert himself in every way consistent with his duty to promote the interests of the queen. He was guided by the same spirit which actuated him towards the valued Sovereign he had lost. But the countenance and support of that sovereign was gone. Anxious as ever for the real good of the state, and devoting himself to the concerns of government with an unrelaxed fidelity, it was not long before he was made to feel the altered condition in which he was placed. He found himself impeded at every step by obstacles which, formidable as they were, he would, formerly, have removed, but which were now insurmountable. Measures every way calculated to promote the public service were canvassed, objected to, modified, delayed, and ultimately defeated. To persist in urging them was useless; a cabal was always at hand, all support was unjustly and shamefully withheld, and they fell one after another to the ground. The system of his policy was changed, the maxims of his government were departed from. He complained, but his complaints were not listened to. He remonstrated, but his remonstrances were disregarded. There was no alternative but to relinquish his situation, and retire from the public councils. His family, however, dissuaded him from this step, and it was for a time

suspended. But nothing is so much beyond the endurance of an erect and honourable mind, as the dark, insidious plotting of an unprincipled and treacherous faction. A faction of this sort is always more or less active under all governments, and in the conflict between those in power, and those who seek to supplant them, the just rights of the people are invariably sacrificed and their best interests betrayed. This was a scene which Sully could not look upon with patience. He could not bear to see the people plundered in secret by those whose first duty it was to be their protectors. He could not brook that the public treasure, drawn from the industry and made up of the earnings of an oppressed and enduring people, should be divided by the ruling few among themselves, in bitter contempt of the wrongs and sufferings out of which it was wrung. He accordingly strove to reconcile his family to his wish to retire from public employment. He even tendered his resignation to the queen-regent, with a most earnest and unaffected solicitation that she would be pleased to accept it. Though, at heart, desirous of his retirement, as Sully well knew, she nevertheless pressed him to continue in her service with a sincerity so well feigned, that the minister himself was half-deceived into the belief that it was real. It had at least so much the appearance of unaffected solicitation, that he was, for the time, constrained to yield. It was not to be expected, however, that he could be suffered to go on superintending with his accustomed vigilance the disbursement of the public money. There were too many titled favourites who regarded the revenue as fair pillage, not to get up a combination sufficient to enforce what they deemed their rightful demands upon it. Sully complains of this confederacy against him, and does not hesitate broadly to state the cause of it.—“It arose,” says he, “from the exact—and I am justified in saying it—the honest administration of the finances, which did not suit the cupidity of those personages who devoured with their eyes, the royal treasury, from the first moment that it was accessible to them.”*

At length a demand was made on the

treasury through the medium of the queen herself, on behalf of certain alleged claims amounting to nearly a million of livres, the payment of which was stated to have been prevented only by the death of the late king, and an order to discharge the amount was subscribed with her majesty's signature.

Sully was for a moment perplexed as to the course to be pursued. He knew the claims had no foundation in justice, and was well satisfied that it had not been the intention of his late sovereign to sanction them. After expressing this opinion to M. Puget—the minister employed by the queen to procure the settlement of the above claims—Sully declined to interfere, and intimated to him, that if the amount was to be paid, he must himself take the responsibility of paying it. This mode of arrangement was by no means acceptable. M. Puget, though he had no objection to carry the measure, was not ambitious of the unpopularity which he knew would attach to it. The royal party returned more than once to the charge, but Sully was inflexible; and finding it in vain, they ceased to importune him, and the meditated spoil was abandoned. But the times were changed. There was now no HENRI-LE-GRAND at hand, to bear up his faithful minister against the whole phalanx of his enemies. The unswerving integrity of Sully was represented to the queen as an obstinate contempt of her authority. She had graciously set her royal signature to the order, and he had presumptuously dared to refuse obedience to it. This was an example full of danger to the sovereign authority, which ought, by some prompt and vigorous measure, to be at once, and for ever, repressed. Such was the language held by the titled parasites that surrounded the throne, and it was listened to with no unwilling ear. Her majesty could not disguise her resentment, and she resolved to take the management of affairs out of his hands. Henry in his life-time, had taught her by his example the high value he put upon an honest servant of the crown, who paid no regard to persons of the highest quality, if, in order to satisfy their demands, he was called upon to sacrifice the real interests of the state. But these

* *Mém. liv. xxix. Année 1610.*

sentiments had disappeared with their patron. They had given way to the more despotic and dignified notion, that the primary duty of every subject from the highest to the lowest was *obedience*. That the will of the sovereign was all in all, and that when either the coffers of the crown, or the creatures of the crown, required to be replenished, the fruits of the people's labour must be forthcoming. Her majesty was well aware that the patriot chief of her cabinet could never be instructed in this doctrine, and she therefore determined at once to exchange him for some more submissive and manageable agent. But this step, though easily resolved upon, was not so easy to execute. Jealousies, competitions, and intrigues between those who sought to profit by the change, threw endless obstacles in the way of its accomplishment. Amid the struggle for place the public concerns were disregarded: under-plotting at court—dissensions in the cabinet: distrust and confusion every where. The leaders of each party were anxious to avail themselves of the countenance and authority of Sully, but he had obtained the consent of the queen to retire to his country seat for the renewal of his health, and carefully kept himself aloof. The seeds of discord had at length sown themselves so widely, that the government was at the point of being overthrown. The agitation of the public mind was at its height. It was agreed on all sides that means must be taken to avert the dreadful consequences likely to ensue; but what means would be efficient, and where was the authority that could carry them into effect? In this dilemma, Sully appeared to be the only person capable, by the influence of his name and character, to restore the legitimate energy of government, and give quiet to the nation. The queen had sense enough to perceive that his presence was indispensable, and she accordingly wrote to him from Rheims, earnestly entreating him to set off for Paris, for which she was about to depart, and without fail to be there at her arrival.*

Sully knew that it was not with a

view to consolidate the real interests of France that he was sent for; but that the real object was that he might use his influence to conciliate those persons of leading weight and rank in the state, who had separated themselves from her favourite the Marquis D'Ancre. He was, of course, not forward to lend himself to any such service, and thinking that if he could elude the journey for the present the wish for it would wear away, he wrote a respectful answer to the queen, expressing himself constrained, alike by inclination and duty, to obey her majesty's command; but pleading the extreme state of weakness to which his late dangerous disorder had reduced him, and stating at the same time his conviction that his presence would not be agreeable to many persons having more authority in the management of the public affairs than he had; and praying, therefore, that he might be permitted to absent himself from the court till his health was re-established. He concluded by stating, that he had put the finances in a state to provide for the public expenditure during the remainder of the year; at the end of which, if his health permitted, he would not fail to repair to Paris, to pay obedience to her commands.

The queen, who herself was not deficient in penetration, suspected that in delaying his return to court, Sully was availing himself of pretexts not to return at all; and she accordingly had recourse to every means within her reach to induce his compliance with her wishes. She employed the influence of his friends, and more particularly of his wife, his son, and his son-in-law. She addressed herself to these latter in such a strain of endearment, and held forth promises so alluring, that they became more than ever impressed with the conviction that he was wrong in relinquishing his public functions. She proceeded to send them to him one after the other charged with the kindest assurances, and the most courteous letters. "In vain," says Sully, "did I endeavour to make them discern the queen's intriguing purpose. Prayers and solicitation degenerated at last into a persecution so harassing, that

* Her majesty had been at Rheims, attending the ceremony of the coronation of her young son Louis XIII., whose reign was one continued war against the welfare of his subjects.

to escape being overwhelmed by endless reproaches, and considering that my acquiescence would not expose me to any evil for the present, I threw myself with my eyes open into the snares which I knew awaited me at court, and for this once broke through the resolution I had formed." *

He repaired slowly to Paris, and on the day after his arrival waited on the queen and the king her son, and was by both most graciously received. The former, with an air of frankness and condescension, professed her perfect readiness to be governed by his advice, and even entreated that he would attach himself to the young king with the same devotedness which he had manifested towards his late father. She added, that she could not listen to his resignation of office—that every thing should be so arranged as to enable him to exercise its functions with perfect independence—and concluded by requesting that he would take the same charge of the financial department for the ensuing year as he had hitherto done, he alone being adequate to the efficient discharge of its duties. All this was said with the utmost seeming sincerity, and in a tone and manner that would have baffled the discernment of any minister less sagacious than Sully. But he had been too long familiar with the duplicity of courts to be inveigled with fine words and fair professions. His remark on the present occasion proves this: "I was visited," says he, "by almost all the court, and received all their commendations and caresses, which never have so true a semblance of cordiality as when the heart has the least share in them."

Experience soon justified the estimate which he had formed of all those demonstrations of respect and deference which were thus lavished upon him. His advice was on all grave occasions gravely asked, but was never followed. His remonstrances were attentively listened to, but completely disregarded. The corruptionists of the court publicly acknowledged the infinite value of his aid, and secretly employed every means to destroy his influence. The aspirants after power split into factions, all striving

in turn to recommend themselves to his favour, and each of them, at heart, more opposed to *him* than to each other. The result of all this was, as might be expected, the finances became disordered, the public business got into confusion, and the government became at length disunited on all points but one—to limit, as little as possible, the means of plundering the people. The ministers—from a mistake too common to persons high in office—considered themselves as proprietors of the public purse, and every attempt made to check their expenditure was regarded as an invasion of their prerogative. It is easy to forget that Sully could not go on amidst this swarm of harpies. It was an element in which no honest servant of the public could long continue to breathe. Finding that he could no longer make the little real power that was left him, available to any useful purpose, he formed, inflexibly, a resolution, no longer to defer his retirement from public life. Accordingly, he resigned his situation of superintendent of the finances, and governor of the Bastille. The latter was the appointment most coveted, in consequence of its investing its possessor with the control and management of the royal treasure, at that time deposited in that fortress, and placed, not only under the guardianship of the governor, but at the disposal of his influence.

The queen-mother, inwardly well pleased at this serious and sincere determination of Sully, to retire wholly from office, but knowing that it would cost nothing to express her sorrow that he should have resolved upon this step, and that she might safely endeavour to dissuade him from a decision which she knew he would not alter, addressed to him the following letter :

Cousin,

I have heard with regret the design which you have intimated to discharge yourself of the affairs of the king, my son, and more especially of those which concern the finances, against the hope which I had indulged, that you would continue your services in that capacity, as you had done under the late king. I entreat of you to weigh well this design before you execute it ; and that done, that you would inform

me of your resolution, that it may direct me in forming mine. I pray God, cousin, that he may have you in his holy care.

Paris, Jan. 24, 1611.

The reply to this letter was such as the queen expected. The Duke De Bouillon was accordingly intrusted to convey to Sully the necessary *brèves* of discharge from the official situations above named, accompanied with a declaration, that nothing but his most earnest supplications could have prevailed upon her majesty to accept the surrender of them. A pecuniary grant was at the same time accorded to Sully as a testimonial of the high consideration in which his public services were held.

The queen, after Sully's retirement from power, was accustomed to consult him by letter, on affairs of importance; She knew well the value of his advice, and she had the policy and good-sense to avail herself of it. He was about this time made a Marshal of France.

In his retreat, Sully occupied himself chiefly with the drawing of those Memoirs, which from the interesting nature of their details, and the fidelity with which they are given, will always rank among the most valuable treasures of political

history. His delineations have not only all the features, but all the freshness of truth. His long experience of mankind, in their various stations, had given him a true knowledge of the human heart. What makes his Memoirs the more valuable is, that while he paints to the life, the characters of his contemporaries, he gives you a faithful picture of his own.

Sully carried into seclusion a mind well fitted for its enjoyment. But although removed from the scene of contending politics, he did not cease to take an active interest in what was going on in the distance. Withdrawn, however, as he was, from the concerns of thrones and palaces, he was not beyond the reach of causes which bring with them a still deeper anxiety. His eldest son, the Marquis of Rosny, whom extreme imprudences and extravagances had long been to him a source of deep affliction, died after a short illness. His own death followed in eight days afterwards. The Duke of Sully departed this life at the castle of Villebon on the 22d of December, 1641, in his eighty-second year.

S.

TALES OF THE CAVALIERS.

No. II.

THE RED EAGLE.

(Concluded from p. 276.)

ABOUT a hundred yards further, in the middle of the green lawn which sloped down to Lochaniech, stood the modern habitation of the family—all which they had erected after the destruction of the castle. It was a long, low, single-story house, built of birch wattles, plastered without, but within the stranger was astonished to enter a spacious room, covered by Turkey carpet, wainscotted with gilt panels, and hung with the clan-tartan in rich Lyons silk: the entrance was a long narrow vestibule, the walls covered with stags' heads of a gigantic size, on the antlers of which were

suspended plaids, bonnets, and all kinds of fishing and hunting gear. In a rack on one side stood a long black array of twelve immense 'hang-guns,' or wall pieces, which had been part of the armament of the castle; often the shadowy tartans of the piper, or some attendant Highlander filled up the picture of feudal retainance, and in the evening the whole household danced to the music of the pipes, and gave a wild romantic pageant, that carried back the mind to the halls of 'a hundred years ago.'

When I now passed through, it was silent and deserted by all but the gray

trophies on the wall, and I followed the servant down a long narrow passage which terminated at a little chamber, the private closet of Glengarave. The servant opened the narrow door, and I entered with an impatient step.

The old man sat by the fire in his black oak chair, his bonnet on his head, and his plaid folded over his knees. Eneas sat at his feet reading out of a large black-letter Gaelic bible, and as the old man bent his head towards the book, his long white hair and silver beard fell like snow upon the deep black velvet of his doublet.

At the mention of my name, he raised his head suddenly, and as I approached beld out his hand, with a look that told he plainly saw me—"Failte, Failte—Mo Mhic," for so he always called me, and he grasped my hand with a gripe which made my fingers tingle to the points.

"Faith, sir!" said I, "if you had been Milo, you had never left your hands in the oak."

The old man smiled faintly and shook his head—"The strong and the weak are one day the same," said he, in his wonted deep strong voice. "Yesterday the tree reared up its head against the storms of Heaven—to-day it moulders in the heath—" he stretched out the thin, trembling, still mighty wreck of his gigantic arm. "A few days," said he, "perhaps, a few hours, *this* will be like the infants in the cradle." He laid his broad hand upon my shoulder—"Sit down," said he, "sit down, and tell me a' your new world tales—and you are come back, now that I am just going to leave ye?"

"Alas no!" said I; "you must live many years yet, and see all that I am going to do: see me build up the old house, and fill Glendulochan with people."

The old man's brow came sharp and keen, and he shook his head. "Ye canna do it!" said he, "ye canna do it! Ye may call to the winds, and the waters, and the earth, but it will not give them back. I have heard the lambs bleat, where the maidens sung, and seen the fauld herded upon the lone green heap, where once the sons and the fathers sat under the roof tree. What will ye do when ye shall call to

the hills and the glens, for the sword, and the scythe, and your father's sons, and none shall answer but the sheep?"

"Curse them!" I exclaimed, "curse those who did it!"

His bending withered frame rose up to its terrible height, and he laid his hand upon the Book—"And HE will curse them!" said he, "and the heaven, and the sea, and the earth that opened her mouth to cover their heads shall say—AMEN!"

He looked upon me till my eyes fell before him; there was a long deep pause, but when I glanced up, the awful spirit of his face was gone, and he sat feeble, and passive, and absent: his gray brow fixed in the emptiness of age, and his thin hands dropped upon his knees.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and the Piper announced—"An *Iolair-dearg*." A light quick step, and the rattling gingle of arms approached in the passage, and the noble young Highlander, whom I had seen land in Lochandrine, entered the room. Eneas started up to meet him, and leading him to his grandfather. "Captain O'Hale-ran," said he, "the gentleman of whom I spoke, is come to see you."

The old chief gently nodded his head, but he did not speak, and gazed on him with an absent look. As the stranger bent towards him, a sudden beam of the setting sun came through the window, and lit up his noble features, and the long golden hair which fell upon his shoulders. I thought involuntarily of the pictures of *Charles Edward*. The old man suddenly started, gazed eagerly upon his countenance, and pulling off his bonnet, grasped the arms of his chair as if to rise: we supported him, and he rose slowly up to his giant height, and bent his knee before the stranger.

The colour rushed into his face, but he stretched out his hand, and, raising the old man from the ground, inquired of his health without noticing this appearance of failing intellect. The old chief turned away, and the tears ran down his face. "God bless your Royal Highness!" said he; "God bless you! Well, indeed I am, to see this day!"

We looked at each other in silence, and the cheek of the stranger came red as his jacket. "You mistake, sir," said Eneas, "it is——"

"I know!" said he, hastily; "I know! it is——" but suddenly he checked the word at the entrance of the servants, who came to cover the table, and sunk down into the chair in silence.

"It is Captain O'Haleran," said Eneas, anxious to give his mind a decided impression.

The old man smiled, and bowed his head, "Ou aye," said he, "ou aye! it is just the captain—I am glad to see him—and, weel, sir, "will ye be lang in the country?" and his white brow fixed upon his face.

"I am not yet certain," replied the young man, "but the gratification of your society would be a great inducement."

Mac Mhic Ranouil shook his head and held out his trembling hand—"It could *once* have done you service," said he, "but——," and he laid his hand upon the head of Eneas, "Here are *three* of these and five hundred men between Lochness and the sea."

"God keep you yet to be a father to them," said the Iolair-dearg "for there is a bitter change around them," and he led the conversation to a retrospect of the alteration of the Highlands. The old man spoke with his wonted force, chivalric feeling, and profound thought, and told some anecdotes of the '*old time*,' with all the vivacity and dramatic character for which he was so celebrated; but as the servants left the room, he suddenly stopped, and looking at the stranger, "Mo Phrionnsa!" said he, hastily, "are you in danger that you are here alone?"

The young man laid his hand kindly on his arm, "I fear," said he, "your remembrance joins me with some other person, I regret to think that you could never have seen me before."

The old man shook his head and smiled sadly, "I might think you should not mind *me*," said he, "but the last time was on the morning of *Culloden*."

"Alas!" I was not then born!" replied the stranger.

Glengarave suddenly raised his head and fixed his eyes upon his face, "It is over true!" said he, "it is over true! it is twenty years ago! I forget how I

have outlived them all—but who are ye, sir?"

The young man blushed slightly, "I am the son of a *true Highlander*," said he; "one whose father lifted his hand in the same cause—the same days with you, but he was more unhappy than you, and ask me not to speak of those—*who will never return*."

Mac Mhic Ranouil wiped away a tear, and for some moments bent down his head in silence: at last he looked up and stretched out his hand, "*He* held it in *his* as we went into the *moor*," said he, "it has never taken the hand of man since; and now if they would carry me into the field, and lay my rifle across a knowe, I would send a shot for him that would bring down the deer's *croc*."

The young man grasped his outstretched hand, and turned away his head, at last—"Not by the hand of earth!" said he, "nor by the will of man, but—by the arm of God alone."

The old man returned his grasp in deep silence, and leaned down his head upon his hand, the long white hair fell over his face, and he sat so still and motionless, I thought he had fallen asleep. Eneas stood beside him, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon him with intense regard—I thought with awe—for more than a quarter of an hour we neither stirred nor spoke. The old man raised his head, and swept back the long white hair from his face, a strange, fearful, unnatural light was in his eyes, he stretched out his hand to the stranger.

"I *know* you, who you are!" said he, "God has written it on your brow!—*thou art the 'true bird of the mountain'!*" The Rose that blossomed in the *Duthaich-chein*—the *Red Eagle* of victory that should come from the sea—before the flood shall wash the foot of the tree at Ballinarara—before the coming of '*Gregor with the black knee*'—when the '*white horse*' shall carry the last of Clan O'Duine over Drumnalbin; and the '*many-coloured mantle*' shall float down Loch-Fine, and the *Eagle*, and the *Raven*, and the *Hawk*, shall take his own!"

His eyes faded, his head sunk down upon the chair, and for a long while, he spoke no more—at last, he looked up—

his face was pale and altered, and there was a dim blank whiteness on his eyes—he swept back the hair from them with his thin fingers, and pointed to the wall.

“Thor na h-airm!” said he feebly.

Eneas lifted down the long black sword, the dirk and the target that hung over the chimney. The old man bent his bald eyes towards them, and felt them eagerly with his hands—he groped for the hilt; Eneas supported the blade for it was too heavy for him, and he grasped his hand within the head—for a moment his pale thin features grew sharp and stern, and his eyes fixed towards the stranger—he stretched out his left hand, and felt in the air—“Mhac an Rìgh!” said he, “Thig dluth Mhac an Rìgh!”

The young man approached, he felt for his arm, and placed his hand in the sword—

“It was at Cillechranchie—Sherramuir—Culloden,” said he, “they came to take it—I hid it in my son’s grave, where I buried him in the hill under the rock!—I am going to meet him!”

His voice failed—he bent down his head, Eneas supported him in his arms, and the stranger held his hand as he stood beside him—once more he looked up, once more pressed the hand of the stranger, and laid it upon the head of his grandson, “*Mo Rìgh! Mo Mhac! Ghloir Alapin gu brath!*” he said. A still smile came over his features, his head sunk down upon the arm of the stranger, and his last deep breath passed across his hand.

* The morning was yet scarce light, for the deep black silent clouds rested upon all the hills, as if they had come down to darken that day of mourning: not a breath of wind stirred the still bosom of Lochaniech, nor a sound came from the hill, but the deep, dull, sullen roar of the distant Garave. All was yet silent in the house, but a red still light shone in several of the windows, and at times, a passing shadow told that some were already stirring at that unusual hour.

As the light advanced, a faint uncertain sound came from the mountain, but

at length the hum of pipes could be distinctly heard in the gorges of the glens, and suddenly an approaching pibroch, and the heavy tramp of men, advanced up the avenue. It came on till the black shadowy column appeared between the trees, and the light fluttering streamers of the pipe could be distinguished amidst the dark waving of the tartans. In a few minutes another body approached from the opposite side, and in less than half an hour every road was darkened by the long black lines of the clans pouring down towards the house. As they arrived upon the lawn, they formed up into a single column, leaving an interval between each body, and before the house a larger space, in which was pitched the yellow banner of Glengarave, and the famous *heath* standard of Clandonnell.

The piper took his place before the colours, and a long deep pause rested along the line, till suddenly the door of the house was thrown open, and a dim glimmer of light appeared in the hall. It was already filled with gentlemen, and in the midst rested the deep black pall, which covered the vast coffin. The pistols, dirk, and broadsword of the deceased lay upon the lid, and at the head the eagle’s plumed bonnet and a green bunch of heath, the badge of the Mac Donnells. Four Highlanders, with fir torches, stood at the corners of the hearse, and upon the wall a wax taper stood upon the white glimmering forehead of the deer skulls, and cast a wan light among the shadowy plaids and arms, and over the throng of plumes and tartans which stood about the coffin. At the extremity of the crowd I distinguished the figure of the *Iolair-deurg*, his tall eagle’s wing veiled with black crape, and the bright glitter of his arms and ornaments obscured by the same sable covering. While I watched his deep, noble countenance, as it was fixed towards the hearse, Alan-dall, the blind, gray, favourite bard of Glengarave, felt through the crowd towards the coffin; he started as he touched the velvet, but immediately felt it eagerly with his hands, and grasped the coffin, the arms, the bonnet, and we thrilled at his fear-

* It may perhaps add to the interest of the following incidents, that they were taken from the recitation of an eyewitness to the funeral of a noble individual, the most distinguished character of the Highlands since the days of the great Lockiel.

ful voice, as he wept aloud, and cried continually, "*Ochon! Ochon! Ochon! Mhac Mhic Ranuill!—Chan'fhaic mi thu cha n'fhaic me thu a choidh! Laimh dheas a Gael!*" While we stood round him in silence, Encas, accompanied by his uncles, entered the hall. Alan stopped at the sound of his step, but his hands clenched in the pall, and his bald eyes turned suddenly towards the piper. The young chief whispered to the *Iolair-dearg* and advanced to the head of the coffin. The stranger came forward and took the head of the bier—the vast flowing veil of black velvet rose slowly upward, and the sudden burst of the pipes blew up the march of *Cille-Chriosd*. The banners were already lifted—the coffin passed slowly out beneath them—and the long procession moved forward to the avenue. As the coffin passed the ruined barbican, a bright flash of lightning shot above us, the flame played upon the arms, and all at once the heavy thunder burst over our head, and drowned the clamour of the pipes. The storm seemed to wake, as if the heaven and the earth rose up to meet us. All the way as we passed on, the lightning played upon the coffin, and the thunder and the rain swept around, as if the heaven shouted over us, and wept its tears upon the pall.

The bard lifted his bonnet, and waved his hand to the sky; a bright, wild light of inspiration came to his sightless eyes, and suddenly he burst into a deep glorious song of lament and exultation—calling the heaven and the storm to the grave of his chief, and constantly recurring with wild burden—

*Is sona Bhean-bainns' air an eirigh griau!
Is beannacht' an corp air an tuitidh fras!
Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!
Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains upon!*

In a few moments the whole host of the people caught the strain, and the deep terrible surge of two thousand* voices rolled up to heaven with the song. As the chorus went and came, the figure of the *Iolair-dearg* seemed to rouse up like the eagle in the storm, and his tall glorious figure moved like the bright battle-spirit of the hills amidst the dark black cloud of cloaks and plaids. His glim-

mering arms and ornaments glittering with the lightning, and the white rose of his bonnet, and the red wing of his plaid, shining like a pale star, and waving like the red lights of heaven on the clouds above.

At length the black column approached the burn which winds round the little solitary chapel of *Laggan*, the last resting-place of the great—the beautiful—the noble of *Clanranald* for a hundred generations. The stream was now swollen to a deep, black, furious torrent, but there was no check amidst the crowd. The dark, dense, shadowy column, rushed amidst the foaming water, and, locked arm to arm, bore through the roaring torrent, amidst a white cataract of foam and spray. For a moment the wild thrilling battle-clamour of the pipes remained stationary upon the bank as the crowd struggled with the stream, and at every shock of the wind and flood, the shrill rapid pealing call of the pibroch came up in the blast like the cry of the storm spirit.

The coffin reached the middle of the stream—it stopped—the white spray dashed up over the pall, and the black heavy mass trembled, wavered, rocked, like a toppling tree. "*Lalmh dearg buadhach!*" cried Encas, through the wind. The thunder of the war-cry came up over the storm, and the black waving pall, and all its plumes and bonnets, passed forward like a mountain through the torrent. We ascended the bank, and crossed the level field, and reached the gate of the chapel girth. The pipes stopped all at once, as they went through; and the deep, heavy, ceaseless tramp of the crowd was all that came amidst the storm.

The coffin passed into the chapel. The mourners gathered round the grave, and the white figure of an episcopal clergyman came forward through the dark crowd of tartans. A few pale tapers were set about the bier, and shed a faint light across the coffin, and over the deep, dark, shadowy mouth of the pit where it was to rest for ever. The priest advanced to the brink, and began the service. The corpse was lowered slowly into the grave, and a deep thrilling shudder ran through the crowd as

* At the funeral of Campbell of Lochnel a little before the forty-five there were few thousand men in arms present.

the fearful hollow sound of the earth rebounded on the coffin. I looked up, the cold clear blue of the winter sky appeared through the dark roof, and one pale star looked in upon the grave.

"Look down now from heaven, thy dwelling-place!" said the pastor. "Behold and hear! and when thou hearest, forgive; and do and give to every man according to thy mercy, when the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto Thee who gave it!"

The deep *amen* passed away among the people like a murmuring surge, and the low, rolling, muttering thunder of heaven answered it back upon the hill.

The night was far gone as I passed along the silent, solitary street of Port-Michael, towards the house where I was to spend the remaining hours till morning. The great bodies of the funeral had marched away before nightfall for their respective glens, but numbers still remained in the town; every room and change-house which could afford a lodging was occupied; and long after dark, many a solitary figure, yet seeking for a shelter, was seen hastily passing through the street. All, however, had now retired to some resting-place. The night was deathly calm and dark as I passed along the shore. Not a star shone in the sky, nor a light in a window, and all was still, and silent, and breathless, as if the heaven and the earth listened with fearful pause for some terrible event.

I stopped upon the brow of the pier-cliff, and looked down upon the sea. It lay like a black, void gulf below me; no stir, nor sight, nor sound, but the little still red light upon Elan-marabh,* and the low, deep, distant hum of the streams upon Beann-na-guidh. For several moments I watched the little spark of the fisherman's hut, and the long quiet pencil of reflection which slept upon the water. "How many a fearful night has that lonely beam seen around it," I thought; and turning from the cliff, hastened to my lodging.

I was awakened by a loud noise. The whole world seemed rolling in tempest; the wind roared in the chimney; the rain washed against the window like a torrent; the blast shook

the rattling casement as if it would shatter the panes from the leads; and the deep terrific roar of the sea came like thunder through the confusion of sound. I started up and listened, for I was yet sensible of having wakened with some other noise. Suddenly the report of a cannon burst loud in the wind, and the quick rush and clamour of a crowd of people came under the window. I started up, and hurried on my plaid and bonnet, and descended to the door—Donald was already there.

"Here's an awful night, sir!" said he.

While he spoke, the thunder of the cannon came again through the storm.

"What guns are these?" said I.

"A great ship has mistaken the light on Elan-marabh for the pier-head," replied he, "and has struck on the *Drum-an-l'orc*."

"Is any gone to her assistance?" said I.

"Chial! Chial! Glendulochan!" exclaimed Donald; "there's no the face o' man than can cross the Kyle."

I folded my plaid about me, and hastened out towards the shore. As I approached, the deafening roar of the beach came like thunder through the darkness, and for a moment I could see the dim white mountain of foam and surf burst upon the rocks. The strand was crowded with people, and all the boats were drawn up high above the water. Numerous lanterns moved quickly along the craigs, or shone with a dim stationary glimmer through the storm haze, but it was so dark, that I could scarce discern the white storm sheet of the surge that broke at my feet. The voice of the fisherman could scarce be heard through its roar, and it was only where the lanterns shed a dusk glimmer among the plaids and bonnets that I could discern the dense still crowd which was gathered about me.

All at once the broad glare of a fire-beacon rose up on the cliff, and shed its dusk-red light over the rock, and the dark shadowy figures along the strand. As the tall fitful flame wavered on the wind, it threw momentary flashes upon the tops of the mountain breakers, but all beyond was one black empty line of darkness void.

I now discovered the pilots making signals at the tide-post. "Is it yet near the flood?" said I to an old man who stood beside me.

He stooped his lantern on the ground, and I beheld appalled that we stood upon the *green turf*, though the waves washed up to our feet, "Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "Is *this* the high-water mark!"

"Never before since the great flood of the world," replied the fisherman, "there's no the oldest man on the coast has seen such a tide—at the highest she does na come to the bent hill, and now she's gone ower the *Brugich-mar* and is out on the hail case o' Moi."

"My God!" I exclaimed, "and where are the cattle—the people?"

"Gone to the great deep!" answered the fisherman.

I stood silent and appalled. "To night," said the old man, "is the anger of God in yonder water—and, ou! ye'll see a sight when the morn breaks!"

While we spoke the heavy report of the guns continued at steady intervals, and I saw the red flash not above one hundred fathoms before us. As I listened for the shot, a feeble old man pushed through the crowd to the brink of the water, and, as he looked upon the surf, he clasped his hands and exclaimed, "O! Dhia! Dhia! an Elan! an Elan!"*

None had thought of it before—"Who!—who are *there*?" cried several voices at once.

"My wife! my daughter?" exclaimed he.

A murmur of horror rose from the crowd, and I remembered the light which I had seen at the hut as I returned home.

"It was on the wee green bank in the sand bent," said the old man to whom I had first spoken, "It will be twa fathom under the water e'now!"

The father stood with his hands fast clenched, his eyes fixed in the darkness—he had no plaid nor bonnet, his breast was open to the rain, and his long gray hair whistled in the wind. Donald took off his own bonnet, and covered his head, but he did not move, nor speak, nor turn his face. The crowd gathered

about him; but after the first inquiries, none spoke to him, for he did not answer. I turned away, for I could not look on his despair.

The people continued to reply to the minute guns with their lights; and there was now a distant fire burning on the opposite foreland of the sound, to direct the ship between the main and the *is.* Before daylight the guns ceased; and we watched with intense anxiety for the dawn, to discover the situation of the ship. At length the day broke; the ridges of the waves came out to the gray light, but as the narrow channel appeared, *nothing* could be seen but the white terrific hurricane of water, and the black solitary head of *Elan-marabh*!

The little island was almost buried in the waves, and only the black point of its sharp rock, could be distinguished amidst the surf. As the light advanced, however, I distinguished a white object upon the summit, at first I thought it was but foam, but as length I saw it move, and discerned the shape of a human figure. The old fisherman snatched the glass out of my hand, and pointed it on the rock. It shook in the blast, but for a moment it came steady. The old man dropped it out of his hand, and falling on his knees, clasped his trembling fingers—"Now praise to God! praise to God! praise to God!" he exclaimed! "She is yet *alive*!"

I snatched up the glass, and distinguished the white slender figure of a girl upon the rock—her long pale hair flew uncovered in the blast, and as her white earisaid fluttered fast in the wind, she stood straight, fixed, and motionless, her hands clasped, and her face bent towards the shore; suddenly she waved her little slender hand in the wind, and the pale earisaid fluttered up towards us.

"*Am bàta! am bàta!*" cried the old man with a terrible voice.†

A long, deep, noble galley lay drawn up beside us, and several powerful young fishermen leaned upon the gunwale—but none moved nor answered. The old man tottered forward to the stern—"Donald! Angus! Eachain!" he called, but none spoke out of the

* "The island! the island!"

† "A boat! a boat!"

crowd. He wrung his hands,—“Men! brothers! fathers!” he cried, “Will none go!”

“Alas!” said Donald, “If they had the ‘blessed ship of Clanranald’ they could not go!”

At this moment the venerable minister of Port-Michael pressed through the crowd, towards the old man—

For a moment he stopped and spoke to the people, but they shook their heads and lifted their hands, and I could hear—“*A chial! a chial! cha Fion mór feinsa!*”

The minister came forward to the old man, who had thrown himself on the turf, and strove to raise and console him; but he did but clench the grass, and shake his gray hair, and turn his face to the ground. The pastor looked suddenly to the crowd. “I have steered a boat myself,” said he, “it is possible with the help of God!”

As he spoke, the trample of horses, and the rapid gliding rush of a carriage came through the sand, and the Marquis of Eagleton’s travelling chariot drove up through the crowd. Lord Grandton, his eldest son, sprang from the door, and pushing through the press, with loud inquiries and directions made an abundance of that ostentatious incitement, and incompetent assumption of conduct and importance which the vulgar great parade for activity and generosity in occasions of public calamity.

“Why the devil you fellows don’t you launch the boat!” cried he to the fishermen about the galley.—“By G—d, take in all the reefs—steer hard up in the wind. If I had half a dozen English man-of-war’s men I would be at that d—d rock in five minutes!”

“If ye had King Geordie, ye’d no won there!” said a deep-voiced Highlander who leant upon the boat.

The young nobleman bit his lips for a moment, but turning suddenly to the crowd, “Where are my men!” cried he.

There was a long pause—but none answered—“Gone to America!” said a single voice at last.

Lord Grandton stood abashed for a moment, but he immediately recovered the effrontery of high breeding. “Come my good fellows,” said he, “don’t stand there! here’s fifty guineas, and an an-

ker of whiskey to the first boat’s crew that goes out.”

The men returned no notice, and continued gazing upon the sea-mark. The water was still rising on the grass, and I looked anxious towards the island. The white slender figure stood dim and motionless upon the rock; but at times I could see the fluttering earisaid waved up in the wind. Suddenly a tremendous breaker burst upon the island, and for a moment, all seemed buried in the foam; a loud murmur went up from the crowd, and both Lord Grandton and the minister redoubled their incitement to the boatmen to go out.

At this moment the *Iolair-dearg* came through the crowd—we stood motionless about the boat, and the old man knelt and clasped his hands, and cried—“Ochon! Mo Nighean! Mo Nighean feinsa! Is mis ‘an diugh tha seann, cha n’ uarrain stiuir a chumail ni’s mò!”*

The minister stretched out his hand to the rock. “In the name of God, the God of the battle and the storm,” said he, “let some go to the help of that poor child!”

The stranger laid his hand on the boat: “Launch her away!” said he.

The old man sprung on his feet, and the minister came eagerly forward. “Will you indeed go?” exclaimed he. “But oh! who will go with you?”

“God and these good fellows,” said the stranger, pointing to six fine young fishermen, who had followed him; and, throwing off his plaid, he leaped into the boat. The crowd gathered about the galley, and in a few moments the rudder was shipped, the sail unfurled, and the *Iolair-dearg* stood with the sheet in his hand watching for the next wave. It came tumbling, foaming, roaring forward like a mountain, and burst along the coast in a hurricane of foam and thunder; the white froth lipped the boat’s keel, but the next moment it retired, and the broad, smooth, foaming sheet swept raking down the beach. The stranger dropped into the stern seat: “Let go!” cried he, and the long, black, slender galley shot down like an arrow amidst the receding water. In an instant the ebb took her away twenty fathom into the white tumult of surf; for a moment nothing appeared

* “Alas! my daughter, it is I that am old to-day and cannot hold the helm!”

but the black rolling mast, and the heads of the men—now up—now gone; but suddenly, the short white storm-sail rose in the wind. The boat shot up—away—over the next wave before it broke, and flew out through the terrific surf like a bird.

The old man sunk on his knees, and clasped his hands, his sharp rigid face fixed towards the boat, and his low eager voice continually repeating, "*God hold the helm! God hold the helm! God hold the helm!*"

A deep, breathless silence rested in the crowd, but at every interval, as the little white storm-sail shot up above the black gulf, by which it seemed momentarily buried, a hoarse deep murmur rose from the throng, and I heard, "A chial! a chial! the terrible hand! the terrible hand on the helm!"

Whenever we could see her, the boat held her course upon the island, without losing half a point from the wind, at last we could discern her approach the white head of foam.

For a few moments it hovered round the black rock like a sea swallow, till suddenly she went down the wind like a dart—"She's awa' for the lea water!" exclaimed a pilot—"she's awa' for the lea water! and yon's no the hand o' man on the helm!"

As he spoke she disappeared behind the island, and we could see the little fluttering figure turn towards it—"A nis! a nis! a nis! a nis! a *Dhia*, a nis!" * exclaimed the old man.

At this moment a terrific explosion of lightning and thunder burst together over the island, and land, rock, water, vanished in one dazzling confusion of light. I opened my giddy sight, the white fragile figure was gone, and there appeared only the low, black, solitary helmet of the rock amidst the mountain of foam and spray.

There was a moment of fearful pause. Suddenly the white sail shot like a bird into our sight, and free to the wind flew towards the shore. Often it was lost for several moments, but again shot up nearer, and nearer, till at last we could see the long black boat riding like a witch-bark over the waves. The people crowded down to the water—the wave hid her from our sight—another

—and another—again she shot up not sixty fathoms distant, and one long fearful roaring shoot came up twenty yards upon the smooth grass. In an instant, a hundred hands run her up out of the water, a loud bursting thunder of shouts rose up through the storm, the crowd parted asunder, and the *Iolair-dearg* bore out the pale, weeping, fainting girl, and laid her in the arms of her father.

* * * * *

The sun was low upon the sea, as I came to the summit of the little knoe which looks down over the woody cliffs upon Lochandrine. The long silver ripple of the tide scarce lipped upon the sand. The broad, clear, spotless blue of the autumn sky slept with the stillness of heaven upon the hills, and the intermitting breath of wind scarce shook away the yellow rain-drops from the slender birches. The solitary robbin whistled happy in the thorn, and, at times, I could hear the still mournful 'tick' of the autumn leaf as it fell upon the grass. I looked back towards Port-Michael, each lone blue isle and headland sent up its still white smoke in the sun, *Elan-Marabh* alone was dark, and dim, and habitless.

As I gazed towards it, the low dark shadow of a ship of war under jury masts came out from the sound against the light. As she rounded the point, she kept slowly in with the land, and even at that distance, her vast shape looked grim, and torn, and shattered, like a giant warrior from the battle. She advanced within gun-shot of the cliff below me, and slowly bringing round her head, lay aback to the wind, and I saw a boat put off for the shore.

As I watched it, an old fisherman came up from the beach, and I asked about the ship. "It is the frigate that struck on the *Drum-an-t-ore* last night," said he. "Yon awsum tide heezed her afore the morn, and she rode out the storm in the sound, she's back e-new for the *Iolair-dearg*."

"What did she come for him?" said I.

"Aye," replied the old man, "he's awa' south the day."

As he spoke a quick step came through the trees, and the young stranger sprung out from the copse-path. He

stopped, and kindly returned the salute of the fisherman, as he lifted his bonnet.

"A weel, sir! and ye're awa!" said he.

"Indeed am I," replied the stranger, "and heavy is the day to me."

The old man shook his head—"Tis the puir folk will say that," replied he, "we did na think to see the like o' your father's son again."

The young man smiled mournfully—"I will come back to you in the spring," said he, "in the *spring* when the *rose* blossoms, and the sun shines upon the *heather*."

The old man's face brightened—"Dhia beannachd an la! agus Eirichibh air sgiath nam Beann, Iolair oig uasal a'h-Albainn!" said he.

A tear came to the stranger's eye, he held out his hand to the old man, and, lifting his bonnet to me, bounded down the path among the trees. In less than a quarter of an hour, I saw the indistinct speck of the boat glide out from the woody promontory below, and recede till she vanished under the

shadow of the frigate. For a few moments the ship lay still and motionless, but suddenly her broad white wings went round to the wind, a white ensign fluttered up to the mast head, and the black shattered ship stood slowly out into the offing.

I watched her till she entered the yellow stream of the sinking sun, and faded—faded—faded, till she seemed to pass away into the setting glory.

The winter went, the spring came back, but the loair-dearg did not return. *Marie bhàn an Eilun* watched to the sea, but there was no sail, and listened to the hill, but there was no pipe, and she gathered a rose, and looked upon the sun, and sat on the green fern and sung,

The sun beams dance
In merry France,
The rose blinks ovr the tree,
But they have tint
The simmer glint
In mine *ain countrie*!

Σ

SAINT IRVING AND THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

WE seem to live in a world of imposition. The crafty live from day to day upon the credulity of the unwise and the unwary. Talk of an age of reform! Why we seem to be going fast back to the days of witchcraft, when the old women bestrided their brooms to meet their mystical confederates in the air, and when they played so many mad antics in this lower world, that it became necessary to withdraw the licence granted to them by the Evil One: and when, in despite of the supremacy of his Satanic majesty, the grave lawgivers adjusting their wigs—for wigs are of ancient date—and arranging their spectacles—for spectacles have assisted weak eyes and adorned weak heads from time immemorial—sent forth into all lands their irrevocable decree: "Thou shalt not suffer a *witch* to live." The devil's dominions were no doubt a little disturbed by this despotic mandate; but his activity appears to have suffered little interruption. A host of magicians, prophets, conjurors, jugglers, and cheats of every kind, suited to the stupidity of the multitude, and prepared to profit by their gullibility, were to be found

in whatever quarter they could turn their trickery and deception to account. But after a time, the horn-book made its appearance—people learned to spell—the light of knowledge began to dawn, and, by degrees, spread itself over a vast portion of the horizon. The impostors stood aghast—they were shrewd enough to foresee that if common-sense made her way among the crowd, they should soon be at their last gasp. They had stood up manfully against the prayers of the faithful, but were sorely perplexed by the progress of science. Quacks, however, and impostors, knew well that, enlighten the world as you may, there is always more of fog and mist left than fools can see through. Medicine has its Solomons, Van Butchels, and St. John Longs. Religion has its Hohenloes, its Swedenborgs, and its Johannan Southcotes. There is no mode of transferring men's money from other pockets into their own, that the *Saints* of our time have not put in practice; nor is there any pious mode of extortion that they have not had recourse to with success. But man is a teachable being, and there is no study—even the

study of deception—that can be learned without a tutor. Hence we have a large class amongst us calling themselves gospel professors, evangelical professors, and professors of every pious denomination, teaching the language of cant and fanaticism, in the same manner as professors of the French, German, and other languages, undertake to make us proficient in their different dialects. Matters, however, have been going on ill for some time past in the circle of the serious. Not that we are becoming more cheerful, but we are growing more cautious. Hence it is that funds for missions are failing in all directions. The windows of our pawnbrokers shops, in every part of London, abound with prayer-books and bibles; while the Bible Societies are levying perpetual contributions to their already overstocked market. Chapel building is at a discount. Methodism is on the wane. The Wesleyan weeps over his half-deserted Ebenezer; and the doctrines of Whitfield echo through the ill-filled pews of the Tabernacle. Every mode of extracting pounds, shillings, and pence from the pockets of serious Christians has been well nigh exhausted. Even the *decidedly* pious are grown costive in their contributions; for not only are the times hard, but the veil of deception has been worn threadbare. Affairs being in this sad predicament, what was to be done? While the belwethers of Methodism were meditating—one and all—how they could best revive the expiring fanaticism of their flock, behold the renowned Scotch pastor, Mr. IRVING—blessed with that *second-sight* which, from time beyond record, has been the peculiar gift of his countrymen—hit upon a scheme of imposture, which had escaped the sagacity of his fellow-knaves on *this* side the Tweed; and which requires all the native effrontery of the *other* side to carry it into effect. He announced the renewal of the age of miracles—the out-pouring of the spirit on his faithful followers, upon whom the Lord had been pleased specially to confer the hitherto unheard-of gift of speaking in an *unknown tongue*!!! In an instant the enthusiasm of the godly was roused—the pious swarm—men and maidens—old fools and young fools—all were on the wing. Out of bed they scampered before sun-rise, and at cock-crow his chapel was crowded! Those who had been listening to unintelligible discourses half their life-time, were rejoiced to receive the blessing in a new

shape. They were familiar with doctrines that set their comprehension at defiance—but to be taught in an *unknown tongue*, what a privilege! A mystery affords a glorious opportunity for the exercise of faith; but to have it conveyed in a language, the meaning of which is past finding out, *that* could not fail to beget a faith much livelier, and to entitle them more emphatically to the praise, and to the reward, of true believers. A teacher of this stamp has, no doubt, a great advantage; he may get on the blind side of our understanding, and, after pouring upon us a broadside of inspiration, may translate it into *whatever* meaning it may suit his purpose to give it. But there is no help for this. Besides, when was there a time when mankind were not hoodwinked by persons claiming to instruct them by divine appointment?

Being, however, now far advanced in the nineteenth century, we must be permitted to hesitate a little before we admit ourselves to be in that state of block-headism which this call upon our credulity implies. We know that a fit of enthusiasm, now and then breaks out, among “the godly,” as the distemper is sometimes seen to rage for a time among the horned-cattle. Formerly, in the latter case, when the evil spread widely, the king, in council, ordered a certain officer to superintend the beasts, and to direct that such as should be found to be infected should be knocked on the head. We have no wish to recommend this summary mode of cure, being convinced that it is the nature of all delusion to wear itself out; and that although fanaticism is catching, yet, like the smallpox, it carries with it the principle of its own extinction. Depend upon it, the arch-juggler, IRVING, cannot long stand out against contempt and ridicule. The decoy may entrap for a while, but the dupes will diminish by degrees, and after a time will be among the first to laugh at their own credulity. Curiosity draws a congregation together, but the same foolery that collected, disperses them. We lament to see females joining to inveigle us. We are suspicious of petticoat inspiration. We are accustomed to “the busy hum of men;” our ear is attuned to it; but when *women*—and young women too—join in “the *hum*,” it is only our sentiment of respect for the sex that keeps our anger within bounds. Let them talk nonsense as long as they please, and we will listen to it; they may even

put in their claim to do so by right divine, and we will not object to it. But to pretend to have received from Heaven the gift of *inspiration*, and to deliver its dictates in an *unknown tongue*, the pretension shocks us as much by its impiety as its presumption. We can find an apology for bigoted ignorance or misguided zeal; but in an enlightened era like this, such gross profanation as *this* is without excuse. No one, male or female, with a head of ordinary construction upon their shoulders, can fail, with a moment's reflection, to perceive that truth of any kind can no more be conveyed through an *unknown tongue*, than through the drone of a Scotch bagpipe. It is obvious that all the *inspired* harangues of Mr. Irving's congregation could convey no more of sacred instruction than a peal of marrow-bones and cleavers. It is all *riddle-mi-ree*, as to any purpose of information. No one can doubt this without shutting their eyes against the clearest light. What do we want with any miraculous interposition at this time of day? Are there new truths in Christianity to be taught, or any new system of morals to be unfolded? That there is any thing of this kind is not pretended. Of what earthly use, then, is this harsh, guttural gibberish, with which, in answer to prayer, these new apostles of *nothingness* pretend to be inspired? If it had a mellifluous twang it would be something; but from the samples of its orthography which has been hitherto set before us, it is better fitted to set a dog howling, than to kindle a feeling of devotion. Moreover, if sounds convey no meaning, which is the case with an unknown tongue, what matters it, for any purpose of instruction, what they are, or whence they proceed? What matters it, whether we hear the squalling serenade of a tom-cat on the house-top, or the effusions of one of the inspired tribe of Irving's apostles. Of the two, the whiskered gallant has the advantage: his speech is intelligible to all whom it may concern, whereas the language of the gifted sisterhood is the sheer jargon of imposture, discordant to all, and intelligible to none.

As to the pretence that it is the revival of that gift from on high, which was dispensed to the first apostles of Christianity, it betrays an impudence of assertion unexampled in the annals of theological

knavery. There never was such a gift either made or manifested. To refute the pretension, we have only to refer to the authority to which it alludes:

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance.

"And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.

"Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language."^{*}

Now not a word is here about an *unknown tongue*; the miracle as it stands related is precisely thus: as a revelation cannot be made to any people or nation, unless delivered to them in a language which they understand, those appointed to preach the doctrines meant to be disseminated were enabled by special inspiration to speak in the dialect of the inhabitants of the different countries to which they addressed themselves. "The Jews, devout men from every nation under heaven," were amazed and confounded—at what? At hearing a language spoken with which they were unacquainted, and which they consequently could not comprehend? No; *this* would not have astonished them. An Englishman unacquainted with French or Latin, would find nothing to be surprised at when he heard a native of Paris speaking one language, and the native of Florence the other, while he himself understood neither. Nor of course could either of them be surprised to hear *him* speak English. But they would all three be struck with wonder to hear certain persons whom they well knew were utterly unacquainted with either the French, English, or Italian languages, on a sudden conversing with perfect fluency in all three! Now it was exactly this which astounded the multitude. They heard men whom they knew

* Acts, chap. ii.

to be humble natives of Galilee, and wholly ignorant of every other language than their own, manifesting on the instant, and without the least previous preparation, a knowledge of all the various languages and their dialects!!

"And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?"

"And how hear we every man *in our own tongue* wherein we were born?"

"Parthians and Medes, and Elamites and the dwellers of Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia,

"Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,

"Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak *in our tongues* the wonderful words of God."*

And this preaching mountebank of the Scotch church would fain make the world believe that the addressing the tribes of different nations in their *native* tongues, was the same as addressing them in a strange language, or, rather, in a mass of sounds thrown together at random, and having no more pretension to be called a tongue or language, than the singing of a tea-kettle.

But we are bestowing more time on this impostor than he is worth. He is like a horse out of a dealer's stable—a made-up cheat, and as such we leave him to his mulish congregation.

S.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS.

MAKING A NAME; †

OR,

MORTIFICATIONS AND MISFORTUNES.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

"I THINK it is an excellent scheme provided we could make a name," said my aunt.

"Yes, yes, provided we could just make a name," returned my uncle.

"Certainly, papa, if we could only make a name," was said in chorus by my four cousins.

We were a family of project-formers and castle-builders; and whenever any member of the family group suggested an easy path to fame, fashion, or fortune, it was always eagerly swallowed by the others as the very best scheme on earth, and their rejoinder was always—"That's *elegant*, if we could but make a name."

Need I, after this, say that we were all 'real Irish.'

The present discussion had arisen in consequence of the disturbed state of our country, in which we were by no means popular. My uncle had tried to render himself so; or, as he termed it,

'to make a name as a pathriot,' some years before; and his voice had been the loudest in opposition at county meetings, elections, &c., bawling for the rights of the much-injured, and greatly-suffering, and all-enduring Irish peasantry; but finding that the people, whose cause he vindicated, did not give a protestant advocate credit for sincerity, while on the other hand the aristocracy looked coldly on the 'man of nothing' who opposed them, he changed his system altogether, and determined to make a name as an "Orangeman" on the other side of the question.

My aunt, too, had her share of little troubles and disappointments. For some years after her marriage, she had endeavoured to make a 'name for charity,' and had visited the neighbouring poor, giving them advice and assistance,—but not in equal quantities, I suspect; for their gratitude was by no means so rapid and luxuriant in its

* Ibid.

† From the Comic Offering.

growth as she expected from the good seed she planted; and in disgust she determined to direct her future efforts towards 'making her name' as a good manager and economist.

There is nothing on earth which the lower order of Irish dislike so much as 'good management,' which they contemptuously term 'mainess.' Instead of being congratulated on the grand show she made at a trifling expense, my aunt used to encounter sneers and clever Irish jokes, not unmixed with *soubriquets* of 'main skinflint,' and 'ould swaddlin' digger;' they had likewise threatened 'to make the old farrum too hot to hould her;' and whenever there was a 'rising in the county,' they always neutralized her economy by breaking her windows, destroying her poultry, &c. &c. The discussion of this evening was relative to our future residence; and my uncle had proposed England, to which the family had made the usual rejoinder. I never was honoured by being asked my opinion, as I had ever been (with my uncle Lawrence) quite averse to the name-making system; but as I saw it was in vain to contend against the wishes of those with whom my orphan state obliged me to reside, I never ventured into an argument on these matters.

We were obliged to let the farm at a very low rent, on account of the crops being all destroyed; and as it was the only means my uncle had of supporting his family, he wished to live in England in what he termed 'a quiet genteel way,' which means, among us Irish, only 50 per cent. beyond the actual income. My aunt insisted on taking a Dublin servant with her, who knew something of style, to make a name for elegance in our future domicile: but my uncle stoutly objected to the expense, and was only induced to agree by my aunt introducing a 'handy lad,' (about fifty-nine) who had offered to accompany her without wages, merely to see England; so we hired this bargain, without a character, and he really happened to be very clever, and had an appearance of having attended families of better style than our own. He was a strange-looking being, lame and deformed, with fire-coloured hair, while his complexion was dark mahogany; and when he laughed he displayed teeth

which, from their whiteness, were quite ghastly, beside his frog-like skin. With the singular acuteness of his clever nation, he was an *au fait* with all our characters in a few hours; and while fooling my uncle and aunt 'to the top of their bent,' he really seemed to guess my thoughts and wishes as soon as they were formed.

When we were packing and directing the trunks on the morning of our departure, my aunt, reading one of the cards which I had written, exclaimed—"Well! O'Casey, dear, isn't ours an ugly name?—Will I make the child Frenchify it into 'Cassé,' which sounds something like Napoleon's man that wrote the journal?"

"To be sure, an' you may," returned my uncle; "write 'P. Cassé, Esq.' on some cards, Fanny."

When I had written them, my uncle, with the little nails ready, and the *poker* to drive them (for among us Irish nothing does its own work—the *poker* acts 'hammer,' and the end of the *bellows* acts 'poker'), my aunt stopped him once more, saying, "Ah! then, O'Casey, if we call ourselves a French name, we can only trace our family to the French revolution; but if we omit the 'O,' won't we be able to say we're related to the Caseys of Ballyknock-na-kil-Casey, and the Caseys of Castle-bally-na-Shamus-more-Casey, and the great Caseys of Clon-carrick-lough-Casey, near Newtown-mount-Casey, county Kildare, and they are descended from O'Connor-M'Columb-kil-Casey, king of Munster, you know."

"Success to you then! but you're clever;" said my uncle, gazing with admiration on his inventive wife: "Fanny, dear, write some more cards, with 'P. Casey, Esq.' upon them."

According to orders I wrote another set, which was no easy task, my cards being taken from a pack rejected by the nursery. The chaise was now at the door, and we had scarcely time enough allowed us to reach the packet: not one of the overflowing trunks would close, and there were three still unpacked, while my uncle was hurrying off with the wet cards, which he blotted in his anxiety to dry them (I do not know if blotting-paper be made in Ireland, but I may venture to say that none is used there): just as he reached the door, his

wife exclaimed, "Ah! wait, O'Casey, dear, isn't it a pity you can't put 'Captain' before your name, just to stop the impudent English from asking our lad 'What was your masther, Paddy?'"

"Why wouldn't I put it?" said my uncle, smiling and turning back: "Or, as every body can be a Captain, will I call myself Major?"

"You've hit it then!" said Mrs. O'Casey; "sure *yours* is the head for contrivin' afther all."

For the third time I altered the direction; the cards were nailed on; *Major Casey's* trunks pressed and corded, hundreds of requisites forgotten, hasty farewells, and at length we just reached the packet in time.

Many persons can *plan* falsehoods, which they consider to be very clever, but they cannot always *support* them; my relatives kept up to the spirit of theirs like old campaigners. Both had studied from the army-list the officers' names in the —th dragoons, and applied them to extempore military stories — my aunt talking of the meajor, and the meajor's services, and the meajor's bravery, to the edification of the tenants of the ladies' cabin: while, as I was on the deck, I heard my uncle holding forth about 'the dulness of this piping time of peace,' 'Jackson of ours,' 'exchange,' 'difference,' 'Waterloo,' 'Quatre-bras,' &c., and stating that all other accounts were incorrect. His '*troop*' in particular (we were none of your infantry '*company*' people!) had done wonders, for the truth of which he appealed to our 'lad' Larry O'Shaughnessey, who willingly gave testimony with "*Thru far youh, surr.*"—"Ics, indeed, upon my *saufe* conscience, *surr.*"—*Au, sure enough, surr, it's the raal thruth,*" while he turned round his large black eyes with a demure look. He was evidently a humourist in his own way, for I often detected him slyly watching and enjoying my confusion and annoyance when he had induced my uncle to carry a military story beyond the limits of safety.

I forget to say that he was ordered to personate the character of a trooper of my uncle's, who had saved his officer's life; and any one who heard him relate the adventure, would have supposed he applied to *lying*, Lord Chesterfield's hacknied maxim that 'if it be worth

while to *do* a thing, it is worth while to *do it well.*' Each time Larry told his story he increased the danger and the number of enemies, never failing at the end to say with a sigh, looking at me hypocritically, "I thought Miss Fanny there, was kilt didd when the masther and *me* came home wounded and tould her the story; but I won't mention it agin afore the soft-hearted crathur, blessings on her swate face!"

When we arrived in England, and had taken a house, for which we paid beyond its value on account of my uncle's *high military rank*, the next anxiety was how to become acquainted with our neighbours. In vain the major lounged at the library, opening the door, offering seats to the ladies, and bestowing glances of Irish admiration and softness upon them: in vain he retained the newspaper, after spelling it twice over, until some person of consequence entered, to whom he handed it with a bow: the paper was received at arm's length as if it carried infection, and the bow was only met with a stare and a distancing '*hem!*' Equally vain were his attempts of "*What sport, sir?*" addressed to the fishers and shooters, who either whistled a tune, or moved away, saying, "*Not any,—hem!*" Then the major joined clubs, meetings, dinners, subscriptions, *et cetera, et cetera*: all in vain. A stranger, and an *Irish* stranger, (save the mark!) was something too dreadful to be approached, and name, rank, bravery, and even the great Caseys of Clon-carrick-lough-na-Casey, were totally useless.

At length a Mr. Dobbs, an old bachelor, whose sole amusements were tying fishing-flies, and learning every one's business, came to see us, one desperately rainy day.

How the little purple man was flattered, and praised, and devoured by my despairing relatives! my uncle would not hear of his refusing to dine with us; and I fancy our guest was nothing loath to see the '*raal Irish*' at their meals. The old man, I could see, amused himself by taking a mental inventory of our dinner, which was in the true plentiful Irish style, a whole week's provision having been sacrificed to render it so. I pass over the large dishes which are common to both nations, but I perceived Mr. Dobbs looked with wonder at a

large boiled turkey, with celery sauce mixed with oysters; relays of fried potatoes; that untempting-looking dish called laver or sloak; roast salmon; salad of celery and red-cabbage; and, above all, a mountain of Irish flummery (poor man, he had to swallow a dose of the latter in words also). He nearly destroyed my aunt's amiability by asking her the name of every thing 'in Irish':—It is quite insulting to be considered guilty of understanding a word of one's native tongue in her country, and she gravely replied, "I reely cawn't tell you, for neither the meajor nor me can speak wan word of Haarish; it is not used in owa province, 'pon mee honour."

"Well, well, now," said the old man quickly, "wouldn't it be funny if I, an Englishman, went to Ireland, and could not speak English? he! he!"

"Haw! haw! and thrue far yeuh, surr!" said old Larry, who knew my aunt spoke Irish with the greatest fluency: "but that's the differ, surr, bechuxt people's feelins."

"Dobbs, my dear friend, what wine will I help you to?" inquired the host, throwing back his shoulders and settling his military-whiskers.

"Why, as I want to taste every thing Irish, I should greatly prefer some whiskey-punch,—don't you call it so?"

This was my uncle's favourite beverage, *en famille*, but was much too vulgar to be acknowledged; and with an affected laugh he declared that, "his good friend Dobbs had asked for the only spirit which the cellar did not contain, therefore he must put up with claret of our own importing, and Madeira which had visited his wealthy brother at Madras, and come back again!"

In this silly way was passed the whole evening (Larry having quite won the hearts of his master and mistress by his cleverness both in words and deeds), and Mr. Dobbs was a frequent and welcome guest, although, alas! still the only one. Thus we might have gone on until the end of our lives, but fortunately that most useful of all events for making little people great, a general election, took place.

One of the candidates had so great a majority of friends, that Mr. Wavering, his opponent, could not find any person of respectability to assist him in his unpopular canvassing; being an elderly,

thin, nervous little man, his small stock of courage failed him, and he was about to resign, when Mr. Dobbs suggested that as Major Casey belonging to no party, he would doubtless join the first who asked him:—here he enumerated 'the great Casseys,' &c. &c., and added that a man of the major's rank and high connexions would be a creditable assistant.

Lady Emily Wavering, the candidate's wife, conveniently recollected that she had known 'the great Casseys' formerly; and, ordering her carriage, she drove up (decked with crimson and orange election-ribbon, and drawn by four grays) to our rusty carriage-gate, which slowly yawned with wonder at the novelty it admitted. Lady Emily inquired for many branches of the Casey family, to which my aunt answered as correctly as if she were first-cousin to them; for although the Irish may be uninformed in some matters, I defy any nation to be better genealogists, particularly with respect to families whom they do not know, even by sight! Mr. Wavering also asked after some of my uncle's "companions in arms" whom he had known, and he received "neat and appropriate answers." He then invited his new friend to an election dinner on the following day, while *dear* Mrs. Casey could go to the Castle and stay with Lady Emily: both invitations were joyfully accepted, and the parties at length separated, although I began to think their hands would grow together during the prolonged grasp of the *election-shake* and the *Irish-squeeze*.

Major and Mrs. Casey returned at a late hour, delighted with their respective debuts; while the major had convinced all the electors of his long services and military knowledge, his lady had been 'making the family name' with her hostess and a bevy of female guests, and she had discovered that the qualities most esteemed in young ladies by Lady Emily were amiability, wit, accomplishments, and beauty. These cardinal points were to be represented by Amelia, Belinda, Clarissa, and Dorothea Casey. Amelia was extremely plain, and deficient in every sort of acquirement, therefore she was to make a name for amiability; Belinda, being pert and confident, was marked out by nature for a wit; Clarissa could paint a butterfly on a

rose-bud, and play 'Duncan Grey' and two preludes on the harp, so her name was already made as 'the accomplished'; while my dear heartless Dorothea, a fat, rosy, romping, restless school-girl, was starved, laced, and imprisoned into a tolerably quiet beauty, although 'unfortunately deficient in languor,' her mother said, while looking at her smiling bright eyes.

The next event was an invitation to the Waverings to dine with us, and as we gave them a fortnight's notice, they could not decline. The Casey family were busily employed in rehearsing their characters during this interval; and Larry, good, old, indefatigable Larry, assisted every one. Belinda was to say clever pointed things, and Amelia to make amiable replies to soften them: Larry furnishing the witty poisoned-shaft for one, and the soothing antidote for the other; he showed Clarissa the position in which his late mistress sat at the harp (Clarissa was rather fond of keeping her *fingers straight* and her *thumbs bent*, with her elbows touching her sides); he likewise hinted that she wasted too much carmine upon her roses; and as for Dorothea, he constantly discovered some new plan to render her thin and pale, snatching away her plate if she attempted to consume more than a bird's allowance, saying, "Faith, I'm ashamed o' ye, Miss, where's your dacency in your atin'?" He also insisted upon having 'a raal illigant Frinch dinner,' which he described volubly, and said he could dress in perfection.

Meantime the election went on, and notwithstanding the major's Irish shoulders, whiskers, and voice, Mr. Wavering was thrown out, by a most mortifying majority, which Dobbs kindly told us was ascribed by "the rejected" to having employed a person to canvass for him, whom nobody knew!

This was a sad termination to our schemes, on which we had expended so much money; but then, we knew a '*Lady Emily*,' and that must make our name. On the eventful day of the dinner, Lady E. Wavering arrived nearly an hour sooner than we expected, and brought with her a beautiful stately-looking girl, her niece: Mr. Wavering, she said, was detained with a friend, whom he would take the liberty of in-

roducing. My aunt and I were the only members of the family who had completed the labours of the toilet: and as the girls seemed in no haste to appear, Lady Emily asked Miss Wavering to try the harp; she instantly complied, and played in such a style as to convince even a mother's ear that Clarissa had better not exhibit 'Duncan Grey' nor either of the preludes. The simple style of our young visiter's dress, too, threw a new light on my aunt's ideas of beauty: and she cleverly contrived to write on a slip of paper to Larry, "*Tell Miss C. not to play, and bid Miss D. put on a white frock*;" this she dropped on the floor, and her aide-de-camp as cleverly picked it up, making a comical *aside-face*, which nearly made me laugh aloud and spoil the by-play.

But here Mr. Larry's cleverness ended as if by witchcraft.—He left the drawing-room open (*à l'Irlandaise*), and going to the foot of the stairs, he shouted, loud enough to be heard by our silent and too attentive guests, "Miss Clarissy, ye musn't pley a' tap o' yer haarp, 'cause wan 'o the leedies bates ye at it to smithereens, and ye'd betthur come down an' put away yer picthur-book, 'cause I seen her smilin' at thim grate rid-roaze-buuds in it. Whe' thin murdhur! Miss Dolly, is it a sthrolin' play-acthur yer afthur makin' o' yersef in that rid-an-yolla gownd? Gid out o' that wid ye! atin' a grate luump o' cake; the Misthress tould me to ordhur ye to put on yer white bib-an-tuuckur, Miss." Miss Wavering dashed away a loud prelude to drown Mr. Larry's hints, but like a canary-bird, he struggled to make the most noise, continuing, "Miss Milly, shure ye won't he forgitin' the smart spaich I tould ye to say to the leedies, an' you, Miss Lindy, don't be atthur laving out yer purty answer in the right plaace, for I'll be so bothur'd wid my Frinch dishes, dat I can't be to the fore, riddy to prompt yez when yer out, as I've been doin' all the blessed week past."

In a few minutes there was a rustling of silks heard, and the four sisters entered, stiffened out, as nearly like the caricature-ladies in the magazines as they could render themselves: Belinda, our wit, in particular, had built up her head with bows, gallery-combs, wires, and

flowers, to so great a height that she seemed afraid to move round, for fear of upsetting the unsteady edifice, and she was obliged to keep her neck as stiff as a Roman water-carrier.

Larry ushered in the sisters, and described them to Lady Emily as they advanced.—“That’s Miss Milly, me Lady, mighty amiable; next is Miss Lindy, me Lady, she’s a powwur o’ wit, and lashins o’ hair as ye’d see in a summer’s day; that’s Miss Clarry, me Lady, who’s had the wurruld’s wondhur of an iddicashun, and bates the Thrinity-boys at the larnin’: and last of all, this is Miss Dolly, me Lady, an’ ye see she bates Banagher entirely for beauty an’ illigance, shure! She’s the littlest aiter on the blessed earth, but faith ye see she doesn’t put that same ‘little’ into an ill-skin, as the sayin’ is, me Lady!”

Our guests could not help laughing as they shook hands with the Misses Casey; and Larry, being encouraged by their smiles, turned round as he departed, and whispered loudly to my aunt, putting his hand to one side of his mouth and winking, “Whe’ thin, lit me a lowan fur puffin’ yeez!”

It was now too evident that our confidential Larry, our aide-de-camp, prompter, and factotum, had tasted the good things (the liquids at least) until his senses had become perplexed; and I sincerely pitied my poor aunt, who had incurred so much trouble and a vast expense on account of this entertainment, which we could but ill afford, as the tenant had now run away from the farm in Ireland without paying, and we were deeply in debt (to every creature who would trust us) in consequence of having kept “open house” for Mr. Wavering’s electors, so that we now knew not where to obtain money, or *credit*, which is just as good in the estimation of our hapless unthinking nation.

Shortly after his daughters, Major Casey entered, smoothing his mustaches, and greeting our guests with “How aw yaw? quaat delaated to see you ‘pon me honaw!” pronounced in the true English-Irish style; and lastly came Mr. Wavering, accompanied by a sickly-looking, curry-powder-coloured gentleman, advanced in years, whom he merely introduced as ‘an old friend:’ my uncle and the melancholy stranger

exchanged bows, and Mr. Wavering stared as if he had expected something extraordinary in this meeting, which, however, did not occur, and we descended to Mr. Larry’s ‘illigant’ French repast.

It consisted of the wildest looking mixture I ever saw: vegetables at the head and foot; meat at the sides; and, in fact, Larry had bewildered the cook so much with his orders, that it was impossible to recognise even our old friend the boiled turkey with celery and oysters!

Lady Emily’s manner became gradually cooler, and my poor aunt’s countenance flushed warmer at each mistake; and if Miss Wavering had not kindly exerted herself, I think the conversation would have failed, for even my uncle was what is termed in his country, ‘taken aback.’

The names of the dishes were unknown to us all, and when our guests wished to venture on any thing, Larry attempted to give the French name, which Lady Emily pretended to mistake for Irish, and said, “Oh! a *native* dish—not any, thank you; I dislike *potatoes* in any form.” And this rudeness she continued, until Miss Wavering kindly christened some *plat* before her, and helped her aunt to some.

Our *amiable* Amelia, who should in character have lent her aid in this dilemma, quite forgot her *rôle*, and laughed outright at Larry’s blunders, in spite of his loudly-whispered reprimand, “How mighty nicely yer playin’ *amiable* Miss Milly!” Belinda, too, whose wit should have withdrawn the observation of our guests from these *contresens*, was totally silent, because nothing had been said to lead to the impromptus she had studied: and Larry, perceiving this, said angrily, “Faith and throth I’m ashamed o’ ye, Miss Linny; arrah, spake out at wanst thin, an’ don’t sit stickin’ yer two eyes into the pudd’n, an sayin’ juust nuthin’ at all at all there, like an omadhaun!”

It was evident that Larry became worse, and unfortunately my uncle knew that his presence was indispensable, as there was no other attendant; therefore he affected to laugh at every thing, whispering to the gentlemen who sat on each side of him, “That pooa attechd creetua was wounded in the head at

Watawloo, and we nevaw maand anny of his remawks!"

Lady Emily having asked my aunt whether her name was *Casey* or *O'Casey*? she replied, "Oh! good gracious, now, Lady Emily, why *Casey*: faw wat reason did you esk that question?"

"My niece here, saw Major Casey for the first time yesterday in the town, and she said, 'That is one of the Irish orators whom I heard speak on opposite sides of a question in the space of one week; a farmer O'Casey.' Now, although I knew she was wrong in thinking they were both the *same* person, yet I fancied they might be near relations!"

"Ah! I can assua your ladyship we have no relations but the Caseys of Bally-knock-na—"

"I remember perfectly what you told me," interrupted Lady Emily, quietly: "are you nearly related to them?"

"First cousins, *only*,—he! he! he!"

"Those Caseys are most delightful people," said Miss Wavering, "I had a letter from the daughter yesterday."

"Ah! isn't she an elegant, beautiful, lovely creatua?" said my aunt in affected ecstacy.

"Beautiful in mind, my dear madam; but Miss Casey is unfortunately deformed, and remarkably plain."

"Oh! yes, of course I meant beautiful in mind, poor child," stammered my aunt, reddening.

"It is very strange," said Lady Emily, "that I desired my niece to write to Miss Casey, and inform her I intended to pay attention to her relatives, Major Casey's family; and she, in reply, says she has no relations in the army!"

"Oh!" returned my aunt, "as the meajor is on half-pay now, thet amus-ing gel says he is not in the awmy,—he! he! he!"

Her ladyship gave a cool, doubting look at her hostess, whose days of favour were evidently past; but all eyes were speedily attracted towards poor Dorothea, who, having ventured to help herself to some dinner, was just commencing to demolish it, when Larry rushed across the room and seized her plate, saying, "Och! murdhur! Miss Dolly, would ye spile yer illigant figur by thryin to ate that grate hape o' meat in that dhred-

ful way: whe' thin, it's asheamed I am o' ye Miss, afthur fastin for a week like a thrue Roman in Lint."

"Larry, a spoon, if you please," said the major."

Larry ran round behind him, and audibly whispered, "Faith, an' ye must do without it, surr; for ye know all but thim six is pawned to pay for the dinner."

Just at this time Miss Wavering said something, to which our witty girl thought one of her *impromptus* applied; and, turning round too hastily, she forgot the unusual size of her *coiffure*, which, losing its balance, fell down, dispersing black-pins, combs, flowers, bows, and wires in every direction: and, poor thing! although I pitied her confusion, I could not but rejoice at this 'hair-breadth 'scape' from uttering one of Larry's ridiculous *bon-mots*.

After dinner, no wine having made its appearance, the major ordered Larry to bring some from bin 47 and 29, saying to the yellow gentleman, "I want you to taste my Madeira, which has been out to my brother at Madras: perhaps, sir, you knew him there?"

"I only knew *one* Casey there, sir, who had a very excellent situation, but last year he was hanged for embezzling stores!"

My uncle could have (with truth) denied any relationship to the felon: but he had too clearly described to the Waverings the situation which his pseudo-brother held, which he had learned from the India-list; and therefore, he was obliged to sit in guilty silence. From a wish, I supposed, to remedy the evil he had done, the yellow stranger asked what sort of person was the colonel of my uncle's regiment?

"Oh! a cross old wretch, horribly detested by the lads," said my uncle: "I remember the year before last, when tha merry dog young M'Phun made a bet that he would steal every sporting-dog in the town where we were living—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, but did Mr. M'Phun accomplish this honourable feat, and were you then with the regiment?"

"Faith he did, sir, and I have cause to remember being with him, for I foolishly gave him permission to fasten two dozen of the dogs in my stable, and such a row—"

"That is a falsehood," said the yellow invalid, coolly.

The major coloured highly, and rose in an Irish passion. "Stop," said his tormentor, "sit down; in the first place the colonel of the —th, is a very *amiable* young man, much liked by the whole regiment, and especially by the officer whom you have described as a dog-stealer; but I fancy in future you will scarcely call him '*young M'Phun*', when I tell you that *I* am that identical person, the hero of your stories. Mr. Wavering can tell you that I have been in the —th dragoons during the last fifteen years, but I never had the advantage of seeing Major Casey in that regiment."

I burst into tears at this fresh mortification my poor relatives experienced, and my aunt fell into hysterics: Larry at this moment rushed into the room, saying, "Och! murder, surr, but that mane landlady of the '*Pig and Asthma*' yondhur won't give me a dhrop more wine until thim two is paid for, that I got in such a splutthur whin Lady Imly come an' ait a snack wid us on could mate the day afore yisthurday: what was lift was dhrank this day at dinner ye naw, surr: what 'ill I do now I wundhur!"

Here all attention was turned towards the door, where angry voices were disputing the right of entrance with our female servant; and at length the village tradesmen rushed in and insisted that they should not be put off any longer, for they would not leave the house until their demands were settled.

The Wavering group now rose, and formally took leave of us, Lady Emily 'being fearful they were interrupting Mr. O'Casey's domestic affairs.' Miss Wavering had contrived to leave her purse concealed in the serviette, but we were happily enabled to avoid our difficulties without her charitable aid. Larry having collected the bills, which

amounted to nearly one hundred pounds, asked my uncle could he pay them? The unfortunate man shook his head, and this strange old servant (suddenly become perfectly sober) said, "*I* will pay the bills, sir, provided you will also let me pay for the whole family to return to your neglected farm, and promise never to leave it again."

"Oh! I will do any thing to leave this country, and hide myself from every thing but my own wretched thoughts!" sobbed my poor uncle.

Larry required no more; but drawing out his purse, paid all demands, and dismissed the wondering tradespeople. I wept afresh at being in the power of this mad creature, but oh! what was my surprise on hearing him say, "Fanny, my little darling, *you* have no cause to weep, for you joined with your odd old godfather in hating this name-making!" He extended his arms, and I flew to my dear, odd, rich, kind, godfather, uncle Lawrence, who now spoke to me in his natural voice, although disguised as Larry O'Shaughnessey.

Turning to his disconsolate brother, he kindly said, "My dear Patrick, we quarrelled many years since about the 'name-making,' and parted in anger; but when I found you bent on ruining yourself and your very large family for the same empty pursuit, I determined to interfere and save you, which I knew could not be effected without giving you a severe lesson. *You* have rendered it *severer* than I wished, but perhaps the effect may be more lasting: and we need never regret the late events, if they have taught you as an Irish farmer, to live among and cherish the fine peasantry who support your family; and may kindness and attention to that peasantry, great care of your family, and strict attention to the duties of our humble line of life, be the only means you will ever employ to make for the O'Caseys—a name!"

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.*

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"MOTHER, do not mourn for me!
 Better 'tis I leave thee:
 Should I stay, and, day by day,
 Sigh my very soul away?
 I would never grieve thee,
 Mother, tender! mother, dear!
 But *do not* bid me linger here!

"In some other happier clime
 I may lose my sorrow;
 Other brighter days may rise—
 Though, to-day, my spirit sighs,
 It may smile to-morrow;
 And hope again may gaily burn;
 And, mother, *then* I will return.

"I would not leave thee, in thine age,
 To care of any stranger,—
 It is but *for a time* I go;
 And to your arms, ere long, you know
 You'll welcome your sea-ranger;
 And many a stone and treasure gay
 I'll bring you from lands far away."

"Peace, Gerald!" thus the mother said;
 "Speak not to *me* of treasure,
 Of foreign clime and precious stone;
 Dost think a mother left alone,
 To weep for thee, hath leisure
 To dream of aught beneath the sky?
 Alas! she can but grieve and die!"

"Know, Gerald, that the mother's heart
 No second hope can cherish;
 If he, whom she has fed from birth,
 Should leave her lonely on the earth—
 Poor heart!—she soon must perish!
 A day of tears—a night of sighs—
 And so the childless mother dies!"

UNDERTAKERS AGAIN AT THE SHADES.

ON the — of October, an extraordinary meeting of the gentlemen undertakers associated under the title of "Anti-church Burial Society," but publicly calling themselves "The General — Company," was held at the Shades, Charing-cross, for special purposes.

There was not a single member absent but the titled ones, Lord Milton being "indisposed" to attend, and his titled associates being somewhat desirous of keeping out of the responsibility of the intended business "the gentleman in black," of whom Kidd, in Regent-street, has published the only account known, and who had volunteered his services, was unanimously called to the chair.

The Black chairman, on opening the business, said that he had been induced by the projector of the Company, with whom he had been intimate for years, to give his active

* From Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile Forget me not*.

services to the *undertaking*, more especially as it was necessary on account of a want of co-operation on the part of the public, who had evinced a carelessness beyond precedent. He thought that as the public had shown their total indifference on so urgent an occasion, it was but fair they be bamboozled, if possible; and he thought that the projector and himself had succeeded in drawing up a few resolutions, which, if acted upon, would do wonders. He would, however, read those resolutions, which would explain fully the nature of their plan, which the members would see was calculated to give a turn to their affairs.

Resolved,

That as the public have in the most heartless and unfeeling manner refused to patronize the Undertakers' Company, some means be taken whereby their fears may be made to operate more successfully than their judgment.

That—as the alarm created by the cholera morbus on the continent is a very likely alarm to spread in England,—by reports industriously circulated in every part of the kingdom that the cholera morbus is *coming*, and after this report has been well set working, another be circulated that it has *come*

That as the cold weather is approaching, and coals are of necessity wanted, the greatest impression will be made by fixing its arrival at Sunderland or Newcastle; and as the Whigs are easily frightened, and want something to occupy the public mind instead of Reform, such of the members who have influence with the newspapers do contrive to frighten the privy council into a proclamation on the subject.

That Meetings and Boards of Health be promoted in every parish; that various acts, which it is impossible to avoid in the ordinary occasions of life, be industriously mentioned as the most prolific causes or promoters of the disease.

That when the greatest consternation shall have been created by all these means, a few benevolent persons be called upon to meet and subscribe to assist in averting the much-to-be-apprehended calamity.

That the projector of this Company of Undertakers, who is also treasurer and trustee, and intends to be registrar, be requested to attend meetings held for the purpose of preventing the calamity, particularly to promote a society in the city; and by all means to volunteer his services as honorary secretary, as, in the event of his services being accepted, he will have ample means of recommending the New Burying, or Undertakers' Company among persons already awfully impressed with the certainty of numerous deaths and general contagion.

That the projector of this society for burying the dead, be instructed to affect a great regard for the living; that as he *cannot write* English, and this might tell against him, he be advised to volunteer his services, in conjunction with somebody who *can*, and if with more than one person the better.

That he be requested to advise this Company of all correspondence received by any Anti-Cholera-Morbus Society with which he may be connected.

That he be authorized (by way of bringing this Company for burying the dead into notice) to offer capital full-sized graves at half-price, for all persons that may die of the Cholera Morbus, and especially to impress upon the minds of the subscribers the necessity of carrying the dead a few miles from town.

At this stage of the business the gentleman in black begged to be excused, on the ground of urgent business at the Treasury, with one of the Cabinet Ministers, and the meeting was consequently adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting it was reported that the plan had completely answered the purpose, that the alarm was general, that the ministers had issued a proclamation that ships were lying idle at Sunderland, that Boards of Health were established, that a society was already formed in the city, that the projector of this Company was a secretary—in conjunction with two persons who could write, but who found him very troublesome—and that although the members found the greatest difficulty in keeping the Sunderland doctors from letting out the truth, the alarm was kept up with great industry. The meeting adjourned again to Christmas-day, when the state of the Company's affairs is to be laid open.

English Fashions.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

FULL evening or ball dress of very rich white satin. The skirt is very full, and rather short, and has a beautiful trimming of crimson velvet and *tulle*, at the usual height. The body is plaited lengthwise, in very small plaits. It is cut low and quite square, with a deep fall of *blonde*. A stomacher of crimson velvet, cut in three points at the waist, and edged with narrow *blonde*, finishes the *corsage*. The sleeve is full, with a second fall of *blonde*, and finished with a band of velvet. *Coiffure*, à la *Maria da Gloria*. Earrings and necklace of pearls and emeralds. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

FIG. 2.

Dinner costume. Dress of claret-coloured satin. The *corsage* is made *uni*, and cut square across the bust. A full fold of satin, deeply indented at one edge, crosses the front of the *corsage en schall*, and forms a full *epaulette*. The under sleeve is short and full, over which is a long sleeve of *crêpe lisse*, as well at bottom as at top, and confined at the waist by a deep band of satin. The skirt has a deep hem, surmounted by a *garniture* of small leaves, each divided nearly to the bottom, and edged with double cording. A *toque* of gold tissue, with ostrich feathers and folds of satin, gives an appropriate and elegant finish to this dress. Necklace and earrings of pearls. Shoes of claret satin, and white kid gloves.

PLATE 2, FIG. 3.

Walking dress of *aventurine merino*. *Manteau* of *cerise gros de Tours*, made full, and confined to the shape at the back part of the waist. The *manteau* is not trimmed down the front, but has an elegant *pèlerine*, of an entirely new pattern. *Capote* of *cerise* terry velvet, made small, and with a light simple trimming of white satin or gauze ribbon. A rich *Chantilly* veil is sometimes worn with it. Muff and boa of *sable*, or *ermine*. *Bottines* of *aventurine* silk, lined with *swansdown*. Gloves of *aventurine* silk.

FIG. 4.

Morning dress of laurel-green *reps*. This dress will suit equally well for a *pelisse*, being very richly trimmed down the front. The skirt is very full, but

it has no other finish than a deep hem, the work of which is visible. The *corsage* is made close up to the neck, and quite plain. The sleeve is of a novel description and very becoming. It is in two parts; the under, or back part, is close to the arm all the way down, while the front part is very full from top to bottom, but much more so at the upper part, and at regular distances is cut into pointed leaves, which are brought through openings cut in the scalloped edge of the back part, forming a rich *garniture* the whole length of the arm. The cape is cut very full on the shoulder, and in a point at the *ceinture*. The fulness is confined by folded bands on the shoulder, and left free over the sleeve, where it forms a full *jockey*. The collar is cut in points, and is edged with three narrow *rouleaux*, as is also the cape. Morning cap of fine lace, and pale rose gauze ribbon. Black satin shoes.

GENERAL REMARK.

Winter has fairly set in, and our fair belles are displaying their taste in their out-door costumes; and seldom has a winter season presented so pleasing a union of the *utile et dulce*. Fashion has been, too frequently, followed at the expense of health and comfort, by those who have thought foreign models alone worthy notice, to the utter (may we not say *cruel*?) neglect of native talent and industry. We could expatiate largely on this subject, but we have an accumulation of important matter, and our limits are necessarily contracted.

In out-door dress, *manteaux* of the most varied forms, and of the most costly materials, hold a pre-eminent place. They are frequently lined through with rich fur, and are then made of satin, large and full, without trimming; but many are made of very elaborate patterns. *Pelisses* are much worn for morning in-door dress, but are not general for the carriage or promenade. When worn in the house, they are left open, and show a beautifully worked *jupon* to advantage. Bonnets are, we think, still smaller than last month. The favourite material for them is plush, and they are very little trimmed. Caps are as last month, perhaps a little smaller. Turbans are made

simple, and generally ornamented with feathers. Gold or silver gauzes are the usual materials. Evening dresses are always trimmed with *blonde*, and the skirt of every kind of dress must be as wide as eight breadths of silk. Jewellery is massive and splendid, and of the most valuable gems. Merino wool stockings, embroidered in white or colours, are very fashionable among ladies of rank

and elegance; and are likely to continue so, the cost of them being too high for a lower grade of society. The mention of a comfortable, as well as beautiful, article of this kind, has long been a desideratum; and we would recommend the use of this to all our fair readers who value health; the constitution being often seriously injured by neglecting to keep the feet warm.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE often meet with odd correspondence, but it is some time since we were so amused at a mere skirmish between author and critic, as we have been at the annexed Letters, which, if genuine, are curious. We ought to premise that the handwriting of the second is very like that in which the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* justified the abuse of the *Premier*, and which, being still uncontradicted, we have a right to believe is genuine.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—By what authority have you stated that the prints of the *Bouquet* have been "all published before." The statement is false, and I shall be glad to learn that it is not wilfully and deliberately false.

I am, &c.

THE EDITOR OF THE *BOUQUET*.

To the Editor of the *Bouquet*.

SIR,—I looked no further than the page of contents, which purported to be selections from the most distinguished writers, and found there was not a single line either of my own or L. E. L's. I used the privilege of a critic, and shall do so again in a similar case.

I am, &c.

THE EDITOR OF THE *LITERARY GAZETTE*.

So much for the system of reviewing adopted by the *Literary Gazette*. If this letter be genuine, it is an extraordinary admission; and if it be not genuine, we have no doubt it is true.

We have been somewhat amused at the sensitiveness of Mr. Alaric A. Watts; manifested in sundry blunders, which, like so many blots, deface his *Souvenir* for 1832. From the facts already published, we learn, first, that Mr. Watts has taken to himself one of the characters drawn in the *Premier*, a clever and powerful novel of Colburn's; secondly, that he accuses Mr. Patmore of writing the said novel, (Mr. Patmore write!!!) and of reviewing it afterwards in the *Court Journal*; thirdly, that Mr. Patmore disclaims the authorship and the review altogether; fourthly, that the author of the *Premier* disclaims intending the character for Mr. Watts at all; and, lastly, that the very ground of Mr. Watts's complaint—the falsehood of the picture—was sufficient (for any thing short of a cormorant at swallowing personalities) to have made any man in his senses easy as to the intention of the author. Mr. Watts has therefore made himself look very ridiculous, has been laughed at by one half the literary world, and condemned by the other.

The driver of the *National Omnibus* should take a lesson in English,—he should know that the *posthumous* works of authors cannot very well be published *during their lives*.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 26th Oct., Lady Kilmaine, of a daughter.
On the 23d, at Maidstone, the Hon. Lady Noel Hill, of a daughter.
On the 1st Nov., in Connaught Square, the Hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a son.
On the 15th, the Lady of the Hon. G. C. Norton, of a son.
On the 10th, at York, the Lady of the Hon. P. Stourton, of a daughter.
At Cortachy Castle, the Countess of Airlie, of a daughter.
On the 14th inst., at Gouldsbrough Hall, Yorkshire, the Lady Louisa Lascelles, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 25th Oct., by special licence, in the chapel at Torquay, Devon, by the Rev. Lord Henry Kerr, the Hon. Charles Rodolph Trefusis, brother of Lord Clinton, to Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Kerr, daughter of the late Marquis of Lothian.
On the 19th, at Langton House, Sir John Pringle, Bart., of Stitchel, to Lady Elizabeth Maitland Campbell, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Breadalbane.
On the 27th, by special licence, at Dunleer, in the county of Louth, Sophia, eldest daughter of Jerome Count de Salis, of Rokeby Hall, to Henry Filgate, of Lesranny, of Charleston, Esq.
On the 29th, at Moulton, Pembroke, Charles Porcher Lang, of Sand Rock, in the county of Surrey, Esq., to Eliza, the youngest daughter of Sir John Owen, Bart., M.P. of Oriulton, Pembrokeshire.
At St. Columb, E. Collins, Esq., of Trutham, Cornwall, to Miss Drake, niece to Lord and Lady Clinton.
In France, the Rev. H. Dalton, of St. John's, Wolverhampton, to Sophia Geraldine, daughter of Lord Fitzgerald.

DEATHS.

- On the 20th Oct., at North Berwick, Elizabeth Magdalene Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, of Horn and Logie Elphinstone.
On the 18th, at London, General the Hon. Charles Fitzroy, Colonel of the 48th Regiment of Foot.
On the 18th, at Wragby, the Dowager Lady Foulis, in her 69th year.
On the 15th, at Pisa, Miss Marie Françoise Amethisse Henry, daughter of their Majesties the late Henry, first King of Hayti, and of Marie Louise, now commonly called Madame Christophe.

